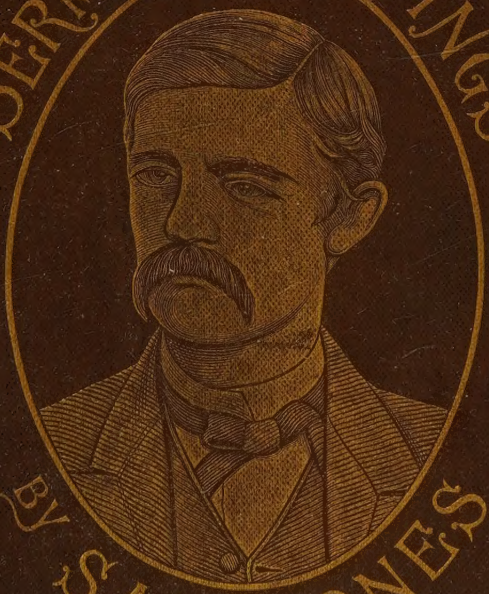
SERMONS AND SAYINGS



BY SAM JONES

SERMONS AND SAYINGS,

BY THE

REV. SAM P. JONES,

Of the North Georgia Conference.

EDITED BY

W. M. LEFTWICH, D.D.

"AND HE GAVE SOME EVANGELISTS."—ST. PAUL.

SECOND EDITION.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

WHILE it is impossible to put Sam Jones into printer's ink, the utmost care has been taken to re-produce his sermons and sayings with fidelity to the original. His style, his phraseology, his figures, his witticisms, his ridicule, his intense earnestness, his pathos, and his happy illustrations, are all preserved and reproduced. But the conspicuous absence from the printed page of Sam Jones—his person, his careless attitudes, his impassioned gestures, the flash of his eye, the glow of his face, the wide-open-mouth laugh, the thoughtful scratching of the head with one finger, and the tenderness and rapture of his glowing soul—will be felt and appreciated by those who have heard him. And yet the pointed, telling, burning Gospel that he preaches, and as he preaches it, is here, just as it fell from his lips.

That these "Sermons and Sayings" may bring many souls to Christ, and quicken thousands into higher and holier living with God, are the objects for which they are sent out on their unending mission.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE REV. SAM P. JONES was born in Chambers county, Alabama, October 16, 1847, and was reared in Cartersville, Barlow county, Georgia, where he still resides. He has a good ancestry. Like Timothy, the unfeigned faith that is in him dwelt in his grandmother and in his own mother; and more, in his father and grandfather, and as far back as his ancestry can be traced, and latterly in his uncles, four of whom are ministers of the Gospel. When, therefore, the Holy Spirit quickened him into remembrance of these things, and "stirred up the gift that was in him," the hereditary faith and fire flamed out into the voice of one crying in the wilderness—a voice that calls the Church to judgment, startles the guilded guilt of the world with the summons to repentance, and moves and melts with the tenderness and tears of a love and sympathy born of the experience of his own happy conversion from a life of youthful folly and dissipation. His maternal grandmother was distinguished in her day, not more for her gentle, modest, lovable disposition, which made her a universal favourite, than for her strong faith and fervent piety, which consecrated both her temper and her tongue to God, so that the Holy Ghost seemed at times to take possession of both, and come down through them in mighty baptism upon penitents and congregations while she prayed in public. His mother was a woman of superior intelligence and piety, but she died when he was only eight years old. She left upon his young heart and life the tender ministries of motherly gentleness and love which are for ever associated in his mind with the angels of God. His "precious mother," as he always calls her, is a ministering angel to him. His father, Captain John J. Jones, was a lawyer of note in Georgia, distinguished for his intelligence, integrity, probity, social qualities, and consistent piety. He prepared his son for the legal profession, which he entered in early manhood with the fairest prospects and promises of success. But his exuberant social temperament soon

led him into social excesses, and on and on into the vortex of dissipation. Whiskey-drinking, profanity, and their kindred evils swept him down into the deepest depths, and made him so reckless that all efforts for his reformation only maddened him, until his father, baffled and mortified, gave up all hope, and then laid down to die. While on his death-bed his father seized every opportunity to talk with him. As death approached, the son grew more and more serious, until the closing scene—so triumphant over death that heaven and earth were brought together—when the prodigal boy fell down at the death-bed, and cried out for mercy, saying: "I'll quit; I'll quit! 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner!'" Bitterly did he weep, repent, and pray. The sad occasion was sanctified to his salvation. The death of the father was life to the son. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Death for life and life from death. He was at once called of God to preach the Gospel, and he waited not to confer with flesh and blood, but at once applied for license to preach, and for admission into the travelling ministry. In October, 1872, in Atlanta, Georgia, he was received on trial in the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This step astonished his friends, who did not believe that he could ever succeed in the ministry. They saw no signs of promise in him. His wife bitterly opposed it, and said she would leave him for ever if he became a preacher. But God overruled all, and opened the way for his entrance into the Conference, and his enlargement in the work of an evangelist. His first appointment was the Van Wert Circuit, in Bartow and Polk counties, Georgia, which he served three years, the people asking for his return each year. In 1876 he was sent to De Soto Circuit, in Floyd county, where he remained two years. On this work he began to develope the peculiarities which have since made him famous. His plain, pointed, and personal denunciations of the popular vices of the people offended many, and made the stewards remonstrate with him, saying that his family would starve, because the people would not pay such a preacher. His only reply was: "I am preaching my convictions, and have no compromise to make." The sweeping revivals that followed were God's endorsement of His own truth, and the fearless fidelity of His servant. In 1878 he was sent to Newborn Circuit, Newton county. He began, while on

this work, to travel out and preach for others, and try his apprentice hand at evangelistic work. He was afterward sent to Monticella Circuit, in Jasper county, but the calls for his service in the adjoining towns and cities increased so rapidly, that he was not afterward appointed to any pastoral charge. In 1880 he was appointed Agent of the North Georgia Conference Orphans' Home, when the Home was under great financial embarrassment. He not only relieved the Home of debt, and saved it from financial ruin, but he raised money and erected additional buildings, and put the institution upon a career of greatly enlarged usefulness and prosperity. This has afforded him the largest liberty in the work of an evangelist, and his uniform success has magnified his office until "the world is his parish." He has the calling, the spirit, the gift, the courage, the directness, the sympathy, the faith, the fervour, and the flexibility of a true evangelist.

That Mr. Jones has made full proof of his ministry, his successful revivals in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina, and Brooklyn, New York, are in evidence. Urgent appeals pour in upon him from every part of the country—from Washington to San Francisco, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Wherever he goes, the churches are stirred and quickened into a better and higher life, and sinners are awakened and converted to Christ by hundreds and thousands. All classes, from the highest to the lowest—from the most learned and cultivated to the most ignorant and the roughest—are alike moved to repentance and a better life by him, or rather, by the Holy Spirit through him. His power over men, *as men*, is marvellous, and his power over vast assemblies is phenomenal. He is "the master of assemblies." He despises the mere arts of oratory, as he does all shams; but he possesses the eloquence of earnestness and action, the fire and glow of passion, the surprises of thought, the wit, humour, ridicule, irony, sarcasm, invective, pathos, sympathy, love, humanity, and faith, which, expressed in the language of the shop and field, and illustrated by the common facts of life and the happiest allegories, make him the most sensational preacher in the American pulpit. But he is more than sensational: he is imbued with power from on high, and commissioned to carry the Gospel to the common people, who always hear him gladly.

PREFATORY NOTES.

Pastoral Letter from Knoxville, Tenn.

April 15th, 1885.

WE, the pastors of Protestant churches, and ministers of the Gospel of the grace of God in Jesus Christ, in the city of Knoxville, to the pastors and churches in Nashville, and to the brethren in Christ Jesus everywhere to whom these presents may come, send greeting.

Be it known unto you, brethren and fathers, that by the space of twelve days we have had in our midst, and preaching to us and to our people, the Rev. Samuel P. Jones, an accredited minister of the Gospel in the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, labouring as an evangelist, and that we have had full opportunity to learn the tendency of his teaching and the character of his work.

By reason of evil reports some of us at the first were prejudiced against him, and having attended upon his ministrations four times a day for eleven consecutive days, hearing his discourses, in which he has handled all the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, we have found no fault in him. While, simply from a matter of taste, we could have wished some things had been couched in different phraseology, and some matters illustrated by less humorous incidents, nevertheless we endorse the soundness of the doctrine he inculcated in general.

We bear our cheerful testimony to his zeal for the truth, to his jealousy for the honour of the holy religion, to his efforts to glorify God, and his earnest love for the souls of men; and we testify that while among us his preaching has been evangelical and scriptural, and wonderfully blessed to the edification of saints and the conviction of sinners. His labours here have resulted in awakening professed Christians to a greater earnestness, fidelity, and zeal in the service of God,

in public and in private, and in the establishment of many family altars where they had never been erected before, and in convincing sinners of their lost condition, and leading them to flee for refuge to the hope set before us in the Gospel, and hundreds have given good evidence of having passed from death unto life. He has preached the Word; has been instant in season and out of season; has reproved, rebuked, exhorted, with all long-suffering; he has shown God's people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins. He has testified in favour of righteousness, and against all unrighteousness. His denunciation of the righteous judgment of God on every form of vice and iniquity has been bold and fearless, but always coupled with compassion and earnest love for the souls of men, and strong desire to lead them to the cross of Christ for salvation.

We therefore commend him to you, brethren, as a brother dearly beloved by us in Christ, and as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. And we pray that the blessing of God and our Father may be upon all his work and labour of love, and that when he shall come to you, it may be in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; and that his mission to you may be even more blessed of God, to the upbuilding of His kingdom, and the salvation of men, than it was to us. We herald him as an earnest, honest, devout, and consecrated servant of our common Lord and Master, willing to spend and be spent in building up the Church of the living God, and pointing perishing men to the cross of Christ.

Signed by JAMES PARK, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, and fifteen other Ministers, representing various Denominations.

SERMONS AND SAYINGS.

I.

GRACE AND SALVATION.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—TITUS ii. 11—14.

I WANT to say to Christian people, God is answering your prayers. I have heard many things to-day that encourage me. These are index-fingers pointing to answered prayers. Thank God, He is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God! Many things I have heard to-day give evidence of genuine Holy Ghost work in this city. I have no confidence in the work of any man—I have no confidence in the permanency of the work of any man; but I believe there is truth in God, and virtue in the blood of Christ, and power in the Holy Ghost. If these Divine agencies will work with us, there will be a work done in this city that will outlive the stars. To God be all the glory, because all the power, all the grace, and all the dominion are His. Let the cross come out in all its boldness to redeem men. It is to the cross I invite you. It is in the shadow of the cross that we expect hope, and life, and salvation.

We invite your prayerful attention to the four verses

beginning with the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Paul to Titus. Of course we have not the time to discuss all of the four verses, but we will read and discuss them as far as we may. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." This term "grace" is peculiarly a gospel term—a New Testament term. It covers all the blessings of the past, all the enjoyments of the present, all the hopes of the future. We are not only redeemed by grace, but we are born by grace, and we live by grace, and we are saved by grace. We know not how to estimate the value of this grace of God. We generally estimate the value of an object by what it will bring in market, or by what we paid for it. We are not redeemed by corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of the Son of God. Into the blood of the Son of God pleading and bleeding in the garden of Gethsemane, the recording angel dipped his pen and wrote: "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." It is through the blood of the everlasting covenant that this grace flows to the earth. The Holy Ghost awaited in heaven the coming of this sacrifice. When the Son's feet touched the streets of gold, the Holy Ghost flew right through the window and came to earth to sprinkle the world with His blood that was to cleanse the nations.

Mr. Ingersoll says the reason he does not like this religion is because it is a bloody religion. I like it because it is a bloody religion; for without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. It is the cross that brought me to repentance, that makes me feel that I want to be better, that surrounds me with Gospel influences, that brings salvation in all fulness unto all men. Thank God for the expression "unto all men!" Thank God, I can lay my eyes on His Word, and my hand on my heart, and say, I

believe that Jesus Christ died for me; not only for me, but for my wife, for each one of my children, and for you, and your wives, and your children! He has not only provided salvation for all mankind, but for each individual; and if you should fail to get to heaven, there will be a crown in glory that no head will ever wear—a palm of victory in heaven no hand will ever wave; if you fail to make the port of glory, there will be a harp in heaven untouched by angel hands.

Christ is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. We look for the redemption of the world through Jesus Christ. The world can never be redeemed by a Gospel that excludes a single human being. If you search this universe and find one human being not redeemed, I believe Jesus Christ would come to earth again, and would be nailed to the cross, and suffer and die for that one immortal soul. I am very glad the pulpits of the earth are coming together on this point. Thank God, I have seen some advancement in my day, and I hope yet to see the day when every pulpit will agree upon the "whosoever will!" Nothing less than this can express the great gushing heart of God to the race. We are all created on a common platform; we are all redeemed on a common platform. When God gave one a chance, He threw the gates open to all. Thanks be unto God for a Gospel that saves me, and is sufficient in its breadth and depth for a world of sinners! This grace that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. The object of this grace, primarily, is to teach. Christ was a Divine Teacher, a Divine Philosopher, and a Divine Saviour. This grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men—not saving us merely, but making us worth saving. There are old money-lenders in this city who, if

they were to get to heaven, would not be there three weeks before they would want to set up business. Men must be taught some things before they can be saved in the Gospel sense. Jesus Christ told His disciples to "go forth, teaching all nations." The difficulty to-day in China is, because the people are not taught. We narrow the discussion down so that we may first be practical and then be scriptural. The great trouble is not that the truth is not preached. You never heard a sermon in your life that had not in it truth enough to save a thousand souls like yours. Every man's heart is so filled up with error, that he has no room for the truth. It is a philosophic truth that no two substances can occupy the same space at the same time. It is because there is not room for them. If God will empty your heads and hearts of all the error you have packed away in them, I will preach enough truth to save you all to-night. We say every man is full of his own opinions. "My opinion is so-and-so. It is no harm to dance. It is no harm to play cards. I can live just as good out of the Church as in it. There is no harm in a dram." You, compromising old hypocrite, you! When bar-rooms are set up on every corner, an old hypocrite will wipe his mouth, and say there is no harm in a dram. It takes all the ministers, and praying mothers, and the best influences of God and angels, to keep you up out of a drunkard's grave; and yet you will wipe your mouth and drink on! There is no harm in this or that. Look me in the face as an honest man; let us meet these facts as we find them. That old Colonel will sit out there on the street and pronounce his opinion, so and so. Young men will say, "It is my opinion." They got that from the old Colonel, and he got it fresh from Hell. They all say, "My opinion." Very few men think. One or two great

minds do the thinking for Europe. One or two great minds do the thinking for America. This city has very few thinking men in it, but everything in town is chock full of opinions. We get encased in these opinions, and we are absolutely invulnerable to God's own truth and power. A man incased in his own opinions is beyond the reach of the power of God. See the old farmer in the house smoking quietly: a storm gathers, and a cloud, loaded with electricity, is overhead; the lightning strikes the rod on the chimney and throws itself into the earth, and the farmer sits and smokes as if nothing had happened. The gospel of Christ flashes above the heads of the multitude and descends with sin-killing power, and strikes this outside incasement of every man's own opinions, and runs off into the earth. The man walks off and says, "The preacher has his opinion, and I have mine." No man that walks this earth has a right to an opinion on a moral question when God speaks. On geological, astronomical, and doctrinal questions, it is your right to hold opinions. Do not misunderstand me. I say on moral questions upon which God has spoken. The only way to tell whether a thing is straight or crooked is to apply the straight-edge, and not stand, like a fool, guessing at it. God tells me in this book what is right and what is wrong. When God speaks out, let all the world stand still and listen. Trace the opinion to its origin; take the back-track on all opinions, and you will find them every one in hell. They are all going back to hell, and will take you with them. "It is my opinion, so and so." Shut your mouth, you babbler! The less sense a fellow has, and the less he thinks, the more opinions he has. You must live soberly, righteously, godly, in this world. The Bible was not given to teach me the way the heavens go, but to teach me the way to go to heaven. Mr. So-and-So is a mighty smart man, and he does not agree

with the preachers. Yes; there are plenty of brains in hell. You understand that, don't you? I despise to see a man who knows more than everbody else in the community, and who does not know enough to behave himself. Some men have not got sense enough to be decent. God have mercy on men who have not got sense enough to be faithful to the vows made to their wives! I say to you all to-night that some of the most cultured men are the most corrupt men. What is culture worth if it is but the whitewash on a rascal? I would rather be in heaven learning my A, B, C's, than sitting in hell reading Greek. I would rather my boy would have hardly sense enough to run a straight furrow in my field than to be as some of the sensible men in this city to-night. Keep my boy poor and honest, and let him die a fool. If you are doing wrong, quit it. About twelve years ago the grace of God came gushing into my heart, and I knew that I was a sinner and ought to quit sinning. That lesson has lingered with me from that hour to this. The poorest, weakest man in this city may decide to-night, and God will help him to the point where he will never need help. The devil tempted me sometimes till my knees got weak. But God's grace is sufficient to make you quit doing wrong and go to doing right, in the name of Christ. That is my religion.

What is the difference between what I was fifteen years ago and what I am to-night? I have never believed anything since that time that I did not believe before. I believed before, but did not do. I have now been a believer and a doer for twelve years. That is the difference between a Christian and a sinner. It is faith in Christ; it is following, loving, revering Him. I have never been converted, if a man must believe something afterward that he didn't believe before. It is not believing so much as it is doing. "Show me your faith," said James, "Without your works, and I

will show you my faith by my works." Now you are getting down to facts. I believed and did not; now I believe and do. The teaching is that you must quit doing wrong. I do not see how some of you get along with yourselves. You must reach the point when you will say, "I will quit it;" for you can never get religion till you do that. Religion is quitting the wrong and determining on a better life. I expect if some of us good brethren had been sitting in that sacred company, and heard the words, "Come and follow me," we would have called Matthew to one side, and said, "Hold on, we are not converted yet!" The best evidence that a man has got religion is that he has quit doing wrong and is doing right. Birds do not sing sweeter nor trees look prettier. I saw that in a book once, and I don't go much on it since. I am running on this, that I have quit my meanness. I believe in a religion that reforms a man from head to foot, through and through. God never regenerates a man until he reforms himself. There is nothing in grace that will make you a sober man with a quart of whiskey inside of you. There is nothing in the grace of God that can keep a man clean while he is leading a licentious life. You must place yourself so that God can get an under-hold of you. You all knew what that meant when you were boys at school. When I was a boy I could throw another very quickly if he would give me the under-hold. At first I abandoned the sins I could get along best without; but finally, when I found that I was making no progress, I put my sins in one pile, stacked them on the old bridge, and stuck a torch to the bridge. I am now for heaven or nothing.

Quit your meanness, and tell God you mean it, if you wish to be saved. You need not be skipping around the Lord with the devil's old musket on your shoulder. Con-

version means to quit the wrong and begin the right. Conversion that does not mean that I have quit all that is wrong, and mean to hold to it, does not mean conversion. It is like one neighbour going to the house of another and saying: "Give me a thousand dollars; I have lived here ten years, and have not burned your house, nor crippled your children." Don't imagine that because you have burned up no meeting-house and killed no preachers you will get in at the fool's door. You will never get in on that line. You must not only quit doing wrong, but you must begin to do right. You must be good every day in the week, and good all the time. I don't understand these men who are pious Sunday morning at the eleven o'clock service, and go home and put on their every-day clothes and their meanness—pious in Nashville, but the devil's own dog in New York City. I will be the Lord's everywhere; I will not be cast down nor lifted up. Heaven is on a dead level with a good man. "I am having my ups and downs," said the old man. Yes; you will be down in hell some day. Never quarrel with God, nor with your condition in life. Job was one of this sort. Cranmer and Ridley were burned in the reign of Mary in England. When the clothes were burned from his flesh, when his arm was on fire and in a blaze, old Cranmer looked over to Ridley, and said: "Be of good cheer; we are lighting a fire that will burn round the world."

We need a revival of downright honesty in the Church of God. There are many men in the Church boarding with their wives. We must meet the fact that we have got no character as a Church. Go to one of these stores and try to run your Methodism on them. The store-keeper will say: "Come in and look at my books, and you will not blame me for not taking on more." We think it is no harm to swindle a brother in the Church. An honest man is the

noblest work of God. The old Church has gravitated downwards until the world backs water on her. Sir, you can't ditch her off. Go after an old sinner, and he will say: "Jones, pay me what you owe me, and I will join." I thank God that a poor man can be an honest man! The devil bankrupted me. I got religion and went to preaching, and was several hundred dollars in debt. One said: I have confidence in Sam; he is a good, clever fellow; but I would like him better if he would pay his debts." But I went on until I paid the last dollar of it. If you want to pay your debts, people know it. God pity the man that is boarding with his wife in a fifty-thousand-dollar mansion, and is cheating the widow and orphan! We want honest men in the Church, that will do what they say they will do. There is many a good man who cannot pay his debts. There are men in this city struggling against difficulties that would break an angel's heart. But the grace of God that bringeth salvation will be sufficient to save you if you will "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." If God will give us such a measure of His Holy Spirit that the Church will be purified and sanctified until we will be a peculiar people, zealous of good works, then the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, will appear unto every sinner in this city, and save him from all ungodliness and worldly lusts, so that henceforth he will live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.

SAYINGS.

I CAN'T bribe God's grand jury, nor defy the Court that tries me at the last day.

I PHOTOGRAPH your ugliness, and you sit there and laugh at it. You ought to be ashamed.

"I HAVE doubts," says one. Well, you just quit your meanness, and you will quit doubting.

IF a man hasn't enough religion to pray in his family, he hasn't enough to take him to heaven.

IF you are ready to say to-night, "I've done, I've quit," then you are right where God can put His hand on you and save you.

WHAT is culture worth if it is but the whitewash of a rascal? I would rather be in heaven, learning my A, B, C's, than in hell reading Greek.

EVERYBODY ought to keep good company. There is not an angel in heaven that would not be corrupted by the company that some of you keep.

IF you will let me, I will cut the last ligament that binds you to a life of sin, and let you swim out into the bottomless, boundless ocean of God's saving love.

ONE sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God. I've seen men who were not afraid to die; but I never saw a man who was not afraid of the judgment-bar of God.

II.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

WE invite your prayerful attention to the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." We will read two or three of the preceding verses: "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

Ah, my brethren in Christ, how I have seen that picture until my blood ran cold, and until I felt like wanting to die on my knees! The Church of God Almighty trodden under the foot of this world! Instead of being like an arm bringing the world to God, the world has got us under foot, trampling us down, and we dare not say a word. God help us not to get in any such fix again! "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

This service shall be held especially in the interest of professed Christians. Generally these services are directed to all present. I know God expects us members of the Church to live right, and he has got a right to expect it of us;

and yet we, members of the Church, have as much right to do wrong as anybody in the world. There is not a man in this State who has got any more right to get drunk, and curse, and steal, than I have. All the difference between a member of the Church and a non-professor is, one has made a profession, and taken the oath of allegiance to God, the other has not; but the latter is just as much bound by every moral obligation and principle to serve God and do right. Will you give Him your prayers? It would be better if you had not come to-day if you did not intend to give Him your prayers. Going to Church is like going shopping: you generally get what you go for—no more and no less. A woman will go into a store with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods all around her, buy a paper of pins, and walk out; that is all she came for. I have seen the storehouse of God's grace packed from cellar to ceiling, and I have seen men go in and gather up an expression of the preacher, and go home. He is a *paltry little fellow!* Let us take a broader view of these things; and I pray that all the citizens of this State who came here to-day, may carry a blessing home to their families and their towns. I want to see blessings carried out until this State—north, south, east, and west—shall be surrendered to God; and I thank God that the fire is catching all over the State.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Brethren, amid the roar and rush of this nineteenth century, we hear very little of the voice of God. The roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph, and the whistle of the engine, have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God. But, amid all these rough trials and present transactions, it is well enough to put our hand up to our ear now and then, and look up and hear what God has to say. Let

us listen to that still small voice that never misled a man a step, and never deceived a man's soul; let us listen to that voice which, if you hear it aright, will make you wise unto salvation."

"Let your light so shine." Such a string of monosyllabic utterances—a string of pearls! "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." What a string of pearls this sentence is! There are only four words in the sentence of more than one syllable. What a preacher Christ was! I have often thought: If I ever get to heaven, I will hunt up some sensible man who heard this sermon, and get him to tell me the manner of its delivery, and the effect upon the multitude. How the face of Christ did glow, and glisten, and glimmer under the pressure and power of the truth of the words He was delivering! We, little preachers, think that we are doing first-rate if we take a text, and announce about three propositions, and discuss them for an hour. But do you know that Christ in this sermon announced and discussed one hundred and twenty different propositions in the compass of half-an-hour? No man ever talked like Christ, or thought like Christ. I sometimes think that if He had had a company of angels listening to Him, it would have been a grander sermon still. If He had had a congregation of His peers, O what a sermon! But he came down, and down as close to us as He could get. He took our own words, and these are but a few of the words uttered by Him on this occasion.

"Let your light so shine before men." These are monosyllabic utterances, but there is much meaning in each one. These words fairly bend and break under the force and power of their meaning.

"Let your light." What is light? We can only see it as

human eyes can see it. Its essence is love to God; its principle is faith in God, and its development is obedience to God. These three—faith, love, and obedience—are the light of the world and the salt of the earth.

I believe in God. Sinners dont read my Bible, but they read me. You read your Bible, and sinners read you as a professor of Christianity. And, brethren, they watch you and your life, and they thus see whether that Bible is true or not. And I will say this much, some of them don't believe a word of it, because you tell them you believe the Bible and live as you do. Brethren, you tell me a man is anxious to go to Chattanooga, and he will let five thousand trains run out toward Chattanooga and never get aboard one of them! Tell me such nonsense as that! The infidelity that is hurting the Church in this nineteenth century is not theoretical infidelity; the infidelity that is demoralising the Church and the world *is practical infidelity;* the fellow that believes the Bible and won't do one thing. Now you have got a fool and a rascal mixed in one compound. It is the most awful compound that Christ ever died for. He believes in prayer-meetings, but he has not been to one this year; he believes in the missionary cause, but he gets out with the least he can give; he believes in family prayer, but you can't prove it by his wife and children. He goes on the principle that he that believeth not shall be damned, and he believes in everything. If your sort was put on the market, and everybody felt toward you as I do, you would not bring much—you would not.

Faith. I believe. How do you know? Watch me. Watch my life. You ask me if I believe in family prayer —I refer you to my wife and children; you ask me if I believe in paying my preacher, and I refer you to my elder, or steward. If a man asks me if I believe in prayer-

meetings, I refer him to my pastor. Let those who are witnesses answer for me.

Faith. I believe, and to demonstrate that I believe I am obeying. That is it. And all we want in this universe is a Church that believes the word in the sense that they will do like their Bible says. You don't ask whether a thing is right or wrong: you ask, Does everybody do it? Your husband and everybody else does that; and if everybody does that, it is just as good a reason as you want for doing anything. If everybody dances, your children will dance too. Your children can't get into society unless they dance, because everybody dances. You can't be sociable unless you have wine on your dinner-table; everybody has wine. There is many a woman in this country who is responsible for a great many things she does not think of. I want to see the day in this country when no decent woman will put anything on her table that will make a fool of her husband. The biggest fool of a woman in this State is the woman who will go to the closet, and get the bottle, and bring it out and fix up a drink for her husband. You have not sense enough to keep out of the fire; your place is in the lunatic asylum. I believe in sobriety. How do you know that? Because there is not a thing in my home that will make a person drunk. That is good ground. If there is anything in the world you fellows in these towns around here need preaching on, it is on the liquor question. You have got enough liquor within a hundred miles of here to damn the whole earth if you poured it down men's throats. This liquor traffic has come down to where it is a question of blood, and death, and hell. These women are getting tired of seeing their husbands go down to drunkards' graves; these mothers are tired of seeing their sons go drunk to hell.

"Let your light so shine." I believe in sobriety, because

I touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. I don't care what a man says he believes with his lips; I want to know what he says with his life and actions. The only difference between two men is the difference in the way they live. The difference between the best man in this State and the biggest scoundrel in this State is the difference in the way they live. This is practically true. I believe with all my heart, and in demonstration of this, I will do the very thing that God says do, and I am leaving off the very thing that God says not do.

Love is its essence. Brethren, a man is never free until love abounds in his heart toward God and man. The freest man in this State is the man who loves God most, and loves his neighbour as himself. There is no law in heaven or earth that fetters or proscribes a character like that. The Legislature of Georgia meets about twice every year, and I am there, generally passing through, when they are in session; but I never have been before them asking them to pass a law to make my wife good to my children. Why? Because my wife loves my children with all her heart, and we don't need any law to make her kind to them. She does too much for them. You will not harm anybody you love. It is the devil in you that makes legislatures and sheriffs necessary. If everybody on earth loved God supremely, and his neighbour as himself, then we would need no more restraints on earth than they need in heaven.

Love. Love everybody. We need brotherly love. We members of the Church—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians—O what a grand sight to see every Christian man love every other Christian man! But it is a sad thing to see members of the Church getting into each other's way, and talking about each other, and cheating each other, and drinking with one another. They are not the Lord's lambs,

you see, at that; they are the devil's goats. Love sets a man free. The best way in the world to kill a fellow is to love him to death; then you don't have to bury him. Alexander the Great conquered this world; so did Napoleon. Poor Alexander the Great died a conquered wretch; poor Napoleon died a banished, conquered wretch on the island of St. Helena. Napoleon said, while on that mid-ocean isle: "I, Alexander the Great, and Charlemagne, conquered by force, and founded our kingdoms on force, and our kingdoms have melted away; but Jesus Christ founded His kingdom on love, and to-day millions of men would die for Him." Jesus Christ said: "Do good to them that despitefully use you, and pray for them that persecute you." I used to think, when a man mistreated me, why don't the Lord let me jump on him and beat him? The reason is the Lord don't want to protect that rascal; He wants to protect me. When Jesus Christ wanted to conquer His enemies He died for them; and He has well-nigh conquered them. Love begets sympathy. And O, if we had a little more of the milk of human kindness in this world, what a world we would have! I like to see a fellow bent on doing what the Lord tells him to do. This is the only test that lasts. It is the final test of your love to God. Christ says: "He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Hereby we do know that we know Him if we keep His commandments. Light is love and obedience mingled with life. Faith works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. Have you got that? Then you have got light.

Light is a strange something. What is light? It is a very active principle. A few hours ago this world was covered with darkness. I see the oxen asleep over there. I see the birds perched in quiet on the limb of that tree, and I see

humanity stretched in slumber. Look at this world! It is true it is asleep. God wants to wake up this world. Does He go down to that field and hit that old ox on the horns? Does He shake that limb to wake up that bird? Does He come to my house and knock in order to wake me up? No; He just lets the sun peep over the eastern hills, and the old ox wakes up, and the birds commence singing, and humanity wakes up to another day. Let the darkness come, inactivity is here; let light come, all is activity.

Nine o'clock, german club; nine o'clock, progressive eucher club. The Church is abed and asleep before that time, and you can just german on. If there is a thing in this world that I have a contempt for and can't express it, it is the german. I suppose some of you people through the country don't have germans. It is about all this city can do to rig out enough spiderlegs for a german. I reckon this city can ship you a few when you want them. To see any average little town try to put on airs! If I were you, sister, I would call it a ball; and a ball-room is so indecent that I would not let my cook go into one of them. This is enough to hurt your feelings, ain't it? Your feelings! The less sense a girl has, the more feeling she has. The checks and balances must operate. What you lack in sense you make up in feeling. I wish some of you ball-room girls could hear the boys' talk after the thing is over. What we want in this country is a Church so alive to God and with so much light that these deeds of darkness will not be allowed in our borders. Did you ever hear of a ball in the day-time? Did you ever hear of a lot of men getting together and having a man's german? There ain't a boy in this town who would cross the street to hug another boy. As sure as you are born, these things are based upon the consciousness of sex. My fellow-citizens, it is not the liars and the thieves and cut-

throats that are hurting your Church; it is the tide of worldliness that is sweeping over your Churches and towns that is damning your homes. Let your light so shine upon your Church! If there are any people of the city here this evening, I am not speaking to them. I am speaking to the visitors.

Children of the day, and children of the light! Light is an active principle, and will put us to work. The Church is the light of the world. You watch the lamp-lighters on the street. They walk to that lamp and light it, and then walk to another and light it, and so on until each successive burner is lighted; and so light jumps to light and ray to ray, and now the whole town is filled with light. So the Church is the light of the world, by catching fire and jumping from heart to heart.

"Let your light so shine!" I can see frequently in the utterances of Christ where he seemed to be utterly lost for a word. There was no word that would do. He searched human language in vain for an adjective or descriptive that would do. And He just said "so." "Let your light *so* shine!" Once He wanted to tell the world how God loved it, and He said, "God *so* loved the world." One time I was in a country church at night. It was the darkest night I ever saw. It was perfectly black. Directly a man walked out with one of these reflecting lanterns; and when he turned the reflector in front, everybody in front could see like daylight, and to everybody behind it was as dark as pitch; and when he turned it behind, everybody behind could see, and those in front were in the dark. When he turned his light in front, he let his light *so* shine that those in front could see; and when he turned it behind him, he let his light *so* shine that those behind could see. God says, "Let your light *so* shine, that every one may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." I have gone into communities and found a light with a bushel over it; and I would walk up to the bushel and kick it off, and then the owner would get mad and say I put the light out. You turn a bushel over a light and it will go out. Some of you have turned the bushel of neglect down over your spiritual light, and it has gone out. Some of you have turned the bushel of indifference down over your light, and it has gone out. There are some places where Christian light will not burn. My father once had two Irishmen digging a well, and they dug about five days; and then they were paid some money, and they went off and drank for about a week. When they came back ready for work they uncovered the well and asked for a candle. "Well," my mother thought, "Pat and Mike ain't sober yet." But they got the candle, and tied a rope around it, and let it down in the well, and when it got near the bottom it flickered and went out; and Pat said, "We can't go down there—there is death down there." And they went away and got some dry brush, and built a fire in the well; and then they let the candle down again, and it burned all right. Then Mike said, "Pat, you can get your spade and go down—there is no danger." Before you go down into some places, my dear friends, you put your light—that is, your God, your preacher, and your Bible—down and see how they look. Now, the next time you start to a bar-room you push your preacher in there, and see how he looks. The next time you start to a ball-room you put your Bible, your preacher, and God in. God expects every man to be as good as he wants his preacher to be.

We say again, this light is not only an active principle, it is a developing principle. I went to a circus once. Before I went in I looked around, and I saw them drawing a big

bundle of canvass along; and they dragged it up to a furnace, and they put this piece of canvass over the furnace, and, by-and-bye, it was a well-rounded, symmetrical balloon; and as soon as it was thoroughly inflated, its tendency was upward. Then a man got in the basket, and it carried him upward; and this balloon that it took six men to pull along awhile ago, would now carry fifty men up. There are some old sinners here that would take six men to drag to prayer meeting, and to some of them you would have to hitch a locomotive-engine. Bring that same old fellow and get him over the grace-generating power of God Almighty, and let his soul get inflated with Divine love—the love of God and man—and that same person that it took six men to get to prayer-meeting now wants to take ten persons up with him to heaven.

I have heard it said that a big nose is a good thing—it is a sign of intellectuality; that a big mouth is a sign of character—of great character; a big chin is a good sign—a sign of courage; big ears are a sign of generosity. I expect some of you pastors ought to get some ear fertiliser. There are more little 'possum-eared Church-members over this country than you can count. I want to tell you, brethren, that it takes more money to run one old red-nosed drunkard than it does to run any member of the Church in this city. If it is better to be sober than drunk, if it is better to go to heaven than hell, then it is time for us to begin to shut our mouths about what little we pay. Money, *money*, MONEY! I have spent more money in one night on drink—and I say it with shame—than some of you members ever paid in your lives to your Church; and I never grumbled the next morning. That is coming down pretty low.

Developing principle? If there is anything in this world

I admire it is a man with a big soul—a soul big enough for God to come in and live with him, and for the angels to come in and sit down and be at home for ever. God give us a soul on fire, and growing and developing in Divine light! Brother, is your soul growing every day? Little bits of souls! Developing principle—something that makes me grow up to the standard of a good man in the best and highest sense of the word. Light is an active, developing principle. It will put me to work, and put me to growing; and that is what we want. Let your light so shine, that everyone will see your good works. A great many people, with what little religion they have, will run out in the corner and sit down and say, "God save me and my wife, and my son John and his wife—us four, and no more!" That is the sort of religion that is cursing the world. The true principle of a good man is, the more he gets, the more he wants; and the more he gets, the more he wants others to have. When a man says, "It is all I can do to manage my own affairs; I have no time to talk about anybody else," he is in the biggest, broadest road to hell. That is what is the matter with the foreign missions. You will hear people say: "Let us Christianise America, and let us go across the waters. I don't believe in sending the Gospel to China while we have so many heathen at home." But the Christianity of Jesus Christ makes the heathen Chinee my next-door neighbour. A Christianity that sweeps around the world—that is the sort of Christianity we want; a Christianity that locks its arms around the world. "Let your light so shine, that others may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I want every liberal man in this city to let every other liberal man know about his liberality. Christianity will never be what it ought to be as long as Christian institu-

tions go a-begging. Don't let your treasury become depleted any more. Go on, and do something; and don't do it in such a guarded way that nobody can discover what you are doing while you are working for God and truth; but go out in the world, and do the thing that God would have you do.

I have talked over an hour. This may be the last time I shall ever look you in the face. Let us go to our towns and homes, and go to work for God. Let us begin to let our light shine; and then, by-and-bye, the reward will come, and we will go up higher. I don't know how many of you, from various towns, are members of the Church, but I want every one of you to go home and pray for the welfare of every one else; and pray and work for God to bless your town.

SAYINGS.

MOST men when they feel mean feel natural.

SOCIETY is a heartless old wretch; and if you don't get out of it, you will go to hell with it.

IF there is any one thing in this world that I have more contempt for than I can express, it is the german.

THERE are old money-lenders in this city who, if they were to get to heaven, would not be there three weeks before they would want to set up a brokerage and corner-lot business.

I HAVE gone into communities and found the bushels over the lights, and I would kick them off; and then the

owners would get mad, and say I put out their lights; but when you turn the bushel over a light it will go out—that's it.

I WOULD rather associate with a dog than with a profane swearer. This may sound strange; but I know what I am talking about. A man may associate with a dog until he becomes doggish; but a swearer can make him hellish. A man's affinities determine who he is, and what he is.

GOING to church is like going shopping: you generally get what you go for—no more, no less. A woman will go into a store where there is a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, buy a paper of pins, and walk out. That was all she came for. You get about what you come to church for.

III.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."—ZECH. ix. 12.

MY brethren, according to your faith so it will be unto you. We invite your attention to the twelfth verse of the ninth chapter of the prophecies of Zechariah. Let every utterance be guided by the Divine Spirit. There are five hundred Christian people that I hope will be so busy praying that they will not notice a word I shall say.

The all-absorbing theme with God and angels and good men is the salvation of the living, not the salvation of men who lived a hundred years ago—they have enjoyed their privileges, they have had their opportunities, they have met their destinies; not the salvation of men that shall live a hundred years hence—they have yet to be born, they have yet to enjoy these privileges and opportunities; but the all-absorbing theme that engages the great heart of God and the great heart of the Church in all worlds is the salvation of the men and women who live and walk and talk on the face of the earth to-day. Is it not passing strange that a subject should so engage the heart of God and angels, and the good of all the earth, and yet that a man with an immortal soul should be disinterested on this momentous question? Is not that you, sir? and you, sir? Are there not everywhere disinterested parties in all the universe of God? We have an exhortation for you. I wish you could lose sight of the fact that there are any men in this town except you and the preacher, and that we are alone with God. Do you realise

that God talks to you—God whispers to you, warns you, exhorts you? Salvation or damnation is a personal matter. Nobody will die for you; nobody will stand in your place at the judgment-bar of God. The question of salvation and damnation is a personal question. God help us to look at this question as men and women on the way to the judgment-bar of God!

There are three classes of prisoners in the moral universe without hope, and there are three classes of prisoners with hope. It is well enough for us sometimes to stop long enough to locate ourselves. Where am I? To what point of longitude and latitude have I drifted? A ship at sea must not only know that it is on the way from Liverpool to New York, but must know where it is every moment. That sailor who knows only that he is on his way from Liverpool to New York is lost at sea. We say there are three classes of prisoners without hope. I stick to my Bible. The first class are the angels who kept not their first estate, but sinned against God and were cast down to hell, and are bound in chains of everlasting darkness. We are assured that the angels that fell from their high estate have never had a gospel note or a gospel invitation. How fearful to contemplate the fall from such heights down to such depths! I know not how to sympathise with angels. I never saw an angel. They know nothing of wrinkles, and old age, and the grave. There are other angels—the lost souls of men and women who have lived amid just such opportunities as you and I have to-night, and who have died impenitent and gone into eternity impenitent. It may be good doctrine that "as long as the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," but whatever repenting and believing you and I do, we must do it this side of the grave-yard. Whatever may be the space of time between the present moment and your dying-

pillow, that is all the space in which you can make your peace with God.

Life, with its three-score years and ten, is said to be like a tale that is told; like grass that groweth up in the morning, and is cut down and withereth. Life is but one step from the cradle to manhood, but one step from manhood to old age, and but one step from old age to the grave. The few moments spent in this tent to-night are but a few moments we spend on our way to the bar of God.

The second class are the men and women who have lived amid the gospel privileges of this city and America. They are numbered by the thousands and the millions—including, it may be, your father, your son, your daughter, your next-door neighbour. O, have I ever shaken the hand of a man on earth who is this moment a prisoner without hope for ever? While the Gospel of the Son of God peals out in the ears of the multitude its grace and beauty, those ears will never hear the Gospel again. Mother, have you ever prayed for that boy since the doctors pronounced him dead? Brother, have you ever prayed for your neighbour since the black crape was hung on his door-knob? In this life only we repent. There is no repentance beyond the grave. I have preached the gospel in many States. I count it the greatest of privileges to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. If God were to call me to China, I would go there with as willing a heart as if my wife were to call me home. There is one place where I never have preached the Gospel—that is out here in the cemetery. I will never preach the Gospel among the tombstones of the city of the dead. There is no hope or device in that city. While we have life, there is hope; but when the candle of life is put out we cease to pray for ever. I have preached the Gospel to the sons of men, and while many have come to Christ,

there are those who are this moment out of the range of the Gospel of God, and beyond his mercy for ever. Shall I preach to a man to-night who will realise in eternity that he is a prisoner without hope for ever. There are men who sit within the sound of my voice to-night, who, if their hearts stop beating while I am preaching, will be prisoners without hope for ever.

Brethren, another class of prisoners without hope are the men and women in this city who are just as certain to be damned as they live and walk on the face of the earth to-day. You have men in this city who have not heard the Gospel in thirty years, who will never hear another Gospel-sermon. I once made this proposition: If there is a man in this house who feels in his heart that nobody prays for him, I want him to give me his hand, and leave here with the assurance that *one* prays for him, It is something to know that someone prays for me. The most lonely feeling that overtakes an immortal spirit on its pilgrimage to eternity is the feeling that nobody prays for him. It is true, O prisoner without hope, that while the Gospel appeals to others, and moves others, and saves others, and while others yield, one is taken and another is left. I wonder which man in this tent to-night is just as certain to be damned as he hears my voice at this moment. I received a letter from Knoxville this evening. The writer says: "I see, from the press, that you have offered five hundred dollars reward for any man who will take an oath before a justice of the peace that he does not want to be saved—does not want to go to heaven. I will take a solemn oath that I do not want to be saved, and do not want to go to heaven." He not only gives his name, but his address. I said to myself, O mortal man, to what depths we can go! And yet, you are doing that for nothing. A man signs his own spiritual death-warrant for

five hundred dollars! You sign, seal, and deliver your spiritual and eternal death-warrant for nothing; O for nothing!

> The wretch condemned with life to part
> Still, still on hope relies,
> And every pang that rends the heart
> Bids expectation rise.

Infinite despair, hover over me! I should never eat again if I knew that I had no hope of heaven. There is not a soul in eternity to-night that did not have its last chance for immortal life. They looked like you, they believed like you; they abused the last chance, and that means no more chance for ever—a prisoner without hope! While the gospel touches others, and moves others, and saves others, you sit as motionless and powerless as the pew in which you rest. Have pity on these old grey-headed sinners who have stood on the beach till the tide runs out to sea that would float them out on the ocean of God's love! If this tide recedes, it may leave you high and dry for ever. Go out with the tide, and be saved for ever! If I knew a man in this tent by name, and I met him on the street to-morrow, and I knew him to be a prisoner without hope, I would draw back my hand and say, "I would as soon shake hands with a corpse as with you!"

But there are prisoners *with* hope. The first class of these happy creatures, saved by the power and grace of Almighty God, that we mention, are the men and women of earth—the faithful men and women—who have taken up their cross to follow Christ. There are thousands of them in this city who love God and keep his commandments. They are prisoners of hope, now hemmed in by the environments of earth, but soon to be God's freemen in heaven, walking the golden streets. I shall live here a prisoner of hope, but at last shall overleap the circle of friends above my dying-

couch, and my spirit shall be free and mix with the freemen of heaven for ever! As long as the star of hope shines over my pathway, I am ready for every good work. I love mercy, do justly, and am ready to do anything God or his Church wants me to do, so long as the star of hope shines over my pathway. I have thought of heaven, and talked of heaven, and laid down at night and dreamed of heaven. When shall I behold thy heaven-built walls, O Jerusalem? when shall I walk within those walls? I shall never dodge a duty or shirk a responsibility. When I have made my way to God I shall get a grand old heaven, just such as an Infinite God would make for an immortal spirit. "Let cares, like a wild deluge, come;" I shall be safe in the haven of rest. There is not a duty that God puts on me that is not a delight to me, for they are the means by which I shall reach heaven at last. That man out there who is not a member of any Church is a prisoner, but not without hope. His wife does not know how much he is thinking; she does not know that he has been on his knees this day, saying: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" When a poor sinner falls on his knees, and says, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," there is always some angel near by to gather up the prayer, and carry the news, "Behold, he prayeth!" The closest I ever get to God, is when I stand by while souls are being born unto God. I can almost see the flashes and scintillations of the Divine Spirit in the eye of the converted soul. I say, I am then closer to God than I ever was in all my life. Thank God, there is a chance for that fellow who is going to take that chance! When Garfield—the noble Garfield—was wounded by the assassin's bullet, and the doctors were probing to find the ball, he said: "Doctor, is there any chance for my life?" The reply was, that there was a chance. Then, said Garfield: "I will take that chance."

And he did, and grappled with the monster death for ninety days as scarcely any man ever did. I want to tell you, sinner, there is a chance for you. Will you take that chance until God says, "It is enough, come up higher?" My God, do all things to me, but blot not out my chance for heaven!

There is another class of prisoners of hope: the man who says, "God knows my heart, I wish I were a better man;" the boy who says, "I wish I were a better boy;" the girl who says, "I wish I were a better girl;" the one who says, "I wish I were a Christian." In the wickedest day of my life I never forgot my precious mother. As long as the soul hungers and thirsts for a better life there is as much chance for you as for me. My heart runs out in sympathy for some men under this tent to-night. Poor fellows! I recollect I had made my wife a thousand promises, my Saviour a thousand promises, my friends anxious for me a hundred promises; yet, in spite of plighted vows and honest promises, I went deeper and deeper. "Wife, forgive me; I will never drink any more!" I came home worse intoxicated than ever before. I meant it—"I won't drink any more to-day;" but with thirst and appetite impelling me forward, I was but a lamb in the power of a lion. There is hope at the cross for the weakest man in the world. I sometimes think that, in spite of mother's prayers and father's advice, God allowed me to go right into the gates of hell, and puts me forward now to go down to the depths to pull my fellow-men back.

See that mother: let all the town forsake her boy, and let father drive him from her presence, but precious mother hangs to her prodigal boy, and carries him to the grave, and visits his last resting-place. It was just a little of the nature of God poured into the mother's heart; that is all. See that drunken man: the white people kick him on the

sidewalk; the coloured people spurn him as they meet him; his wife saw his staggering step, and took him by the hand, and carried him up into the house, and laid him on the bed, and took cold water and bathed his face. Where did the wife get such love for that man? It was a little of the nature of God poured into the heart of that woman. Will you stop to-night, and say, "Take my hand—I am ruined without Thy grace and help?" There is a chance for you. O, sir! I shall shout, occasionally, as long as I see there is a chance for me to get to the good world? I am happy, because my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

What would the plaudits of the world be to me, if I am to die and go down to hell for ever? I do not preach a sermon that I do not remember I have a soul to be saved or lost. God help me to be a good man! If it is to leave wife and loved ones, it is all right; if it is to deny myself every pleasure of life, it is all right. Thank God, in that world up yonder, I shall have rivers of pleasure and flagons of joy for every tear I have shed on earth below! Even to-day do I declare I will render double unto thee. "Well," one says, "I would get religion, but I would have to go mourning, and never enjoy life any more." I can tell the truth and say that I have seen more real happiness here in this town than I saw in twenty-five years of life as a sinner. You can't trade evenly with God.

A minister once told me that in one of his revival services there was a young man who came up repeatedly, but seemed to be hesitating. He detained him after service to talk with him. "You seem to want religion; what is your difficulty? Why is it you have not given yourself to God?" "I don't know, only I am clerking in a grocery house, and in one wing of the house they keep liquor. Every time I get on my knees, that whisky is in the way." "Give up

the place." "I have thought of that. If I give up my employment, my mother and sisters will starve." "Go along; quit that job, and do your duty. Trust to God, and go along." Next morning the young man went to his employers, and told them: "You have always been kind to me; but I have tried to get religion as your clerk, and I can't do it." Said they: "We hate you to give up; you have been a good boy. We can't give up liquour; it is the most lucrative part of our business." "I will take an affidavit that I don't want to go to heaven." That same spirit makes men sell whisky. Avarice has cursed its thousands and damned its millions. The boy was converted that night. After breakfast a note came from his old employers, asking him to come back. "Come into the other room with me," said the liquor dealer; and behold, the last barrel had been rolled out, and the floor swept! "We want you to go to work; we will give you a hundred dollars a month instead of the fifty we have been paying you." You say you don't know whether that is true or not. I will tell something better and broader than that. Preachers used to tell me that if a young man would forsake houses and lands, friends, and mother and father, to be the Lord's disciple, He would give them a hundred-fold. More than twelve years ago I pushed all earth aside, and joined the North Georgia Conference. I left my step-mother to follow Christ, and He has given me a hundred mothers just as good and kind; I left a little home in Cartersville, Georgia, and I have found a hundred homes; I left a few friends in Cartersville; bidding them good-bye, I said: "I am going to serve the Master." He has multiplied my friends a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold here, and a thousand-fold—yea, a million-fold—in the life to come. I am more and more pleased with His service, and more and more

pleased with His companionship, and with my lot, and more and more hopeful for eternity. I would not go back twelve years and take my chances,

> Were this world a golden ball,
> And gems were all the stars of night.

Now, my friends, in the name of Him who would not allow sin to stand in judgment, I have done my best to save you from your sins. Do not be a prisoner without hope, but a prisoner with hope.

SAYINGS.

THE devil is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not welcome. Why does he stay in your heart?

NOTHING is more lovely than a gentle, patient woman. God pity the man that has a forky-tongued wife!

THERE are two things I hate—a dancing-master and a little time-serving preacher. They are both the laughing-stock of the devil.

YOU don't believe what you don't see. Did you ever see your backbone? Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs.

IV.

DAVID'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications," etc.—PSALM cxvi.

WE propose to read perhaps all of the one hundred and sixteenth Psalm. This is what we might denominate David's religious experience. I imagine if he had been in a Baptist experience-meeting or a Methodist love-feast, he would talk just about as he has written in this Psalm. I have always been interested in the experience of any good man or woman, and especially since I professed to have a religious experience myself. I have always been interested when a good man or woman gets up to talk. They get my ear; they get my heart and soul. If there is any one prayer that I have been praying from the depths of my heart, it is this: "Lord, if I am not what I ought to be, show it to me; I don't want to go to the judgment and into eternity with a blindfold on my eyes; I want to see things as they are. Let me see not only what I am, but let me see what Thou wouldst have me to be. Lord, save my soul at any cost! If it be necessary for me to be sick, and lie down on a bed of trouble and rack of pain, let it be so. Save my soul at any cost!" Have you ever prayed that way? Lord, Lord, I have counted the cost—or, in other words, I have not got time to count the cost; but I am going to heaven, cost what it will.

We read this Psalm—it is an expression of a tried Christian man: "I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice

and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." David speaks, and he calls upon men, and tells them the reason of his love to God. He announces first, "I do love God." This is a demonstration of the fact that he is acquainted with God. If any man doesn't love God, it is because he doesn't know Him. To know Him is to love Him, and to love Him is to serve Him. And if any man on the face of the earth does not love God, it is because he has not seen Him in all His characteristics. If any man does not love God at all, it is because he has not seen Him at all. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I have evidence of God's presence all around me; but when I want to see God I will go and talk with Him, and put my arm in His, and walk step by step at His side. Just take the path of Christian duty, and all along the line you will find God at every step.

Now, I love God. Why? Because he has shown Himself to be so lovable; "because He has heard my voice and my supplications;" because I went to Him and prayed for things, and He gave me the things I prayed for. How can I help loving Him when He has done so lovingly toward me? David says: "He hath heard my voice and my supplications. . . . I will call upon Him as long as I live." He meant to say: "It is a thing settled in my mind; I will be a praying man as long as I live." I may quit ten thousand things, but I will never quit praying. If I live ten, twenty, forty, or nine hundred and sixty-nine years, I will be a praying man still. I have settled the question once and for ever. As long as I live I will call upon Him. Why? Because He has heard my voice in supplication. Ah me! what a triumph of faith to know that God heard me when I called upon Him. There is not a person here that is not conscious of

the fact that the Lord has answered one prayer for him There is not a person in this tent that has not prayed; there is not a person here but has had answers to his prayers. Now, what do you say? He has heard me, and given me the things for which I prayed, and I am encouraged to go to Him as long as I live. That is it. It is worth something to a man to know that there is a God, and that God loves him, and that God will hear his prayer, and that God will answer his prayer. I have been in tight pinches, and I would have surrendered if it had not been for that. I have heard men say, when anything fortunate happened to a person, which you had been praying for: "Your prayers had nothing to do with that; it happened in the natural order of things." "Yes," I say; "but the same thing did not happen to that other fellow down there, who did not pray for it." Like a man down in Georgia: he introduced himself to me on a train. In the course of the conversation, turning round, he said: "There is all I have left from the cyclone." Says I, "What?" And he said, "My wife and children." "What do you mean?" I asked. And he said: "I was over in the field when that cyclone passed over Jones county. I heard the noise and the commotion; and, about a half-mile from my home, I saw a cyclone, and its course was over toward my house. My first impulse was to run home; but I saw I could not get there in time to do anything for my wife and children, so I fell down on my knees and said: 'God Almighty, save my wife and children! Let all else go, but save them!'" He said he was thus praying while the thing went jumping, and bounding, and twisting, and roaring along; and he said he saw it coming right over the hill toward his house. As soon as it had passed, he said he got up on the hill and looked, and there was not a vestige of his house, or kitchen, or stable, on the

place; and he said: "O Lord, are my wife and children destroyed?" And he ran down the path, and here came his wife, and children, and a little black child; and when they met each other, they had a real old Georgia camp-meeting. "You see, she had been out hunting me. I asked her, 'How did you get out of this scrape?' She said, 'I and my little child were in the kitchen—a log-kitchen—and I was cooking when I heard that tremendous roar. All at once, I and my little child ran right up in the corner of the kitchen, and the first sweep of the cyclone took away every particle of the kitchen except six or seven logs about that corner; and it twisted a big oak-tree off at its roots, and laid its heavy body on the corner, and tied the logs down; and when the last shock had passed, I and my little child were sitting there unhurt.' You can't tell me God doesn't answer prayer," said he. Some people say that God doesn't get up these cyclones. I don't care who gets up a thing, if you will just give God the reins, and let Him direct it. The man who owned the next house was half a mile off, and when he got home the last vestige of his house was swept away. He took the course of the cyclone, and found one child, and then a little farther on he found his wife, without a vestige of clothing, literally bruised and mangled to death. Passing on, he found another child dead, caught in the limb of a tree; then the fourth child was found; and then the fifth, which was the baby; then he came across his brother-in-law, dead. "My God!" said he, "won't I find a single one of my family alive?" The next day he buried his wife and five children all together. It is customary in Georgia to build storm-pits to protect the people from the fury of the storm. I would not give one honest prayer for all the storm-pits in Georgia. I heard a lady who, when she thought a storm was coming,

started down to the storm-pit, and fell and broke her neck, and they never had any storm.

I want to tell you, good women, I read your requests this morning. You are on the right line. I want you to pray for your husbands. Let us beseech God until He comes down in answer to our prayers. The devil need not come whining around me, saying my prayer had nothing to do with that. I say it did. God heard and answered my prayer.

David's expression from a Christian heart was this: "As long as I live I will pray." "Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore I will call upon Him as long as I live." "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications." Now he takes up his religious experience in its inception, and here is what he has to say: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow." There is where every man's religious experience really begins—down in the consciousness, when he cries out, "I am lost! I am lost!" A man's religion never goes any deeper than his convictions. I don't underrate a Christian experience because some fellow did not get fired like St. Paul. Many a fellow wants to be struck like St. Paul; he wants to be struck down in the road. The only trouble with St. Paul was touching the divinity of Christ. It took the biggest cannon of heaven turned loose on him to convince him. There is many a fellow waiting around here for God to shoot one of those cannon-balls at him. God never wastes cannon-balls on snow-birds. I don't underrate a man's religious experience because he can't give place or date. Some of the best men I ever saw could not give the place and time when this miracle of grace occurred; but they could say, "I love God." I don't underrate

a man's religious experience because he did not have it like somebody else. But I say this much: I want a fellow to feel awful mean; this is a common feeling, and it is a very natural one. Sister, if you never felt mean, then you never felt natural; and brother, if you never felt mean, then you never came within half-a-mile of feeling natural. Like that fellow up at Lebanon, he said he felt mean, and I told him he felt natural for one time in his life. The fact is, a man gets religion a good deal like he gets the measles. Religion is catching. A fellow goes and gets tangled up with the measles, and in about ten days he says: "Wife, you can send for the doctor; I feel bad; I ache from head to foot." She sends to a doctor, and he comes and examines the case. He asks: "Have you been exposed to measles? that is what you have got." He gives him a cup of good hot tea, and says, "You keep on drinking that until you get it broke out on you, and then you will be all right." Now, some of you have got tangled up in this meeting, and you never felt so mean in your life. You have caught religion. I will just give you two or three cups of gospel tea, and break it out on you; then keep it broke out, and you are elected. If you will walk right up and take two or three cups of this sort of tea—"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"—take two or three cups of this warm tea, then you shall be saved. Break it out, and keep it broke out. Religion is like measles: if it goes in on you, it will kill you. The trouble with a great many Christians in this city is, religion is gone in on them. Keep it broke out on hands, feet, and tongue. Every fellow in this tent, who feels mean and goes into the atmosphere of the bar-room, is gone. You had better wrap up and keep warm for a few days.

David says: "The pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord." This sort of pain is different from any other sort of pain. David says: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul!" I like to hear a fellow calling on God that way. As soon as David got conviction on him, what did he do? He commenced calling on God.

Paul says: "The law was our school-master to bring us to Christ." In those old days the children did not go unattended to school, but the school-master went around to gather them up. The law of God is the lash that whips me. The tendency of the law is to keep behind a fellow, and tan him up. The law of God will show me how mean I am; but it is only the grace of God that can save me from that meanness. I never yet saw a fellow who felt very mean and did not afterward feel good. If you can get a fellow to say, "I am awfully diseased, and I want you to bring the doctor," you can do almost anything with him. And then the doctor comes in and pours out some medicine. He does not know what it is, but he swallows it right down. I like to see a fellow like that—so low down that he doesn't ask any questions. I wish all Christian men and and women here would go home and begin to read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and find out what is lacking with them.

"Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul!" It is not my body; it is not my worldly interest; it is my soul. The next expression of David's is: "Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful." I have heard this incident: A celebrated revivalist was standing preaching, and there was a

man standing on the outskirts of the crowd, and at the close of the sermon he walked up and gave the preacher his hand, and said: "I am what they call an infidel, but I have been listening to your voice in preaching the truth, and I want to know what to do." The preacher said, "Kneel down;" and he knelt down. "Now say, God be merciful to me, a sinner;" and the fellow repeated it. The preacher then asked, "Do you mean what you said?" and the fellow answered, "I don't know whether I do or not." "Then say it again;" and the fellow repeated, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Then the preacher asked, "Do you mean it?" and the fellow said, "I meant it more that time than I did before." And the third time he repeated after the preacher: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Do you mean it?" and he answered: "Yes, sir; and God is merciful to me, a sinner." There is many a man in this town who has got religion and doesn't know it. How do you know when you have religion? One man said, "When I got religion, the trees and birds looked brighter." God have mercy on you, waiting on the trees and birds! I believe I would not do that, if I were you. Just as certain as the sun shines on the world, there is religious experience. But, thank God, it is not confined to trees and birds; it is confined to the one question, "Am I loyal to God?" If you seek a blessing, it is like a preacher praying for more grace, and a deeper work of grace. I don't want any more grace. I want to use the grace I have. It is the using that I want. Praying for a deeper work of grace! Ask them what they want, and they could not tell you to save their lives. If one of my children was always saying, "Papa, bless me, bless me," I would say: "Now you get up here, like a sensible child. What do you want?" "Don't know, sir." "I will box you if you don't talk sense!"

"Deliver my soul." We want a deliverance from the guilt and love of sin. "Gracious is the Lord, and righteous yea, our God is merciful." As soon as a man quits doing wrong toward God, he begins to see how good God is. I had a friend in Cartersville who was mad with another member of the Church; and I said: "If you will go and pay that man all that you owe him, I venture to say that it will be all right." I got the man to pay his debts, and there are no better friends in the town than those two men. If you will pay your debts to God, none will be better friends.

Now David says: "The Lord preserveth the simple." He begins to philosophise: "The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and He helped me." The Lord loves these simple fellows. Some of you big-headed fellows down there have found out that there is no hell; and some of you have gone far enough to find out there is no God. If there is a being in this world that God will take care of, it is one of these little fellows who doesn't know much. It is one of these little fellows who gets down on his knees. When he gets out of bed he falls down on his knees, and says: "O Lord, come and walk with me; I will get into trouble if you don't come with me." And after his breakfast he falls on his knees, and asks the Lord to go down town with him, because he is weak and afraid to go by himself. This is the sort of fellow the Lord likes to go with. There is something in prayer when a man like Isaac Newton comes down from his observatory, and falls upon his knees and prays to God, and says: "I get closer to God on my knees than I ever did with that telescope up there." I like such a fellow as that. When a man like Newton was a little child of God, I don't know what some of these little simple fellows ought to be.

I heard of a fellow once: his father gave him a black boy to wait on him and drive him around. They went to a camp-meeting, and, at the first sermon preached, the young man was convicted, and the negro was convicted. The young man went into the altar and prayed, but the negro boy went into the woods and got down on his knees before God, and was converted. The young man went home and was praying about three weeks. And one day this negro boy was going along by his master's door, and he called him in, and said: "Look here, we were both convicted under the same sermon, and you were converted in an hour, and here I have been praying three weeks; tell me how this is. You were the worst negro on this place, while I have been good all my life. How is it that God will bless a mean negro like you in an hour, and won't bless a good fellow like me?" "I will explain to you," said the negro. "As soon as I was convicted, I went out in the woods and knelt down, and the Lord let the light of His spirit shine on me, and I found I was clothed in the dirty rags of sin; but I threw them off, and now I am clothed in the garments of righteousness. Now, mars, you have got just one spot on your clothes, and you have been trying to clean it off; but just throw them all off." And the young man went off, and fell down on his knees and prayed to God: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And the negro said: "Look here, you have got to throw off those dirty garments of sin, or the Lord won't save you." He was brought low, and saw his hope was in God, and not in philosophy or society.

In the first place, David says: "Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;" and in the next place: "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." This is what I want you to say. David meant to say: "I will be a man for God and right."

David said: "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." If I was a man, I would be a man; if I was a Christian, I would be a Christian; if I was a Methodist, I would be one from head to foot—all over; if I was a Baptist, I would be one through and through; whatever I am, I will be that with all my heart. O my! these little wishy-washy fellows! always standing round, and waiting, and shivering, and shuddering. I don't like that. I believe we ought to run and leap into the river—lined all over with human wretchedness—and bring some of those wretched beings ashore. Let us be men for God. There are five hundred men in this town; if I could get them to take a stand for God, we could keep this city straight for ever. There is many a fellow, nosing around, trying to get ten fellows to join the Church with him; he is afraid to do it by himself. Let us be out on this question, and let every fellow stand in the sunshine by himself, like a true man, and fight it out on this line.

I want to say to you, Christian people here: You pat Judge Allen—a man of stamina—on the back, and tell him your influence and money are with him; you will back him in putting this fearful curse of gambling out of the city. Stand by your mayor and your police force in this business, and drive this curse out of your city. If we will sit down and study it a moment, we will find that as many as ten bar-rooms rest right on one gambling hell; and God knows how many houses of ill-fame rest right on these gambling hells! When you knock the gambling prop out, it will all go down. We all expect a good deal of this Legislature. I want them to be tangled up with these meetings. Of course they are pious men; but I want them to be more pious. Whenever the Governor and the Legislature of a State, and the judges and the mayor of a city, get in a line, we have a right to

expect something to happen. What we want in this town, from now till we die, is a living, walking, earnest Christianity. I will be somebody. And, brethren, as long as you give your members soothing syrup, they never will come to God. It deadens their faculties as well as their consciences. You must give these fellows who rent their stores for bar-rooms something to stir them; they are asleep. "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." I will be somebody for God. For all His abounding mercy and goodness what shall I do? David says: "I will take the cup of salvation" —righteousness and faith—and I will drink it down; and then I will "call upon the name of the Lord," O, if I could get every man in this tent here to obey the voice of God, and say, "I will never shirk and hide any more!" O what a grand Church and city we would have! The Lord bless us, and sanctify these eternal truths for our eternal good!

SAYINGS.

PERHAPS if you don't talk about your religion, it is because you haven't any religion to talk about.

I WOULD not take the record of some people who hear me to-day, and go to the judgment-bar of God with it, for all the money in the universe; and goodness knows I am poor enough!

THANK God for a bee-line to the good world! Do you know what a bee-line is? The bee, after going from flower to flower with its velvet tread, extracting the honey, soars above the tree-tops, and makes a bee-line for its hive.

Happy, happy—thrice happy—will we be when, after extracting all the sweets out of this life, we can soar above the world, and make a bee-line for the glory land!

THE fact is, a man gets religion a good deal like he gets the measles. A fellow gets tangled up with the measles, and in about ten days the doctor comes, gives him a cup of good hot tea, and tells him to keep on taking that until it breaks out; and then keep it broke out, and he will be all right. So some of you have got tangled up in this meeting until you feel as bad as a fellow with the measles before they break out. A few hot cups of Gospel tea will make religion break out all over you. Then keep it out, and you are all right. But, like the measles, if it goes in on you, it will kill you, sure.

V.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

"What must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."—ACTS xvi. 30, 31.

WHAT must I do to be saved? Infinitely the most important question ever propounded is, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." We have read these words from two verses, the thirtieth and thirty-first, of the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

As a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I have no right to advise a man to do anything that he might not do and die saved. I might advise a man to keep good company, and I know that is good advice. No man will ever know the value of good company, or the fearful curse of bad company, in this world. Every one ought to keep good company. A man can afford anything rather than bad associates. There is not an angel in heaven that is proof against bad company. What would you think of me if I were to say I would rather associate with a hog than to associate with a man who drinks whisky? A man might associate with a hog until he became hoggish, but he would never become a drunkard. And just as morals are above manners, so a hog beats a dram-drinker as an associate. I would rather associate with a dog than with a profane swearer. I never heard a dog swear—I mean a four-legged one. A man can associate with a dog until he becomes doggish, but he will never become a swearer. You talk

with me and think about it for ten minutes, and though you may hear many things that sound somewhat strange, yet I have weighed these things in the light of eternity, and I am right. And I say to advise a man to keep good company is good advice, for all men ought to shun bad company if they would be good.

I can see how a man could go from the ordinance of baptism, administered in the name of the Holy Trinity, down to hell at last; and I can see how a man could go from the communion-table to hell. I might advise a man to pray in his family night and morning—and I never will believe anything else but that a man who has not enough religion to pray in his family has not enough to save his soul —and yet I see how a man can pray in his family night and morning until he dies, and die unsaved. I might advise a man to join the Church—and everyone in this world ought to be in the Church. The Church will never be what it ought to be until every man in the world is in it. The way it is now, it is like a father saying to his four boys: "Boys, I am going off now to be gone awhile, and I want you to run the farm. Put this field in cotton, this in corn, and that in oats." The old man goes off and leaves the four boys. Bill and John say: "We will not go in; for if we once start we shall have to keep at it." The other two boys plough and plant the crops, and about the first of May the grass is catching them. Bill and John come and sit on the fence, and say, "Just look at the grass taking the field!" And the others say: "If you will get down off the fence, we will get you a hoe. We should not have been in the grass if it had not been for you. If you had stayed there with us, the grass would not have been there." An old sinner sits out there in the shade with the grass growing up around him, and I say: "It

would never have got so bad if you had set to work at it in time."

Every man in the world ought to be in the Church of God. When I see you men out of the Church I want to save you. To you men who drink, swear, and break the Sabbath, let me say: I have a right to-day to get as drunk as any man in this city. I have just as much right to steal something to-day as anybody. Who gave you the right to get drunk and swear? Who gave you the right to tell lies? Who gave you the right to profane God's name? I have just as much right as you have to do it. I won't do it; you ought not to do it, and you know it. I say again, I might advise a man to join the Church, and that is good advice. I wish you would all join, and make better members than we have ever made. Yet I can see how a man can go from the heights of profession down to the depths of damnation. That is possible. I might advise a man to go to work for Christ, and that is good advice; all of us ought to work for Him. On the last day we will say: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works." And He will say to us: "Depart, ye cursed; I never knew you!"

There is but one sufficiency, and that is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us talk about salvation a little; let us get away from what we call the sentimentality of religion. Religion is not sentiment; neither is it crying and shouting—not any more than my coat is Sam Jones. Thank God, I have a coat though; and thank God for sentiment and shouting!

Salvation. What is salvation? Every theological book I look into tells me that salvation is deliverance—first, from the guilt of sin: second, from the love of sin; and third,

from the dominion of sin. That is what the books say salvation means; but if I were to answer out of the Word of God, and out of Christian experience, I would say that it is the loving of every thing that God loves, and the hating of every thing that God hates. If you will tell me what you love, I will tell you who you are. A man's likes and dislikes determine his character. The difference between the Lord Jesus Christ and the enemy of souls is in their likes and dislikes. A man's affinities determine who he is, and what he is. I am no metaphysician, but I can see a hole through a ladder if there is any light on the other side. I will tell you there was very little metaphysics when the gaoler stood up there trembling and asked, "What must I do to be saved?" And there is not much metaphysics in the answer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There is not much metaphysics about that. There are many things that religion cannot do for a fellow. God never does anything for a man that he can do for himself. The Lord is too busy for that—to be doing things for men that they can do themselves. God never quit drinking for any man; that is the man's own lookout. God never quit lying for anybody; that is your own job. God never quit stealing for anybody; that is your own business to look after. And I say to you to-day, God never prayed in any man's family for him; God never took up anybody's cross for him. There is a great deal of this work of salvation on your shoulders, and my great desire is to take hold of men and pull them up where God can save them. I say it is a moral impossibility for God to take a man to heaven when every step of that man's life is downward and hellward.

Now, "What must I do to be saved?" This is a very personal matter, and St. Paul, answering that trembling

gaoler, said to him: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That meant then more than it does now. That meant that this trembling gaoler had to give up his position, and give up everything, and be an outcast. And I tell you, brethren, that it took grit to stand up, when Paul talked to them, and say, "I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." It meant something in those times to be a Christian. Now it means respectability. To be a Christian now does not mean what it did eighteen hundred years ago—in the sense that Paul said to that disciple, "Give up all if you want to be the Lord's." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." I would put the stress on the "on." St. Paul said "believe," but I would say "believe on." I believe Benedict Arnold—what he says about the Revolution; but I don't believe on Benedict Arnold—I only believe what he said. I believe George Washington when he makes a statement; I not only believe George Washington's statement, but I believe on him, in the sense that I love him, revere him, and follow him. I did believe for twenty-five years, but I just laughed, and cursed, and drank, and still had as much faith as the devil. How can I help believing on the Lord Jesus Christ? I believe on Him now and for evermore, never doubting. Yet I was a sinner for twenty-five years; and when I say now that I believe on Him, I mean that I am imitating Him now, and revering Him now. And when Matthew got up from the receipt of custom he took the thing in, and he became a grand disciple. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." You can run Mormonism without Joseph Smith, but you cannot run Christianity without Christ.

Christ is all the world to me,
And His glory I shall see;
And before I'd leave my Saviour
I'd lay me down and die.

There is not a word in the Book about getting religion; not a word. Do you read in the Book where Matthew got religion? and where Paul got religion? Getting religion may mean a good deal, and it may not mean anything. Whenever a man stands up and tells me he has got religion, I have just one question to ask: "Do you mean you have got the Lord Jesus Christ in your heart?" If Jesus is yours, give Him your heart. There is a good deal of foolishness mixed up with religion. Christ said: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." When I was preaching at Memphis, one Monday morning, I received a letter in a fine business hand from a gentleman, which started out by saying: "Mr. Jones, I am from Kansas City, Mo.," and then said: "I came into this city Saturday evening, and as soon as I stepped off on the soil of this city some strange something took possession of me. I went to my hotel and retired to my room, and all the time I felt that something was lacking. I went to bed and could not sleep—some strange something possessed me. Next morning I got up with the same feeling, and walked out across the street to church and listened to the sermon, and afterward returned to my hotel without the desire to eat, and no relief. That night I was out, again heard the gospel, and when I got home from church last night, I said, 'I must know what this is;' and I knelt down and commenced to pray, and found out it was the Lord Jesus Christ knocking at the door of my heart. And," he said, "the old rusty hinges had been closed so long, I could not open the door, and I want the Lord to pour His oil on these hinges that I may open the door and take in the Lord Jesus Christ." That night, after preaching, I said, "I got a letter from a gentleman with a heart with rusty hinges;" and he jumped up and said, "I will write to Mary this night, and she shall

have a letter from her husband showing that he has got the Lord Jesus Christ at last." "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." It is the Lord's business to knock, and mine to open and let Him come in. He knocks, we open, and He comes in. Two for one. That is the Lord's plan all the way through. "Come in and I will sup with you." When I opened the door, and saw this heavenly guest, I was ashamed. Ashamed of what? Ashamed of the home I had to give Him. I was ashamed of everything I had to offer Him. But He made Himself at home; He was so good and kind—the best guest I ever had. And after He had been my guest He said: "I will be the host and you shall be the guest, and you shall sup with me." He spread before me a heavenly repast. I rejoice that I have an unfailing Saviour that is with me all the day long. And, brethren, to get the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts you need only go to the same Divine head and heart who wrote this Book. He is in my heart, moving every impulse of my nature and directing every thought of my life; and hence the apostle said: "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And, brethren, Christianity is not getting religion, but it is getting the Lord Jesus Christ. Thank God, it is not faith in a creed. Creed! What is a creed? It is the skin of truth set up and stuffed with sawdust and sand. It would make a good thing for a museum. If I had a creed, I would sell it to a museum. Creed shows itself in the wars of the last few hundred years. It was over creed that men fought, and not over Christ. Orthodoxies are what have ruined this world. Lord, Lord, how a man will fight for his "doxy,' and then turn round and see his Saviour insulted and never resent that! You must not step on my creed; if you do, you are done for! I will tell you, old man, Calvin manufactured some things that would stick

and gag, and men could never get them down. Thank God, it is not whosoever believes in John Calvin's creed, but whosoever believes on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some time ago a mother said to me: "My daughter is too young to know what she is talking about; she is ten years old, and does not know a thing in the world about the plan of salvation." I said: "You stand there and be the head, and let her be the foot; and don't you think that nobody is saved except those who understand the plan of salvation." Who is it that understands the plan of salvation? How can I understand how God, the Maker of the universe, could be carried about in Mary's arms? How can I understand how Jesus Christ had to push a plane at a carpenter's bench for a living? How can I understand that the everlasting God went down into His grave, and on the morning of the third day, with His own inherent power, walked forth from the grave? He has either a mighty long head or a mighty short creed who believes only what he understands. That fellow who believes only what he can understand doesn't believe there is a muley-headed cow in the universe. I revere him, but I will not imitate him, for I shall be saved.

A great many people think that a man has to go to an altar to be saved. Confidence in a man is not religion. That altar business started down in Georgia about sixty-nine years ago. Where did sinners go before that time? Have they gone to hell because they did not go to the altar? A man who believes only in what he can see doesn't believe he has got a backbone. I am not running on understanding. I could not get to my front gate on understanding, but I could get from earth to heaven on believing. I am running on believing now. I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in the the sense that I will follow him. I love him. If you will open your heart when He knocks, He will save you. He

that worships God, let him do it in spirit and in truth. "What must I do to be saved?" Open your heart and let the heavenly guest come in. A stranger knocks at the door; will you admit this guest and say, "Abide for ever?" Christ always lives where there is room for Him. If there is room in your heart for Christ, He lives there; and if there is room in a law-office for Christ, He lives there; if there is room in your store for Christ, He lives there; if there is room on a locomotive-engine, He will be there; if there is room in your baggage-car, He will be there. Everywhere there is room for Him: He will come into our homes, and into our stores, and into our shops, and on our engines, and in our cars—that is, if we will provide room for Him. And it is Christ, *Christ*, CHRIST; and it is not getting religion. Now when it comes to the understanding of the thing, I don't understand it; but I know that twelve years ago there was a knock at my heart, and I know I got the doors open. It took me a week. How I prized and dug! But my trouble was not getting Christ in, but getting the doors open. As soon as the doors flew open He came in, and brought salvation with Him. I have read a great many theological works that were as clear as mud, but I did not need much theology to understand that.

Now we stop here just long enough to say that faith has its conditions. I am not discussing its essence, but its conditions. Sight has its conditions. I put my hand up this way before my eyes; I cannot see that picture to save my life. Why? I am not complying with the conditions of sight. I take my hand down, and I see the picture plainly. Why? I comply with the conditions of sight. See that apple hanging on that tree. I say I cannot taste it to save my life, and a little ten-year-old boy runs and pulls it off and gives it to me, and I cannot help tasting it to save my

life. When I comply with the conditions of taste, I cannot help tasting it. When you comply with the condition of faith, you cannot help believing. What is it? Repentance toward God; that is the main part; that is the human side; that is the condition—repentance toward God. If I repent, I cannot help believing; and there is no power on earth, or in heaven, that can help me believe until I repent. My business is to repent, and the believing will look after itself; and then God gives salvation because I comply with the conditions. This is the way it runs. Some say, "My trouble is doubt." If you will take hold of your doubt and pull it up by the roots, you will find a seed at the bottom, and that seed is sin. I never had any doubts in my life. If you will empty your hearts and meet the conditions, then the doubts will be gone. Last February, a year ago, I was was walking up the railroad track with my pastor, Brother Robbins, of Cartersville, taking a little exercise. As we passed up the road the wind came up this side of us, then in our faces, and then at our backs. Brother Robbins said, "We are going to have a cyclone about two o'clock." I said, "How do you know? Have you looked at your almanac?" He said, "No." I said, "You ought to get out an almanac if you can tell when things are coming." We had not been home ten minutes before I saw it, like a hundred thousand mogul engines, sweeping things into the air and wiping out plantations and sections of the country. I stood and watched it in its course. If a fellow lets the conditions meet in him—that is all. The conditions of a moral cyclone are about to meet in this city, and if you don't want to be caught in it you had better get out of town. There is a moral cyclone sweeping over your souls that will sweep out every thought that God disapproves. Now let conditions meet to-day, and to-morrow the cyclone

is inevitable. Religion is just as much a reality with me as that I have got my hand on this poplar railing. Religion is just as much a reality with me as that I have four fingers on each hand. You might persuade me that ten thousand things are not true, but you could not persuade me that some Divine power has not touched my heart and revolutionized me. Like the fellow at the camp-meeting who got up and said, "If you all don't believe I have got religion, you go home and ask my wife; she will tell you." And if there is any woman in the world who believes that her husband has religion, that woman is my wife. Repentance is the first conscious movement of the soul from sin toward God. Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub the wrong side up. God cannot fill a tub when it is wrong side up without inverting the law of gravity. God is holding up His clouds for you while you are holding your tubs the wrong side up. Turn them up and push them under the eaves if you want them to be filled, for the shower is coming.

The hour is nearly up, but I will speak a moment on the last part of the text.

"And Thy house." Thank God for the privilege and assurance that we shall go to heaven!" "And Thy house." Thank God for the privilege and assurance that the children can go to heaven! Thank God for the privilege and assurance that servants can go to heaven! I want my wife to go, I want my children to go, I want my servant-boy to go, I want my cook to go. Now, brethren, you may all throw away these opportunities and neglect to get your children to be religious if you want to. Every night and morning I want every man to have family prayer. There are many children reared in what you call Christian homes who do not know the way to heaven. Poor little fellows! they never went half-a-mile the right way in all their lives. A

boy said to his father, while he was dying: "Father, I am dying now, and I am lost for ever! When I am dead, bury me on the sidewalk down toward the horse-lot, and as you pass three times a day you will say, There lies my poor dead and damned boy, who never heard me pray, who never had good advice from me, who never heard of God from me!" That is the saddest thing that a dying child ever said to his father. If my wife did not pray for my children night and morning in my absence, I should be very unhappy. I would not trust my children to any woman who would not take them to a closet, and kneel down, and pray with them. My wife told me of a very affecting thing the other morning. She said: "The first time you were away from home I was so sick I could not get up and pray with the children. I was in a doze under the effects of the medicine, and heard Mary say to the servant, 'Do not bring the breakfast in yet; we are not ready.' She then called her little brothers into the other room, and said, 'Father is away from home; God bless sick mamma, and bless papa, and help him to do good.' They got off their knees and then went out to breakfast, and not a word was said about it." Thank God, we will have prayers at our home! and some of these days, when I leave this old world—sometimes I feel I don't care how soon—I will be happy in the thought.

Out at Waco, Texas, after I had worked for eight months almost incessantly, I was taken down with malarial fever. My nerve forces were run down. The devil came into the room and said: "You will die right here; you have not got enough vital force to live." I said, "Get out of this room!" If I had to go over it all again, I would not labour less. I don't know when I shall get in my work here, but I shall be happy in dying; and I shall be happy for ever, if I am faithful. When I get to heaven I don't know what I shall do

with myself. It is a great heaven, I know it is. I want to see mother and father; I want to walk and talk with Christ. There are a thousand and ten thousand things I want to see. When I stand under the tree of life, and see my precious wife walk up under that tree, then I shall take her by the hand and say, "Blessed be God, we worked, lived, and laboured together on earth, and now we are in heaven!" And, after awhile, I shall see an archangel wing his way toward us, and brushing little Mary from under his wing, he will say, "You have trained her for everlasting life, and here she is." And, by-and-bye, the archangel will wing his way back again, and take little Annie from under his wing, saying: "You gave her to God in her youth, and He gives her back to you in heaven." And so on, until the last one shall be swept in. Glory to God! Blessed be God for a heaven for all of us!

SAYINGS.

God have mercy on a man who professes to be a Christian and has not got it from head to foot!

Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub bottom side up. God cannot fill a tub when it is wrong side up without reversing the law of gravity. God is holding up His clouds for you while you are holding your tubs wrong side up. Turn them up, and push them close under the eaves, for the shower is coming.

Religion is just as much a reality with me as that I have my hand on this poplar railing—as that I have four fingers on each hand. "I believe" is the ground on which I stand.

YOU say you have doubts, you little cymling-head! No wonder. Now, if you will pull up one of your doubts by the roots, you will find something on the tap-root, and the name of that something is sin.

I AM no metaphysician, but I can see a hole through a ladder if there is any light on the other side. There was very little metaphysics when the jailer stood trembling and asked, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I WOULD rather associate with a hog than with a man who drinks whiskey. A man might associate with a hog until he becomes hoggish, but he would not become a drunkard. Just as morals are above manners, so a hog is a better associate than a dram-drinker.

CREED! What is a creed? It is the skin of the truth, dried and stuffed with sand and sawdust. If I had a creed, I would sell it to a museum. Orthodoxies have ruined the world. My, my! how a man will fight for his doxy, and then see his Saviour insulted and never resent it! You must not step on my creed; if you do, you are done for!

VI.

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

(A SERMON TO MOTHERS.)

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, &c."—ROM. xii.

WE are going to select a peculiar subject, or text, for this occasion. If you will open your Bibles when you get home, and begin at the first verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Paul to the Romans, you will find the text. I don't know how far I shall go down in this chapter. There are a great many things in it for us; and, as I said, the service to-day is especially in the interest of mothers and for mothers. Mother, home, heaven! You take these three words, and see how closely they are associated in the minds of all men. Mother! The sweetest word that belongs to earth. Home! what is home without a mother? We stop here long enough to say that Nero's mother was a bloody murderess, and she gave to this world the most cruel man the world ever saw. He could fiddle and dance over burning Rome. Lord Byron's mother was a proud, intellectual woman; and she gave to this world one of the most profligate intellectual autocrats the world ever saw. John Wesley's mother was a sensible, religious, painstaking, good woman; and she gave to this world one of the grandest characters we ever had. George Washington's mother was a simple-hearted, strong-minded, pious, good woman; and she gave to this country a man whom we honour with

the title of "Father of his country." No wonder some one said, "If I could mother the world, I could save the world." "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." To show you the importance of the training of children, and the importance of a child having a mother to train it: In one of the Eastern cities the good women met and mingled in common prayer for their households. The meeting was called together by mothers to discuss the interest of children and home; and in that meeting they discussed the ages at which we ought to begin to train children. One mother got up and said, "I commence with my children at six years of age." Another said, "I begin with mine at five years of age; I think that is the time to begin." Another said, "We ought to begin when our children are only four years of age." Another said, "I think you should begin at three." By-and-bye an old gray-headed mother got up and said: "I will tell you when you ought to begin—twenty years before the birth of the child, on its mother; and give it a good mother, and then you need not worry about its training." I never have anything to say about when to commence to train the children. I want to know when you commenced on the mother of the child. There is a heap in that. I say to you all, to-day that, in the light of the Scriptures, if you will give me a good mother, and take all the other means of grace away from me, I believe I can make my way to the good world; but if you give me an irreligious, godless mother, and then throw all the other means of grace around me, my chances for heaven are pretty small. There is nothing in the economy of grace that can make up to your child that which it loses in the fact that it does not have a good mother. I know I can never recover from the fact that I lost my precious mother when I was a little boy. Twice happy that family and that

child whose mother loves God with all her heart, and loves her neighbour as herself. The text we read to-day is this: "I beseech you therefore, brethren;" and I will change one word there, and say: "I beseech you, therefore, *mothers*, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." We read these three verses because the first verse, wisely understood, will adjust you rightly toward God. As a mother, you need that. There are difficulties in your life and there are problems in your home that can never be settled without the wisdom and co-operation of God. Every mother ought to be on intimate terms with God. You need His counsel to guide you, His wisdom to direct you, His grace to sustain you, and His Spirit to enlighten you. There are problems and questions in your home-life that no one but God can settle wisely and correctly. If you will know God personally, and will adjust yourself fully toward God, then all the love and grace of His heart will be poured into your heart and life day by day. Happy that mother who has settled the question between her own soul and God. My Father and my God, I am Thine for ever! I will be Thine always! That self-dedicatory life that gives itself fully to God. God Himself asks us the question, if we will freely give ourselves to Him. A mother who has given herself to God is in an attitude to give her children to Him; and you will never give your children to God until you have given

yourself to Him. We may give ourselves to the Church—that is helpful; we may give ourselves to good associations—that is helpful; but, sister, there is no self-dedication that is worth much to you in this world except that self-dedication that gives your life to God.

The first and lowest expression of love is the love of trust. This we see manifested in the child toward its mother. There is a sort of love that we call the love of admiration, which admires the true, the noble, and the good, and makes us aspire to it. That is a higher order of love. Of all love, that is the most sublime which you see illustrated when the bride and bridegroom walk up to the altar. He gives himself to her, and she gives herself to him. There they are; and if they are married according to God's ordinances, he doesn't consult his own wishes—he just wants to know what his wife wants, and she doesn't consult her own wishes—she just wants to know what will please her husband. Now, sister, when you give yourself to God, all you want to know is—what will please God, what He wants, what He desires; and if I know that, the best moments of my life are spent doing His will. The best part of a good husband's life is when he is doing something for his wife, and the best part of a good wife's life is when she is doing something for her husband. Sister, a right adjustment of your soul toward God is that adjustment which puts you on His altar and makes you stay there for ever. I believe the greatest moral monstrosity in the universe is an impious woman. I can understand how men can be wicked; I can understand how men can be wicked, and turn their backs on God, and live in sin; but the greatest moral monstrosity is a woman with the tender arms of her children around her, their eyes looking up into her eyes with innocence and love, and that mother despising God in her

heart. I wish every mother that hears my voice this morning would just say: "On God's altar I put myself to-day, and I put myself there to stay for ever. Now, Lord, let the fire come and burn up everything that ought to be burned up; and if there is anything left, take it and use it to the glory of Thy name and the good of my children."

When you come to where you would rather please God than to please society, you are getting about right. O that every mother on the face of this earth was a consecrated mother—consecrated to God, to love Him with all her heart, and to love her neighbour as herself! And, sister, you will never know how God can help a mother with her children, until you realise in your heart that you are consecrated to God through and through, all over, and for ever. Bishop Marvin said he had the best mother in the world. I believe that Bishop Marvin was the grandest man my eyes ever looked upon. He said: "When I was a little boy, four years old, lying on my mother's lap while she was singing

> 'Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb!
> In Thy gracious hands I am:
> Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
> Live Thyself within my heart,"

all at once my mother stopped singing and broke out shouting; and, as she clapped her hands, a tear dropped from her eye and fell on my cheek, when a delightful sensation crept over me; and I believe that I was born to Christ at that moment, when just four years of age and on my mother's knee." Thank God for these singing, shouting mothers! There is music in their voices. If you have any objection to them, you are meaner than I was in my worst days.

"Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The worldly element in this town has been setting the fashion long enough. Thank

God, society is down in ashes one more time this side of hell! and you will never get all the ashes off until you come to God. Last week a young lady tried her best to get up a german, and could find but three girls in town willing to go into it. I think we are getting along swimmingly. I want to talk to you a little about your adjustment to this world. This old world only goes to where it is invited and welcomed. Thank God, this old world has never seen the time when it did not take its hat off and make a decent bow to a good woman! An infidel attacks everything in the universe but a good mother. Bob Ingersoll can attack his old hypocritical father, the old Presbyterian preacher, and he can take him out and shoot him in all his hypocrisy and corruption; but Bob has never said a word about his Christian mother. An infidel can get over and around everything but a good woman. He walks up to a good woman, takes off his hat, makes a decent bow, turns around, and goes back. That is as far as he can go. I tell you, my brethren, if we just had a solid phalanx of good mothers to fight infidelity and the devil, we would put them to flight and run them out of this country. If there is anything I despise, it is the ways and doings of so-called society. Of course I don't believe that God put us in the world never to speak to anybody. There is what we call social life; but society, as contradistinguished from social life, is a very different thing. A reformed society woman! You don't believe in that; but I saw one, and if I could tell you what she told me, you would agree with me that society is a heartless old wretch that is cursing every city in America.

I will tell you how we run things. Listen to me. We absolutely train our children so as to harden them against the truth of God, and have them ready for damnation before they are grown. I will tell you how this is done. When

the child is eight or ten years old, your husband comes home, and you say, "To-morrow is Mary's birthday, and I am going to give a little party for her." "O but," the husband says, "our children are not old enough." "I know that, husband; but I'll just have a *little* party, because, you know, everybody has little parties. There is no harm in a little party—just a *little* one." And there are children in this town, not ten years old, who ain't satisfied if they can't have a *little* party once a month. What is a little party? It is nothing but a big party with short clothes on. What is a big party? It is nothing in the world but the ante-room to a ball-room. And what is a ball-room? It is the ante-room to a german. And what is a german? It is the ante-room to eternal disgrace. And what is eternal disgrace? It is hell-fire. Now, you see how it goes. On this path, before your children are twenty years old, they are absolutely steeled against the Lord, and turned toward damnation. I am just going to have a *little* party, that is all. My children don't have any parties, but they have more fun than any other five children in the State of Georgia. I do feel sick for any poor woman who has to have a little party to keep the children enjoying themselves. Mother, I don't know whether your children need a little party, but they need a mother mighty bad! They do; they do. Look at your children at home. What do they care for heaven and everlasting life? Before your little girl is ten years old she is curled and primped up like an old maid of sixty. And I love all the old maids. I would not hurt the feelings of one of them for the world. Whenever you see an old maid it is because some man has not done his duty, or she was too particular. I have seen children ten years old so wrought up with what they wear and what they are going to do, that you can absolutely do nothing

with them on a higher plane in life. The little street monkeys were never prouder of their red sacks than your children are with the toys and finery of this life; and the monkey has just about as much religion as your children have. Some of you women look innocent. You look as if all you wanted was a pair of wings to fly off with. You had better go home and reform your households before you go to heaven.

The first question in this world is this question: "What will become of my children?" I notice this spring that little Anna has on Mary's dresses. Little Mary has outgrown them. I notice that little Paul has on Bob's coat. Bob has outgrown it. I say, "Wife, see how these little fellows are growing;" but they are growing a heap faster in my heart. When they are young they step on our toes, and when they are grown up they step on our hearts. O you mothers ought to go in partnership with God in rearing your children!

A wise adjustment of my home toward this world! There are some people who will let their children go to parties at other folks' houses, and won't let them have one at their own house. That is as mean as dirt. One worldly woman in a settlement will ruin the whole settlement. The other children will go home and say: "Mrs. So-and-So did so-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-So said so-and-so. Mamma, you must be mean, because you don't do it." You hold your position and influence; and if the devil ever sweeps over your home, let it be after you are gone. A right adjustment toward this world! We will say, in the next place, that you ought not to go anywhere or do anything that you don't want your children to go or to do now and for ever. There are women in one city that I know of who stop on the way home and take drinks with their children. If you ain't a

pretty mother if you do that, then I don't know what I am talking about. I can in some sort tolerate a man that dissipates, but when a woman sets the example, I am sorry for that little orphan she has hold of.

I received a letter, which said: "Brother Jones, for mercy's sake, please say something about women eating morphine and opium. This evil is powerfully prevalent in our midst. Don't fail, please." Signed, "Many ladies and one druggist." That druggist knew what he was talking about. O, to see a mother almost imbruted by this fearful drug! My, my! the saddest family in the State of Georgia is the family where morphine has ruined father and mother and the little children from four years to fourteen. They are absolutely stupid with it all the day long. No woman is fit to be a mother who is habitually under the influence of morphine and opium; and if you carry that on till you die, and don't go to hell, then there is no hell. Never do anything or say anything that you don't want your children to do and say. Like a mother saying, "Mary, what is that I heard you say?" "I said so-and-so." "If I ever hear you say that again, I will whip you." "Why, mamma, I heard you say it one day!" "I don't care if you did; I am grown, I am grown, daughter." Yes, I hope your daughter will quit that sort of meanness before she is grown. The idea of a woman pleading that she does things that she doesn't want her children to do because she is grown! "Daughter, did you go down and see so-and-so?" "Yes." "If you ever do it again, I will whip you." "Why, mamma, you did it!" "Yes, and I want you to understand that your mother is grown." Sister, have you not said that? You need not look so innocently at me. I am grown!

I reckon you have heard of the good wife. It is an illustration of a good many others. I said to a fussy mother

one day, after she had just frailed a little fellow out in the yard for fussing, "Did it ever strike you where they got the idea of fussing from?" And she answered me, "I reckon it is born in them. Do you know where they get it?" And I said, "They get it from you and their father." Many a wife teaches her children to fuss by fussing with the old man, and then whips them for it. Never quarrel before your children; or, in other words, never quarrel at all. Rightly adjusted toward this world means this: "As far as this world is concerned, I tell it to keep its distance. You must not come in on me. I am the child of God, and my children are the children of God, and we won't have these things about us." The more you do for God, the more he will help you with your children. The woman that never helped the Lord never got much help from the Lord. The best way to help yourself is to help somebody else. You take society about this town. If I had the money that the Christian women, so called, pay at the theatre during the year, I could run every charitable institution in this town grandly. That is a fact. You can't walk to church—it is too far; but you will walk the next night a third farther to the theatre, and your husband does not really want to go. Let us try and reform ourselves on this line. Let us try and live for others and not for ourselves. Take the woman's mission home work in this town. There is not a woman who hears my voice to-day who ought not to contribute a mite to that once a month. If you want to help your children, you help the Lord in something, and you will find out that the Lord is helping you sure enough. Take the Methodist women of this town: Here is the foreign mission work—the first organised work that woman ever proposed to do for Christ; and this organised work is to go into the heart of China. Here in this town, the head centre of the Church of the South,

how many members have you? I hope these foreign missionary societies will have two thousand members before long. Some people say they don't believe in woman's work. There is an old preacher down in Georgia who preaches against woman's work, and that preacher has not had a conversion since the war. If you want to follow that old stick you can do so. If you will show me a pastor in this city that doesn't believe in woman's work I will show you a pastor that is of no account. Now, listen to me a moment. When Eve tempted Adam, and Adam fell through the temptation, the Lord came up, and Adam and Eve hid; and when the Lord questioned Adam he showed himself a pusillanimous coward by laying it on his wife. I despise that in Adam. I believe I would just have broken out and said, I ate it sure enough. The Lord called the woman unto him, and said, "I put enmity between you and the serpent." And God implanted in every woman's nature an inveterate hatred of the devil; and your success for both worlds depends on how you live out that principle. Die fighting him. Fight him anywhere and everywhere, in an organised capacity and single-handed. If your children have a consecrated mother, the question is pretty well settled with them for this world and the next.

A woman is naturally a very sharp trader, and very few women have any conscience when it comes to a trade. You will sell an old pair of trousers for more than your husband gave for them when new, and then brag about it. You will hire a woman to cook for you at four dollars a month, and then brag about how cheap you got her. You will go to the store and give four dollars a yard for a piece of goods—and the more it costs, the better you like it—and then you will go over to Sister Brown, a poor, good woman in your Church, and give her half-a-dollar for making it; and if the

devil doesn't get you it is because he ain't got anything against Sister Brown. The meanest woman in the world is the woman who will give four dollars a yard for her dress, and then go over to that poor old woman who is a member of her Church, and Jew her down to the last penny she can get her to make it for. Of course, you don't do it that way in this city; but those trifling Georgia women! Don't you fall into their bad practices. Very few women have any conscience when they come to trading. They think the better trade it is, the better it is. I reckon they learn that from us, brethren. Let us let our children see that in all things we do right. I would rather give two dollars a yard for that dress, and give Sister Brown twenty dollars for making it, than give four dollars a yard for the dress and give Sister Brown four dollars and fifty-five cents for making it, and what buttons are left over. Let us quit that.

I am just going to show you two pictures, and you can carry them home with you. Some of you have brought them with you. I won't call your name, but you know your number. Here is a mother; there is a little girl. The little girl comes in and says, "Mamma, please give me some scraps for my doll's dress." And the mother says: "I won't do it. You have wasted more scraps than you are worth; and if you bother me any more I will whip you." Little Annie goes out with her head drooped. In a few minutes she comes back and says, "Please give me some thread." "There you are again, you little torment! I wish you would get your things and go over to Mrs. Brown, and see if you can't worry her." And little Annie goes out saying: "I just wish that I was dead, that is all I wish. Mamma has never a kind word for me." The next day she comes back, and says, "Mamma, lend me your thimble, please." "You took my thimble yesterday, and it took me

two hours to find it. If I catch you at it again, I will make you dance." Little Annie walks out, saying: "I wish mamma was dead. She is just as mean as she can be." After awhile she comes back and says: "Please, mamma, lend me your scissors." "I shan't do it. You just want them to cut yourself with." And little Annie goes away; and by-and-bye she grows up, and she is the terror of that neighbourhood. You go to see her mother, and she doesn't know what is the matter with her little Annie—"Lord knows, I have done my best." There is but one trouble with Annie. She is just like that old mother. She is a chip off the old block. Many a woman in this country is rearing her children just that way. A good plan for a young man is to court the whole family; but don't marry but one. I want to court my mother-in-law and father-in-law, and my wife's sister, and find out what sort of people they are. I want to know what sort of a family I am marrying into. There is a heap in that.

Now for the other picture. Here is a mother sitting by her sewing-machine, and little Mary comes up and says, "Mamma, please give me some scraps to dress my doll." And the mother says: "Yes, my dear, in a moment. I was just sitting here thinking about you; and the one desire of my heart is to see you grow up a Christian girl. Now, you are just six years old. Now, darling, will you listen to mamma read a verse or two before she gives you th scraps?" Mamma gets down the Bible, and she reads "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and so on. Now she says: "Darling, do you know what that means? That means that you ought to give your young heart to God, and be a Christian all your days." In a moment the mother gives her the scraps, and Mary walks out, saying: "I know I have just got the best mother in

the world. She is so good to me." The next day Mary comes in and says, "Lend me your thimble, mamma; I have lost mine." And the mother says, "Do you remember that verse I read to you?" "Yes, mamma; and I recollect what you said it meant. You said it meant I ought to begin now to be a Christian girl; and, mamma, I got down on my knees, and prayed the best I could for God to help me to be good, just like my mamma." The next day little Mary comes back and says, "Mamma, will you please lend me your scissors?" And mamma says: "Yes, child; but I have not prayed with you to-day. Will you go into the closet and pray with mamma?" "Yes, mamma, I will go with you." Mamma takes little Mary by the hand, and leads her into the closet. I can see the disappointed angels stand around. They wanted to get in to see what God was going to do with that mother and little Mary. And, by-and-bye, the mother comes out with a glow of beauty on her cheek, and little Mary holding her finger; and as little Mary walked out, a tear that would not have stained an angel's cheek, ran down her bright face; and an angel pushed his hand under it and caught the tear, and winged his way back to God, and called the heavenly hosts together, and said, "Here is the tear of a sweet little girl, whose mother is training her for this bright world of ours." God bless mothers for their good children! Here is Mary now sixteen years old, and everybody says she is the pride of the settlement. She is a blessing to the whole community; and they look on her and say, "How is it she is such a sweet, good girl?" It is because she is just like her good mother. God give us good mothers, and then we will have good Annies and Marys. Thank God for a precious mother in heaven to-day! If I ever get to heaven, and the angels congratulate me on getting there, I will say: "Hunt up my

precious mother, who took me by the hand and led me along until I was eight years old, and then took me by the hand and said, 'I can never come back to you; you can come to me.'" I believe that every redeemed spirit in heaven will have a happy mother to join it there. Now, let all who want to be better stand up.

SAYINGS.

I CAN understand how men can be wicked; I can understand how a man can turn his back on God and live in sin; but the greatest moral monstrosity to me is, a mother with the tender arms of her children about her neck, and their eyes looking up into hers with innocence and love, and that mother despising God in her heart.

THANK God, society is down in the ashes one more time this side of hell—even your own society! And you will never get the ashes off until you come to God. When you come to where you would rather please God than to please society, you are getting about right.

IF I ever get to heaven, and the angels congratulate me on getting there, I will say: "Hunt up my precious mother, who took me by the hand and led me along until I was eight years old, and then said, 'Son, you can come to me, but I cannot come back to you;'" and she went home to live with the angels for ever.

THANK God this old world has never seen the time when it did not take its hat off, and make a decent bow to a good woman! The infidel can get over and around everything

but a good woman. He walks up to a good woman, takes off his hat, makes a respectful bow, turns around, and goes back. That is as far as he can go.

JUST a *little* party! What is a little party? It is a big party in short clothes. What is a big party? It is the ante-room to a ball-room. And what is a ball-room? It is the ante-room to a german. And what is a german? It is hugging set to music, and the ante-room to eternal disgrace. And what is eternal disgrace? It is hell-fire—that's it. Whenever you hear that I have had a little party at my house, you can just say that Mr. Jones is dead. He died last night.

VII.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

(A SERMON TO WIVES.)

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," etc.—GAL. v.

WE will discuss somewhat the relations of wife to husband, of the wife to home, and of the wife to society. These twain shall be one flesh, and this holy relation is blessed of God. And God blesses this holy relation just in proportion as we sustain this relation in a scriptural sense. At this point I throw out this little illustration. A pastor, in one of the cities in our Conference, told me this: "Just after I was stationed at this place, I married one of my Christian young men to a wordly-minded, un-Christian girl; and a few days after that, I married one of my Christian girls to a worldly-minded, wicked man." Sometimes this is a mistake as long as eternity. "But," said he, "before six months had passed away, the Christian girl had brought her worldly husband to Christ, and he had joined the Church; and before six months had passed away, the gay and giddy girl had taken her husband out of the Church, and he was going, arm-in-arm with her, to hell." There are two things for you to think of. That good girl had her husband on the way to heaven in less than six months after the time she had married him; that worldly girl had her husband out of the Church, and they were walking together to death and hell. Now, you wives who do not profess to be Christians, look at your husbands from head to foot.

The verses we select for this discussion are in the fifth chapter of Galatians: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." This is one side of the subject clearly presented. The other side is this: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." Now, we have before us, to-day, the fruits of a worldly life clearly given. We also have before us the fruits of a godly life. I have known a long time that I must *be* something in order that I may *do* something. The Scriptures teach me clearly that my life can never be better than my heart. The Scriptures teach me that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit; neither can a good tree bring forth bad fruit. It also teaches me that no salt fountain can send forth fresh water; neither can a fresh fountain send forth salt water. I want to talk, to-day, mostly on *being*, and not so much on doing. The line of demarcation is so clearly drawn, that were I to hesitate for a moment as to whether I am a child of God, that very hesitancy would be a sin in the sight of God. There are unmistakable signs, unmistakable evidences, of a Christian's life about which you can't be deceived, and about which you will never deceive anybody else. I can tell you what we want in this world: wives, with pure hearts and pure spirits; and then their lives and characteristics, as they touch all around them, will be salutary for good, and only good.

We propose to discuss this text this morning in a prac-

tical way; and if in your life and character can be found these fruits of the Spirit, you will be a blessing to your husband, and a blessing to your home, and a blessing to the world. The apostle says, "The fruit of the Spirit." The ultimatum of all vegetation is matured fruit. You take that oak-tree out yonder: a few months ago it budded and blossomed, and now you see the matured acorn upon it. Since the appearance of the little acorn, the tree has bent all its energies toward furnishing it nutriment; it draws food from its roots, and drinks in from the atmosphere all the vital forces, and pours its life into the little acorn. I see that little acorn growing and developing and extending until, by-and-bye, there is a well-rounded, ripe, symmetrical acorn; and as soon as the tree matures the acorn, it goes back into its winter-quarters. And from the first appearance of that bud, the whole energies of that tree were toward the developing of the fruit. So with your apple-tree in your orchard; it buds and blossoms, and then it commences to pour the vital forces into the little apple—day after day, and week after week—until, by-and-bye, we see the well-rounded, luscious apple. And as soon as the tree ripens the fruit, the leaves drop off, and the tree goes back into winter-quarters. So with all vegetation. Now I grant you that there are many intervening difficulties between the bud and the ripe fruit. There are worms that gnaw at the vitals of the tree; there are the cold winds of April and the frosts of May; there are very many intervening difficulties between the blossom and the ripe apple; yet the tree is valuable only as it overleaps them all and matures the fruit. Just as the ultimatum of all vegetation is the matured fruit, so the ultimatum of Christian life is the maturing of Christian fruitage. "The fruit of the Spirit is love." Every woman that has ever budded into a Christian's life realised that

there was a moment in her experience when she loved everybody on the face of the earth. God is love, and he that loveth is born of God. Down in Georgia, about twelve years ago, I loved everybody one moment, and I have been at it ever since! If you will find me a man on the face of the earth I dont love, and bring him here to me, I will hug him till he cries out.

This world is the fruit-bearing world. Up yonder we will eat and rejoice for ever over the fruit we have matured here below. Between the bud and the blossom and the ripe fruit of love there are many difficulties. There are the cold winds of neglect, and the biting frosts of temptation; there are a thousand intervening difficulties between the blossom and the ripe fruit.

Do you know that nine-tenths of our troubles are because we are not developing this fruit of love? I knew two brothers in Georgia who got mad at each other, and they quarrelled and quarrelled; and I tried to get them to settle it, and then I tried to get them to fight it out. At a big camp-meeting I saw these two brothers out hugging each other, as happy as they could be. I took one of them aside and asked him how he could pray, since he had been mad so long. He said: "If I have acted the rascal I ain't acted the fool. I ain't been on my knees since I got mad. As soon as I got on my knees to pray I saw how it was, and I made the difficulty all right." How many women in this tent positively refuse to speak to some other women in this tent?" Mad! I am mad! "Dogs delight to bark and bite; it is their nature to." Everybody in this world—male and female—has a lovable side to character and an unlovable side to character. You turn the lovable side of your character on everybody else, and everybody will love you. You turn the unlovable side of your character to

every one, and they will do the same. I moved into a settlement once, and the man I lived next-door neighbour to was not liked by anybody, and he did not like anybody. I went in there and turned the lovable side of my character to him, and he did the same to me. I found out that when he came there he had turned the unlovable side of his character to everyone, and everyone had turned their unlovable side to him. Now, sister, if nobody loves you, it is your own fault; if everybody is mad with you, it is your own fault. People say: "Jones doesn't believe in social life." Bless you, I am the most social man you ever saw! I believe in social life. Take McKendree Church: there are about a dozen members who have a visiting acquaintance with you. For the rest you care nothing, and they care nothing for you. When all you members of that Church get to heaven, the angels will have to introduce you. "This is Mrs. So-and-so, a member of McKendree Church." "Why I am a member of that Church!" "Are you a member of that Church? I never knew you." You are going to keep the angels mighty busy introducing you to each other. Love, *love!* I wish I could see this sort of business done away with, and every woman in town in love with every other woman in town. Some women who hear me now have not got a dozen friends in town to-day. I would hate to live in a town as big as this if I could not have ten thousand friends in it. Count up your friends, sister, and see how many you have, and you may be astonished that you have so many. Just look at the thing in the right direction. I love a woman who can mix with any society, while her presence purifies all the elements. I love a woman who not only mixes in the best society, but in whose presence the poorest labouring woman feels at home. Thank God, I have got a wife on whom some helpless woman can lean!

I want to tell you that big-meeting religion is not the best religion in the world. Once I heard of a woman going to fly to heaven from a big meeting like this; she attempted it, gave a flop, and down she came; and when she got up all the people were laughing at her; and she said: "You need not be laughing at me; I just did not get the right flop." That is where all the trouble was. I will tell you about a woman whose heart abounded in love, and the right sort of love, and she got the right flop, and went in all right. One morning, after breakfast, she went into her cook-room and took a waiter from the shelf, and set a nice piece of toast, and a piece of chicken, and a piece of ham, and a cup of coffee, and a glass of jelly on the waiter, and started out; she went down the street, and turned and went into an alley, and went up to a low hovel and knocked at the door; a faint voice said, "Come in," and she walked into the room; and when she walked in, there lay a poor sick widow, with her unkempt, unwashed, hungry children around her. And the woman wet the corner of a towel and bathed the fevered face of the woman, and then she sat down and fed the woman and her children; then she inquired for her Bible, and got up and took down the Testament, and read, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc.; and she prayed, "O Lord, I have fed this poor woman and her children on earthly food, now feed us on spiritual." And I saw from the glow of beauty on her cheeks, and the light of love in her eyes, that she had been to heaven sure enough, where God and the angels are.

Sometimes I go home from meetings hungry. I want something better than the meetings can furnish me. I say, "Wife, I am going up to see that poor old coloured woman on the hill—old Aunt Ann." We go up the hill, and go to the old woman's house. She is always glad to see us. We

stay there about an hour with her; then we take down the Bible, and read, and sing, and pray with her; and as we leave the house, Aunt Ann says: "God, bless Mars Sam! he is always like an angel when he comes here; and if I ever get to heaven, I will tell the angels how good he is to me." When I get to heaven and knock at the door, Christ will say, "On what grounds do you let him in?" "I was a-hungered, and he fed Me; I was naked, and he clothed Me; I was sick, and he visited Me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." That is enough.

Love is the great leveller; it knocks down all the obstacles. I was preaching in a town in Georgia once, and was discussing brotherly love; and when I got to that point where brotherly love makes you love all alike, they told me this: "When Sister A. gets sick, how good they all are to her. She lives in the finest house in the city, and has the best cook and servants; and when she is sick all the people around are sending her good things to eat; they bring it into her room, and the sick woman says, 'Just take it out into the dining room.' They take it in and set it down upon the dinner-table, and the servants eat it up. She hardly ever sees the food. See how the ladies go to see her. By-and-bye the doctor says we must shut off all company. Then they muffle the door-bell, and the servants go in the back way every hour, asking how Mrs. A. is." And I said: "Thank God, I think I have been in one community that is good to the sick!" But out in the suburbs, on the hill-side, is poor Sister Snipe. I never heard the doctors say she must not have any more company; I never heard of any servants going down to find out how poor Mrs. Snipe was. No one went there bearing her good things to eat. And when I got through the sermon a poor old soul came

and took me by the hand and said: "You just told them the truth; that is what they do." And I asked, "What is your name?" And she said, "My name is Snipe." And sure enough her name was Snipe, and she lived on the hillside, and they had been treating her that way. Let me say to you, If you can't help but one family in town, let that be the family which needs the help. I have got a profound contempt for folks who are always helping folks that don't need any help. Let us take care of old Sister Snipe.

I heard that a leading business man in this city said the other day that no woman should be paid over fifty cents a day for her work. That man ought to be in hell, I don't care who he is. And there is many a poor woman in this town working for less than that. The spirit of love on the part of you women will regulate a great many things in this town. God hasten the time when a woman will get as much for the same work as a man! I understand that in some cities all that a woman gets for making a garment is from fifteen to seventeen cents. A martyr to her business! There are some of the best women in the world toiling sixteen to seventeen hours a day to keep soul and body together. I met an old coloured woman in the road and gave her the last dollar I had in my pocket, and I will never forget the look she gave me; it will bless me in eternity.

How do you use your money? If you will help everybody else, the Lord will help you. The Lord is not going to help you straighten out your husband unless you are of some account. If the spirit of love can control us, then we are made up for all worlds, for time, and eternity. There is not a woman who can't break her husband down if she will only try. You begin to argue with him, and he will argue back; and he can beat you, generally. You go de-

manding something, and he will demand something back. But leave everything else and begin crying, and he will say: "Now, you hush crying, and I will do anything in the world for you. I can't stand that crying business." Love! The fruit of the Spirit is love.

Joy, joy! I tell you, what we want in this country is joyous Christian homes. If there is anything in this world a man craves, it is a joyous, cheerful home. Wife, just ask yourself, "Why is it that my husband doesn't want to spend his evenings at home?" Here is a man whose wife never got after him for not spending his evenings at home. I am a sort of fellow that wants to be with his wife. She is the most lovable being in this world to me. A cheerful wife is a blessing to any man.

Joyous Christian woman! happy all the time, and throwing sunshine on everything that comes in contact with her. I am sorry for a woman whose husband sits up at night and reads trashy novels at home. Let me tell you that a man is known by the company he keeps, and his books are as much his company as anything else. You will never get over a bad book. Let us go home and make a big bonfire, and burn up everything in the house that is not clean.

"Love, joy, and peace." Peace that defies all the powers of earth, and conquers all the obstacles in its way. I went into the garden of an old brother, and there was a tombstone, and he said, "There is the tombstone of my wife." I walked up and read the inscription: it gave her name, the date of her birth, and the date of her death, and then just one line, and that line was this: "She made home pleasant." That was the grandest epitaph I ever saw on a wife's tombstone: "She made home pleasant."

"Long-suffering." I like the spirit of long-suffering, especially in wives. A wife and a husband ought to make

this sort of contract: that they will never both get mad at the same time. If you want to conquer your husband, you let him do his own quarrelling, and you just sit right still and keep your mouth shut.

"Gentleness." Beecher once had a horse brought to him for a buggy-ride, and he asked, "Is that horse gentle?" And they answered: "Yes, sir; he is not afraid of anything in the world, and he will work anywhere." And Beecher said: "I wish I had one member in my Church like that—not afraid of anything, and will work anywhere." I saw a great big fine bay horse once that would not work anywhere except to a light, striped buggy. These Sunday morning eleven o'clock Christians are striped buggy fellows. Some of you have not been to church only at eleven o'clock Sunday morning for years. That is the dress-parade crowd. These striped buggy fellows! If you were to hitch them up to a prayer-meeting they would run away. If you were to hitch one of them up to family prayers, he would kick the buggy all to pieces. It is a mighty hard matter to get any other woman in the church to be of any account when the preacher's wife is of no account. A liberal, cheerful, working woman is worth her weight in diamonds to any community.

The spirit of gentleness and the spirit of temperance. Be not only temperate in regard to liquor, but be a total prohibitionist on that subject. Be temperate in your life. Many a woman has involved her husband in disgrace and ruin because she lived beyond his means. I know men in this world whose noses have been to the grind-stone for years. They have gone beyond their means. Let us live within our means. The wife ought to talk with her husband about his means.

If there is a human being on the face of the earth that I

hate with an inveterate hatred, it is a French dancing-master. There is not a bar-room on the face of the earth that is doing as much harm as a dancing-master. If there is one in this town, you can tell him so. I will never deliberately turn my children over to any man, and pay him by the month, to train them up for damnation. I tell you, my sister, keep your children out of these things. Let us keep this evil influence away from our homes. Lord God of heaven and earth, help us to help our children to heaven by all that is temperate and good!

I have talked over an hour, and I expect I have talked longer than I ought to. I have covered as much ground as I could. I want to tell you here to-day that my heart is in all these things. Before I sit down, I want to say just one word about card-playing. While I was preaching in Chattanooga, a son went in and asked his mother to play a game of cards with him, but his mother said: "Son, I heard Brother Jones's lecture to day, and they are going to have a meeting to-night, and I am going upstairs to pray." He wanted his sister to play, but she had been converted, and would not play. And the brother turned right around, and went down the street to the mass-meeting, and went home that night a converted boy. God pity the woman who has got time to sit down and play at cards! Card-playing is a lazy woman's work. I never in my life saw a lazy woman of any account. Let us go home and burn up our cards, and never send a gambler out on the world. God bless you all to-day, and ultimately save you!

SAYINGS.

DIGNITY is the starch of the shroud. The more dignity a fellow has, the nearer dead he is. I expect to be as dignified as any of you when I get into my coffin.

I CAN'T define the great God who will try me at the last day, any more than I could rush up into the face of the great God who, in the beginning, held a flaming mass of eternity in his red right-hand, while every spark that flew from it made a world. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

A GOOD plan for a young man proposing to marry is to court the whole family, but not to marry but one. I want to court my mother-in-law, and father-in-law, and my wife's sister, and find out what sort of people they are. I want to know what sort of a family I am marrying into. There is a heap in that.

WIVES, if you want to conquer your husbands, let them do their own quarrelling, and just sit quite still and keep your mouths shut. I like the spirit of long-suffering, especially in wives.

VIII.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(TO MEN ONLY.)

"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—LUKE xv. 21.

I NEVER understood the full force of the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," until I saw its association with a wonderful gathering in Edenton, Putnam county, Georgia. I had been preaching there for several days; hundreds had been converted to God. I believe every adult in the town, except twenty-seven, had been converted, and joined the Church. All the bar-keepers had been converted, and had surrendered their business, except one, and he went to the county commissioners and proposed to cancel his license if they would give him back the money he had paid for it. He said: "Give me the money I paid you, and to-morrow morning, at two o'clock, my whiskey will be loaded and shipped out of this town." And the citizens met on the greensward about the court-house to free their town from whiskey. The first song was, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." It has done more for temperance than all the legislative enactments and all the movements that have ever been inaugurated. I would to God that every man here to-night would call Him his Lord and Master, and live His friend, and die His companion, and live with Him in heaven. He is the best friend a mortal man ever had. Let us stand up and sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

There are more good women to the square foot in this town than in any place I have seen; but I want every woman in this town to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then your town will be well-nigh redeemed. I praise God for a good wife and for a good mother. I would see every woman in this town fall in love with the Lord Jesus Christ, and love Him for ever.

Now, brethren, I hope every man present who believes that God hears and answers prayer, will lift his heart in prayer that God may bless every man and boy in this company to-night. Will you pray, brethren? Pray to God to baptise His Word with power. I want to get very close to many hearts to-night. At Cowan, just this side of the Cumberland Mountain, I walked out on the engine, and the engineer came over on the side of the engine with me. He said he had been attending these services, "and when you told about Virginia, and about the death of several children, especially when you told about Virginia, you came mighty close to me then. I want to be a good man, and want you to pray for me. I have lost children, but I want to be a good father to my children that still live, and to be good to the best wife a man ever had." God help me to get mighty close to you to-night! I would compass you with as warm a heart as ever beat in mortal man. The best preaching that a man ever heard is the preaching that makes you forget that there is any other man on earth but the preacher and yourself. Lord Jesus Christ, come very close to these men to-night; touch them, and may these wearied arms be stretched out, and these dying bodies be raised up! Lord Jesus Christ come to-night and stand right by the side of every one of us!

"And He said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the

portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living." That boy made a mistake there as long as eternity—"Make me as one of thy hired servants." If his father had hired him he would have been stealing something before Saturday night. That boy made a mistake there. "And he arose and came to his father, and said, I am no more worthy to be called thy son." But the father, thank God, stopped him before he got to that servant business. Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it. And they began to be merry." You recognise this immediately as the parable of the Prodigal Son. This one parable stamps its author as a Divine teacher. I like Shakespeare; I love to read Shakespeare. It is a thing of delight to see how Shakespeare can flash the light of his genius into every corner and crevice of human nature. Shakespeare can take a man by the hand and show him every step down to hell; but he can't lead him back again. That is one reason why I don't like Thackeray. He can show human nature in all its ugliness, and when he gets through he walks off and leaves you looking at it. I don't like that. Christ was Divine. He could take a man and follow him into every downward movement—down, down—that would go into the very gates of hell, and take him by the hand and lead him back and up, and set him down in heaven and place a crown on his head. I like that. Thank God for this parable! I never preached from a parable in my life. These parables are perfect in themselves, and I shall simply make a running comment on the parable, and shall try to modernise it. I am not preaching to you gentlemen of the cloth; I am after these boys down here. If you will all pray, we shall get hold of some of these boys to-night. I will adapt this parable to the present day, so that we may better get hold

of it. The Lord Jesus Christ is perfectly willing that we take His truth and throw all the light that modern phraseology and modern things can throw upon it.

We have to do with one of these two sons. "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." We know it is a fact that at that time the elder boy inherited the estate, and the younger son had no claims on the father; but this younger son said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And [immediately] he divided unto them his living." I have heard preachers say mighty bad things about this boy; say that he was one of the wickedest, most prodigal, and most outrageous boys that was ever reared in that settlement. If the boy was a rascal, the old man was a fool to start with; for I tell you that if the boy had no legal claims on the father, and that father had known the boy was wicked and prodigal, he never would have turned that property over to him without advice and warning. The very face of the parable teaches that the boy was worthy of his father's confidence, and worthy of the things he bestowed upon him. I have heard preachers say that human beings are corrupt and depraved, and that there is nothing good in them. I have heard Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian preachers say that. I have heard several kinds of preachers say that a man was full of running sores from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. I don't believe God would suffer such a race to propagate upon the earth. This boy was worthy of his father's love and his father's goods. I say the very face of the parable shows it. And now we say his father divided unto them his living—possessions; and not many days after that the younger son took all that was given him and emigrated—he moved off. Now, we may see the way along which he travelled, from Monday morning till Saturday

night. He gets everything in order. We will say his portion consisted of camels and sheep, horses, servants, and money. All these things must be movable, for he is going off. About Saturday night he has everything in order, and on Monday morning that boy drove out with his caravan before the old homestead, and said, "I am going in to bid father and mother good-bye." Amid the noises of his caravan, the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of his cattle, and the neighing of the horses, he goes in and takes that father by the hand, and walks up to that mother, and she throws around him the arms that had compassed him in the innocence of his childhood. She bade him good-bye with tears in her eyes, and with tremour in her voice. He leaves his home for the first time, and gives his order to his train to move on. He has just turned loose from the grip of the best father a boy ever had. Off, and on they travel until the sun is nearly down behind the western hills, and he drives upon an elegant place to camp. They feed the stock. the servants are provided for, everything is arranged, and he lies down to rest for the night. As he looks up to heaven, the stars sparkling like a swarm of golden bees, he says, "This is the first night I ever spent from the old homestead." I have wished many a time that that boy had said, "I will go back home to-morrow." And, sir, if he had decided to do that, and stuck to it, how many heart-aches he would have avoided! how many days of weariness he would have shunned! Preparations are made the next morning to move, and off he drives. At sundown he camps again, and the same scene is repeated. I see him lie down to sleep again. "I am two days' journey from home." I have wished many a time that that boy had said, "I will go back in the morning before the provisions I have brought from home are gone." If he had, that boy would have

been away from father, and mother, and homestead, just three nights. Saturday night he pitches his tent to remain until Monday. The Sabbath sun peeped up over the eastern hills, and bathed the camp in a sea of light. "This is the first Sabbath I have been away from home, the home of my early days, the home of my boyhood." He had all day Sunday to think, and that is a good while. He had twelve bright hours, with the light of the sun pouring down on him. Memories of days rushed upon him, and he had twelve hours of darkness in which to think. Some of you have done a sight of thinking in the last twenty-four hours, may be. If that boy had gotten the consent of his heart to give the order next morning, "Right about, and drive back home," the next Sunday would have found him under the roof of the old homestead, back to stay for ever. If he had done that, that boy would have shunned ten thousand heart-aches; he would have gone around ten thousand bankruptcies of conscience, and saved himself from shame, and misery, and ruin. But on and on he drives. I imagine, at the end of the second week, as he is going along, he enters some excellent territory. Here is everything that heart could wish. "I believe I will buy a plantation and settle right here. But if I settle here and start in life, it will not be more than two weeks before the old man and the old woman will be down here, suggesting things to me. I am going away off yonder, and build a palatial residence, and stock my farm, and have everything in apple-pie order, and go back home and show them what I have done." That boy is honest in that thing. He finally got into another magnificent settlement. "I believe I will buy and settle right here. Here is the post-office, though, and I won't be here a month until I get a long letter, from father, giving me directions about things. I see a plantation here that suits me.

The owner is a sort of old fogy. If I could only get possession of the lot, I could buy out the old man, lock, stock, and barrel, and let him live with me." And now we see him driving off. He is going in style, too, I imagine. The people would meet by the road-side and say: "Did you see that magnificent pageant, and that magnificent young fellow, in all the pomposity of his life? I met him in the road, and he didn't speak to me at all." The hotel-keeper where he stopped over-night said: "I saw he was a nice young man, and I told him I wouldn't charge him a cent. He gave me to understand that he was no pauper. He pulled out a great roll of money, and settled up with me. I am afraid I hurt his feelings." I can see a streak of human nature a hundred feet thick right in there. Night after night, as he goes along, he settles his bill. He is liberal—prodigal, not liberal. On he goes, and on. He moves off farther and farther from home; at every turn of the wheel, at every step, he was farther from home. That was the saddest picture in connection with this young man. If he needed money, he could sell a servant for several thousand dollars; he could sell camels and sheep. At last he got into a far-off country. When he got there, the first thing he did, he bought a tract of four thousand acres, built a magnificent residence, and rolled in luxury and wealth—like some of you are rolling in luxury and wealth to-night. You know how it is. I would not go and stay all night where some of you are spiritually to-night, for all the coined gold of the universe. I might die; and if I did, I would be an eternal bankrupt.

He "wasted his substance with riotous living." Go back and find where we are. Human nature bubbles up all along. There is that man sitting out there. You know your number; I will not call your name. There you sit. Twenty-five or thirty years ago you stepped across the line of accountability.

God turned over to you the gracious impressions of your youthful days, the Sabbath-school lessons, the sympathy of angels, the prayers of the Church, and all the spiritual heritage of the immortal soul. God turned it all over to you. You are going to strike out on your own hook. Now, you started out in a straight course; you moved off in style; you only drank at the most elegant bars in the city; you only kept company with gilded sin and sinners. The first thing you knew you forgot your Sabbath-school lessons. You threw them aside and went on a little farther, and you threw away your Bible; and some men here have thrown away the Bibles given them by their mothers. By-and-bye you forgot the little

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,

that your mother taught you. By-and-bye you scattered to the winds the recollections of your poor mother. By-and-bye every sermon was cast behind you that impressed you in your youthful days. Men are here to-night who have wasted their all, spiritually speaking, in riotous living. O, me, how a fellow does move off! I can tell where a fellow is by the way his head is. Says a lady: "I am going to bring my husband out to-day. I want you to be particular how you talk. The last time he went to church the preacher said something he didn't like, and he hasn't been back since." Yes; your feelings are easy to hurt. I can set the dogs after you and tree you in a hog-pen every time. I know where you started, sir. Your feelings! your feelings! Hurt your feelings! Who are you, anyhow? God help me to hurt your feelings so that you will quit your meanness! That is all the harm I wish you. When I first commenced preaching I was so afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings that I didn't know what to do. I am

afraid now I won't hurt your feelings. I have just changed round. You know your number; you can keep that in your mind as I go along. You know who I am talking to. "I dont want everybody in the church to know that I am going to a hog-pen. I am a gentleman, sir; I want you to understand that. If I ever get my feelings hurt once, I am ruined." God pity the poor fellow who has his feelings stuck out like the porcupine's quills! Preacher of righteousness, tell me the truth, and save me if you can! That is what we want. I don't know how one of your sort will take care of his feelings when he gets into hell-fire for ever. You will get your feelings hurt good down there.

When he spent all in riotous living he joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he was put to tending hogs; and that is the worst business you can put a Jew at—tangling him up with a hog, either before or after death. He put him into the field to feed swine. O, what a disreputable job that was for a gentleman and a Jew—to feed swine!

And listen: "He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat." He fed the hogs on husks, and ate husks himself. It is a principle in the economy of God that just what you feed other people on, the devil makes you fed on, and out of the very same spoon. Nine bar-keepers out of every ten die drunk. That is, just what you feed other people on, the devil makes you eat. You gamble and win other people's money, and the first thing you know some other scoundrel has gambled with you and won every dollar back. You live a licentious life, and directly all of its dreadful influences will react upon you as a man. There is one text I have tried to get my mind on so as to preach from it: "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again." O sir, there is not a thing in the Word of God that is stronger than that. There

is not a thing in the universe that touches all along the line of life as that does. If you measure out whiskey, and make drunkards out of other men's boys, it will make drunkards out of your boys. There are bar-keepers who are making drunkards out of their neighbours' boys, and their boys will die drunkards. What a thought! There are men who are selling liquor and killing themselves with it, and their boys are killing themselves with it. God pity the man that is killing his neighbour, and standing by and seeing his own boy swallow the same fire of damnation!

He would fain have fed on the husks that the swine did eat. We people of the Church ought to think along on this line. Did you think it possible that any of your members are renting out houses for bar-rooms, and for assignation-houses? Do you reckon your boys are up there to-night? Do you know that gambling-houses, rented by that elder, are the places where the elder's boy goes to play cards? I would run from that thing as I would from a pestilence. I saw a house in this town, the lower room of which was rented for a bar-room, and the upper room is a gambling-hell, and may be a house of assignation; and it belongs to one of the leading Christian men of this State. There is mud enough here to muddy your life for years to come. A preacher came up to me, and said, "I have got members of my Church who rent bar-rooms." You have just found that out, have you? I found that out before I came here.

Let us mark this expression: "He joined himself to a citizen of that country." And he put him to the most disreputable work a Jew was ever engaged in. There is a lesson in morals for you. You will see it illustrated all over this city. "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land. . . . . He joined himself to a citizen of that country." I feel kindly toward you; I feel

profoundly interested in you. What vestige have you left of the noble impulses of your precious mother? How can a wicked man let memory take hold of a good mother, and go on in his career of sin? Some of you have buried mother, father, wife, and children, and to-night you stand out there like the old blasted oak, with every limb decayed, and the old, ruined trunk ready to topple over and be buried for ever. God help us to-night! You have disposed of your spiritual heritage; your mother's precious influence is gone. You have spent all in riotous living, and have not a vestige of your spiritual life left. In our own State one of the presiding elders of our Conference said that he was passing near a cross-roads grocery when a man stepped out and took his hand, and said to him: "Brother, you don't know me; but we graduated in the same class, we joined the Church at the same time, and now it is twenty years since I saw you." The poor fellow was in shabby clothing, and, with trembling limbs, he said: "I have had a fearful experience. I walked into that grocery just now to take a drink. I was so nervous I could not pour out the liquor. The bar-keeper filled my glass. I tried to get it to my lips with both my hands, and before I could get it to my lips, I felt my mother's hand come down on my head; and she said, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' I dropped the glass from my hand, and walked out of the grocery just as you came along." "Well, sir, God bless you, your precious old mother is following you to the very gates of hell, and laid her hand on your head. Will you stop?" He went on with his drinking, and was carried out of that grocery a corpse. That old mother followed that wayward son to the very edge of hell. Some of us have mothers who have been in the good world many years. My mother was taken away twenty years ago; but she is as much my mother to-night as she ever

was. She is waiting and watching for my coming. Friends, you that have mothers in heaven, and you that still have good mothers on earth, let us go back. "And he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land." When a fellow gets out of everything, he experiences famine. You take that fellow that is morally bankrupt for ever, and he is as helpless as if he were dead. Poor fellow! All is spent in riotous living. He says: "I never needed friends as bad as I need friends now; I never needed help as I need help now; I never needed sympathy as I need sympathy now; I never needed Divine influences as I need them now. Here I am eating the very husks of sin, shut out from every good influence in the world." O, what a picture! Poor fellow! There you are. How many men have taken the last step, that it is essential for any man to take, in order to be damned for ever! How many men—how many hundreds of men—who hear my voice to-night, have taken the last step to be an eternal bankrupt? You need not swear another oath, or drink another drop, or play another card, or do any licentious act; you are steeped in guilt from head to foot, and on your way to hell. You need no more momentum. With your present momentum, you will roll into ruin for ever!

When he had wasted all in riotous living, "there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want." How many men who hear my voice to-night really want sympathy? "Nobody to sympathise with me." A poor fellow came to me one night and said: "I don't believe that among the fourteen hundred million people of the earth, there is one who sympathises with me." I said: "Get down on your knees; here is one that gives you his sympathy." He not only found the sympathy of a man, but of the great

heart of Christ. I am after these poor fellows who think nobody sympathises with them. If you will take the right step, there are ten thousand hearts that are in sympathy with you. When he had realised his condition—we will take the words as we find them here—"When he came to himself." I have thought about that expression many a time. What was the matter with that boy that he wanted to leave home? Was not every desire ministered unto? What got into that boy's head that he wanted to go away from home? "When he came to himself." What was the matter with that fellow? Was he crazy? Was he wild? The Book says, "When he came to himself." Let me announce the fact as deep as the ocean of God's truth: Every sinner in this land is mad—is crazy. Tell me I would have done as I did for twenty-five years if I had not been crazy! When I opened my eyes and saw where I was, O, I tell you, I made tracks; and if I can get your eyes open to-night, you will emigrate too! You will get away from there. O for power from on high, that men may realise what they are and where they are this night! "When he came to himself." I never knew what I was until the light flashed on me, and I was at my father's death-bed. I saw myself in all my eternal ruin, all my downward tendencies; and all at once I slapped on every break on every wheel, and stopped for ever. You won't go any farther if we can get you to come to yourself; we will wake you up for good.

"And when he came to himself." Let us stop about a minute. "Who am I? What am I? What am I doing? Where am I going? I am behind the counter of a bar. I have sold many a drink." Yes; and you have got to meet this when there is no counter between you and the judgment; no demijohns, and no ten-cent pieces scattered around. You are just on a level with that house. Her

house is on the way to death, going down to hell with the wicked of earth. "Where am I? I am where ten months' drinking will put me in my grave. I am just ten months from a drunkard's death, a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell." What a thought! Where are we, brethren, in the Church of God? Let us come to ourselves to-night, and each of us ask, "What is my life before God and man? What is my influence before the town?" We will never bring the young people of this city to Christ until we can get you old men to quit leading them to death and hell. Brethren, let us wake up to the fact that we are pilgrims in this world, For one, I lay aside every weight. I lay them all aside. If my money is in the way, I lay it aside; if my shoes, off with them; if my hat, off with that. If I have to run into heaven shoeless, hatless, coatless, I am going there! That is the grace that will win. Brethren, let us stand up in our manhood to-night. Let us say: "Let others do as they will, we will hold up the banner of the cross; we will live and die for Christ, and be an example to all young men." If you are a member of the Church of Christ, and have been selling whiskey, say, by the grace of God, you have sold the last drop. God will have the angels staying all night with you if you say that. They will fan you to sleep with the movement of their wings. Say, "I have quit." That is what is wanted, brethren. A whole lot of you fellows in this city are going to quit a whole lot of things, but you are the slowest crowd I ever saw. It is a good thing the Lord is long-suffering, or he would cut you off before Sunday night. We had a common knocking bar-keeper who had no sense. He was converted, and went home and knocked the heads out of all of his barrels of whiskey. He waked up next morning and said: "Well, now, I owe six hundred dollars for that whiskey." He put

on his thinking-cap, and that fall he knocked for admission into our Conference. He was put on a five-hundred-dollar circuit. It took that fellow four years to pay that whiskey bill. His wife went in rags, and I have seen that fellow when I was ashamed of him; but now he is pastor of one of the finest churches in California. "Where is Brother Christian? "At Sacramento; pastor of the leading church in that city." I tell you, you don't know what you will find at the bottom of a whiskey-barrel if you will go there right.

When he had spent all in riotous living, he came to himself. "I am not right; I see I am not right." And, brethren, any man who realises that he is not right has come to himself. "When he came to himself," the first thing that impressed him was this: "There is enough and to spare, and I am perishing; I will arise and go to my father." "But you have no shoes, no hat." "I will go bare-headed, shoeless, and in my shirt-sleeves." "You have no money." "I will beg my way." Here is a boy that means something. When he starts back, he is quite a different fellow from what he was coming. When he came, he fared like a prince; now he pulls up a pile of leaves and lies down on it. He learned that from the hogs. He passes the cabin of an old negro, and says: "Uncle, I wish you would give me a piece of bread; I have no money, but my father has plenty, and if you ever pass my father's house, why, he will never forget you for your kindness to me." "Did you see that fellow go up the road? I looked at the features of his face; he reminded me of that fellow who went down in such style. Yes, I thought he was the same; he looked like a fellow who had been on a big spree." If a boy should drive along in a cart and would let him ride, he would be the gladdest fellow you ever saw. Certain men in this town have said

on that sidewalk, when a man came along, "Who is that?" "O, that is So-and-so, a son of Major or Mr. So-and-so." "John So-and-so. What? why John So-and-so—why, I knew him just when he got out of college. You don't tell me that is him?" "The same." "He doesn't look like it. Look at his face bloated; he ain't got decent clothes. He looks like the debauched imp of the devil!" That is the fellow who started with the finest prospects. You won't know a fellow when the devil gets through with him. How many just such cases as that are scattered over this broad land to-night! He has gone off in sin until his best friends don't know him. When that boy got upon his feet and shook himself, and looked around, and came to himself, he said, "I will arise and go to my father;" and that little word had steam enough to run him back to the old homestead.

Brethren, we must get our theology down to these two propositions: God can't make a good man bad; the devil can't make a bad man good. The devil wants all to be bad; God wants all to be good. If you want to do good, God will help you; if you want to do bad, the devil will help you. Now, what are you going to do? You are waiting for the Lord to go out there and gather you up by the hair of your head and drag you into heaven. You will wait a million years. Let me look you in the face and tell you if you will stand up and say, "I will arise and go to my father," the next we hear of you. you will be in heaven. It is ten thousand times harder to take the first step than to take all the other steps to put you into the kingdom of heaven. Every man in this tent is where the lawyer was when Christ said to him, "You are not far from the kingdom of God." You are right where you can put your hand on eternal life now, if you will stretch it out. If all the rest of humanity

go on the broad road to hell, I will go to heaven or die. If we never meet again here, let us meet up yonder in heaven. God does not say, "Whosoever is happy feels, or shouts," he will get through; but "whosoever will." It is a question of will, not of feeling. "I will"—and that boy started on that long journey on that one proposal. Some of us have nothing but will; it is all our stock-in-trade—but, thank God, that is capital enough. It is, "I will arise and go to my father." Just take that boy where he has gone down to. There is not a man here but what can come back. Now, on this proposition he started, and on and on he went, farther and farther toward home—and, thank God, when a man is headed right, every step he takes he is nearer home!—until now at last I see him go up in front of the old homestead. I know he was glad when his eyes looked down on the old home again. He got up under the old oak where he had played marbles many a time, and looked at his home, and said: "It is enough; I cannot go any farther." But the father is looking out. His father saw him a great way off, and those were eyes of mercy that saw him; they looked upon him in compassion and love. Those arms were arms of mercy that clasped that boy. He spoke, and they were words of mercy. The poor prodigal said: "Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son." His father put his hand over his mouth, and would not let him say the rest. There is something in this parable for my poor soul. I recollect searching, seeking, praying, and hoping to get myself better. I was moving in the right direction, and the time came when I broke down with a sense of my unworthiness. My father's eyes saw me, and they were eyes of mercy; his arms supported me, and they were arms of mercy; his voice spoke to me, and it was filled with mercy. It is all there—all my history. I was perishing,

but one day I got back to God. The first night I slept under the roof of the old homestead, all scared, and tired, and worn out, the rest was akin to heaven. Thank God for every night I have spent under the roof of the old homestead! I am going to take my last meal in the old homestead. I am going to die in the old homestead. Will you come home? Will you come home? Thank God, there is room enough in that old homestead-building to shelter us all for ever! That room is waiting for you. Will you come to take it to-night? Lord God, help these men to start home! Every moment from this time on shall find me headed toward the old homestead. Thank God, I started back! Thank God, I was welcomed back! Thank God, I have been treated like a son ever since I came back! Thank God, I am a son of the Great Father—of a King. O me, that awful life of sin! When memory comes back, I am sorry for it; then all clears up. Thank God for that time when the Great Shepherd found me a lost sheep! I think I could not have gone much farther, or the wild beasts would have seized me. He laid me upon His shoulder and brought me back, a poor tired sheep, into the fold. God bless you all, my friends, and bring you to the old homestead to-night! Before we sing, let me say I am honest and earnest about this. I have tried to get this subject squarely before you. I want every man who desires to get back home to-night to come to these front blocks of seats. Let us find God to-night. Now we are going to stand and sing, and let all of you who are truly penitent to-night take these front benches. I want every man here who wants to give himself to God. Now, let us settle this to-night, and make this a happy night to everybody here. If you don't wish to remain a penitent, I don't want any of you to go away, but give us these front seats. Now, stand and sing.

SAYINGS.

There are more good women to the square foot in this city than I ever saw anywhere; but I want every woman in this city to fall in love with the Lord Jesus Christ, and then your town will be well-nigh redeemed. I praise God for a good wife and a good mother!

When I started out preaching I was so much afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings, I did not know what to do; and now I am so much afraid that I won't hurt somebody's feelings, I don't know what to do. God pity the poor fellow who has his feelings stuck out like porcupine quills! I don't know how one of your sort will take care of his feelings when he gets into hell-fire. Preacher of righteousness, tell me the truth, and save me if you can!

IX.

WAITING AND HOPING.

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."—PSALM xxxix. 7.

THERE are quite a number of requests on my table. I wish you could run over them and see them. I wish you could see between the lines of these requests. I wish you all who are not Christians could read this letter: "O sir, to break a wife's heart on my way to hell, to break a mother's heart on my way to hell! God have mercy on us men, and let us think about wife and her tears and prayers." I know, in all my life as a preacher, I have never seen so many earnest wives, who say: "O sir, don't forget my husband; make him a special object of prayer! If my husband slips through this chance of grace he will never be saved." As a husband of a good wife, I never paid the debt I owed my wife for all my wicked years until I paid it at the cross of Jesus. Others may be and do as they will, but by the grace of God *I* will be a better man.

Now, brethren, let us pray God to-night to baptise His Word so that it may be a light to those in dark places. There are a thousand persons here to-night who would like to know the way to God, who long for and aspire to a better life. Now, you pray as Christians while I talk. We invite your attention to these words of the Psalmist: "What wait I for? my hope is in Thee." Here is a question and a statement. I want every one of you to transfer that question from the utterance of David in this book to your own heart. Let us give our hearts a chance to-night. A

man doesn't go head foremost toward God, he goes heart foremost. The great trouble with sinners is that they put the head before the heart. "What wait I for?" We see that most of these questions in the book are pre-eminently personal—"What must I do to be saved?" "What wait I for?" Personal in the highest and most important sense. Now, we will go down on your side and look at it a moment. When a man says, "I tell you what I am waiting for—I am waiting for the Lord's good time, the Lord's own time," is that a fact? Well, that good time has come at last. You can't say that any longer. I am so glad that what you have been waiting for until you are grey-headed has come at last. That time was the day when you were five years old, when you were five years and one day old, and every breathing day of your life since. Your mother kissed you as a little child up to this hour. These revival services are to get men willing to be saved, and not to get God willing to save them. You understand that. It is God's accepted time. Listen: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Every moment that you are a sinner that is the moment God is ready to save you. Thus much I tell you: You will never see the gates wider open than they are now. You may get in after awhile when they are partially closed; but if you don't go in now, the chances are against you. In hell you will carry the recollection that you stood once in this city right before the open gates of God's mercy and grace, and would not enter.

"I am waiting for God's good time to save sinners." I want to say a thing or two to you men about waiting. I said to a man in Knoxville, who was a moral, upright fellow —you have not many of that kind in this city—"Brother, do you know you are the hardest case in Knoxville?" "Why, no, sir," he said; "I am not the hardest case."

"Well, we got the hardest case in the city—a gambler—and we have not got you yet." We have got some of the hardest cases in this city up to this time. Did you know that you are a harder case? We have them, and we have not got you. Waiting God's good time! Let me say to you to-night, with my Bible in my hand, and with love toward you in my heart, that time has come at last in all its fullness and power. Says one: "I am not waiting for God's time, I am waiting for better terms." Let me tell you about that terms business. Down in Georgia, in some of our counties, they have a stock law. No fences at all down there. All the country is thrown into one field. I want no fences in farming and politics, but in religion I want the devil's goats fenced out. I will not let the fences down for you, but I will help you over them. There are plenty of people that want to go to heaven on their own schedule. They want to drink a little, lie a little, and gamble occasionally. Everybody in this country has an old aching tooth, and the first dentist that won't hurt them they are going to have to pull it out. I have been hunting a painless dentist for a long time, but they don't live in this country. They might fill you with laughing-gas and pull your head off. A great many people object to pointed preaching because it pains them, they say. This suggests the story of the old lady whose daughter's tooth ached, She sent for a dentist. He came, and pulled out a pair of big old-fashioned forceps. The old lady screamed out, "Don't put them things in my daughter's mouth; pull it with your fingers!" That would be mighty nice, if it could be done. God bless you all! if you will let me get the old gospel forceps hold of these teeth, I will bring them out; but I cannot pull them with my fingers. I want that understood. Brethren, some of you have been trying the finger

business. But hear me, hear me! Better terms, better terms! Do you know the terms on which God will take hold of you and carry you through this world and safely up to heaven? You just lay down those things that are hurting you, and take up those other things that will help you, and you will have His help in time and in eternity. Why will a man ask any better terms than that he quit those things that damage him on earth and prevent him going to heaven? I am so glad that God would not let me go on and drink. I would have been in a drunkard's grave years ago; I would have been ruined if He had; and so will you be if you don't quit the drink, and cry to God to help you. Many a fellow is out in the goat-yard, and thinks he is in the house. It is disgusting to have an elder rear back on his dignity and defend his drinking. Hear me to-night! never, never do I want God to lower the standard. I am so glad that He holds up the standard; that we must live righteous and godly lives in this world. Bless God, when I have climbed the steepest hills, what a view I have! I would not have the standard lowered for my wife and for my children. I have faltered many a time, and said I could not pull another foot. The Lord came down and backed my shoulders, and said, "Go on." When I shall stand on the mount of God for ever I will say, "Thank God this old heaven is as high as it is!" There is no sickness, sorrow, pain, disease, or death in heaven. We won't let the standard down, but we will go up to it. There is something very precious about the cross. When a man gets squarely under it, denying himself and bearing his burdens, and falls under the load, God will pull him up on the cross and make it bear him. No, sir; we won't let down the standard. Blessed be God, we will keep it up! Here is light and love, and purity, and salvation to make you fit and meet for God's

use in heaven and the companionship of angels by-and-bye. I never want to see the day in the history of the cross, when a man can be saved on any lower plane, than that he quits his meanness and goes to doing right.

"I am not waiting for any better terms," says the sinner; "I know that right is right and wrong is wrong. I am waiting for the Church to get right." You will be in hell a million years before that happens. Mark what I tell you. Look here, a man is in mighty poor business looking around at these members of the Church. They are good-hearted fellows. They go off into devilment, but if you check them up they will come back. There are many members on the road to-night—coming back. They did not know how low down they were. There are hundreds of these men—Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians—in all the churches in this town. You will never see them doing as they have been doing. You try next year to run a bar-room, and want these men to help you, and you will find yourself mistaken. We are going to do better, and we call on men and angels to witness what we say. We preachers are going to do better, and I am so glad that the best of us can do better. The good women are going to be better; and God help the mothers to be all that mothers ought to be, and the wives to be all that wives ought to be! You men of this city are going to have better wives. I want every wife who will say, "My husband shall have a more consecrated wife," to stand up. I want every mother who says, "God helping me, I will be a better mother," to stand up. You, who are as good as you are going to be, keep your seats. Will you members of the Church, both male and female, who will say, "God helping me, I am going to do better," stand up? You old sinners are going to feel mighty lonesome about this time. You are kind-hearted men, but the

devil has had you off juggling with you. Let us quit him now. I tell you what amuses me: to see an old sinner come in and pull out an old lame, dwarfed member of the Church, and lay him down and measure by him. "Look here, boys; I am as long, and broad, and good as this member of the Church!" I would die, if I was a decent man, to lay myself down by the side of such a man. Why don't you go and pick out one of these grand old Christians? You would look like a rat-terrier lying by the side of an elephant. You quit measuring by these dwarfs. We got them from you, and you can have them back. Waiting for the Church to get right! Let the Church do and be as it will, I am going to so live that my life will be consecrated to God. Don't stay out because of the hypocrites; but come in, and help crowd them out. A fellow says he can't live with these trifling Church-members. Is it not better to come in and live with them and go to heaven, than to go to hell living without them? That is a heap worse, ain't it? Waiting for the Church to get right! In all my experience, I never saw churches respond as readily as they do here. They are about as near right as you will ever see them.

"I am waiting for feeling," says some fellow. You look at me. You are an honest, sensible citizen of this town. What are your feelings? What do you mean by feeling? Do you mean serious thought? If you don't mean that, you don't mean anything. If serious thought is not feeling, there is no serious thought in repentance. If serious thought is not repentance, there is no feeling in religion. I recollect once I went down into the congregation and said to an old sinner, "Come up and give your heart to God." He said: "Mr. Jones, I have not got a bit of feeling.' And he could hardly stand on his feet, he had so much. When a man sees he ought to do right and quit the wrong

that is the only feeling there is on the subject. Do you think that you ought to be a Christian, and ought to start to-night? If you do, you have got feeling enough to sweep you right under the cross, if you will start now.

Another fellow says: "I am not waiting for feeling; I am waiting until I am fit." Yes, you take the most intelligent lawyer out of Christ in this town and the most ignorant darkey, and say to the darkey: "Tom, do you belong to the Church?" "No, sah; 'cause I ain't fitten." Then you meet the lawyer and ask the same question, and he will reply: "Why, I am not fit, sir, to be a member of the Church." Is it not astonishing that they meet on precisely the same ground? "I am waiting till I am fit." I tell you, brethren, when you analyse that thing in the light of the Gospel, it is the most ridiculous position a man can put himself in. Here is a fellow starving to death; there is a richly-loaded table. "Are you hungry?" "Yes, I am just as hungry as I can be; but I can't go, my hands ain't fit." "Here are soap and water and towels." He says, "I ain't fit to wash." Come up and join the Church. Don't hang back because "I am not fit." Come up here and get fit. What are you going to do with that sort of man? Let me tell you, my congregation, that the very fact that you don't feel fit is the very thing that commends you to God. Did Jesus Christ come into the world to save good people? O no; but to save sinners. If you are a sinner, you are a man; now, understand that. I have had such a sense of unworthiness from the day I started until this hour. It grows with me. I never have felt worthy of membership in the Church of Jesus Christ. I started well; but I am climbing still. I am ascending all the time. If you wait till you are worthy to join the Church, you will wait until millions of years shall have rolled away.

"I know Christ died to save me, but I am waiting to try

myself awhile." I have seen many a fellow come up and resolve to be a good man. "I ain't going to do any thing, but I am going to try myself." The devil doesn't want any better joke on a fellow than to get him out trying himself. A great big drunkard trying to walk a straight line! Watch him! "I will walk straight. I want to see if I can hold out." That is just like a fellow saying, "I am going to sit out under this tree to see if I can't go to town sitting here." Trying himself! I tell you, I like to see a man just walk up and get his ticket, jump on the train and move off. That's the sort! The difficulty with some of us is, we buy our tickets to way-stations and never get through. Coming through from Atlanta I noticed, when the conductor came around and took the tickets, he gave checks, and put marks on the checks. These were white checks. He gave some red checks. I noticed that these red-checked fellows came through to Chattanooga, and the other fellows got off at the different way-places. Many a fellow buys his ticket to conviction; he will land off right there. Another fellow will buy his ticket up to the penitent's altar; another will go as far as Church-membership, and he will get off there; another fellow will buy to obedience: and another up to family prayer, or the station just this side of that. Hundreds of them have not gone up that high yet, but buy to the little station just this side of family prayer. They will be put off at that little flag-station in a swamp, and no hotel for a man to stop at, and the whole region infested with mosquitoes. All of you who have gone that far know that that family-prayer town is a delightful place. I am glad I have got my wife and children off at that town. Let us get a limited ticket clear through to the next world, have our baggage checked through, and into heaven we will ride. Don't trouble yourself about the destination. Stick to the train, and you will land in heaven.

Don't act like the fellow that said: "I want to go to Chattanooga, but I am afraid I can't get through." "This is the train; we are going that way now." "I wouldn't miss it for all the world," said the fellow as the train pulled out. "Keep your seat," said the conductor, "and we'll take you to Chattanooga." About Stevenson he said: "I am so much afraid we won't get to Chattanooga." "Keep your seat," repeated the conductor. At Bridgeport he said: "I am troubled a good deal about getting to Chattanooga." "Keep your seat!" As the signal blew for Chattanooga he said: "I am afraid I will miss it." "Keep your seat!" As the train rolled into the little car-shed, again he expressed his fear of missing Chattanooga. "Keep your seat a few moments more." That old Church-member says: "I have so many dark days. I do want to get to heaven." Keep your seat; this train goes through. If you want to get to the good world, get on God's old excursion-train, and you will run in under the old car-shed of heaven. Some of you will have children there, to take hold of your hand and welcome you to the city of God. We will get there, thank God! Sister, keep your seat; it will go through. Brother, keep your head in at the window; the train is in safe hands. I have quit troubling myself; I have turned it all over to God.

"I am waiting for faith." Yes; you have been waiting forty years for faith. How much have you saved up? Like the fellow who had ten bushels of wheat, and was waiting till more grew before he would sow what he had! Sow it, and you will have a hundred-fold. By keeping it, you will not get any more, but the rats will eat up what you have. "I want to be a blacksmith as soon as I get muscle." Why don't you go at it? There he stands, until at last he has not muscle enough to lift the hammer. He is getting it with a vengeance. How did you get faith? by using what you

had? I tell you what amuses me—to hear a fellow down praying for faith. "Lord, give me faith." The next time you get any in that way, bring it over and let me see it. That ain't scriptural, that talk you are doing now. Christ rebuked those who prayed for faith. The trouble with you is not that you need more faith, but you use the faith you have, and then you will get more. I would as soon pray for sweet potatoes as for faith. Let me tell you, my congregation, there is not a man in this tent who has not got faith enough ultimately to save his soul, if he will use what he has; and the way to get more is to use what you have. I don't know how this idea fits theology. Does it suit theology? You, my brethren, may take care of theology, and I will take care of these sinners and the Bible. Don't you let theology get hurt! If you do, we are all gone! Lord, Lord, help me to use the faith I have, and then I know that it will increase. Have you got faith enough to believe that there is a better life? I tell you that is just about enough to start with. You believe you are wrong, and you believe you ought to get right. It will not be a week until you believe some other things that are mighty grand. "I am not waiting for faith," says another; "that ain't my trouble; nor waiting for salvation, nor better terms, for I know I have enough to start with." What then? waiting for the Church to get right? "No; I believe any Church-member is better than I am." If a fellow can get a good look at himself it will cure him of his conceit, and he can be a first-class member. I have taken in a few of your sort. They are of no more account than the others. It will be about all you can do to keep up with the rear rank. Now, mark what I tell you: this is the human side in all its fulness. Now, let us look at the other side a moment. My hope is in God." Now you have struck the key-note

on which we believe for eternal life. My hope is not in my friends, for the day may come when my friends will turn their backs upon me; nor in riches, for riches take to themselves wings and fly away. My hope is not in my pastor; the day may come when he will spurn me from his presence. My hope is not in the Church; for the time might come when she would turn me out. My hope is not in my father and mother; if it was, my hope would be gone, for father and mother are both gone from me for ever. My hope is not in my wife, with all her fondness and love for me; and the day will come—but may I never live to see it!—when she shall be buried under the sod for all time. I am so glad it doesn't say, "Our hope is in our children;" for we might bury them for ever. My hope, my friends, is not in riches, pastor, friends, father and mother, children, Church; but my hope is in God. Will you start to-night? You may say, "I am mighty weak." I know it; but your hope is in God. "Yes; but I am a poor sinner." My hope is in God; it is not in myself. I know I am a sinner. Yes; but you are very, very weak; you are as frail as a bruised reed. Yes; but my hope is in God. You have got an appetite that will crush you in a week. My hope is in God, and He is stronger than appetite. The man is just as strong as the thing he commits himself to, and no stronger. If you commit yourself to a little box in the Atlantic, you and the box will go down together. If you get on a grand ocean-steamer, then all the comfort, and strength, and safety of the steamer are yours. If I commit myself to myself, then I am no stronger than this arm of flesh. If I commit myself to God, I will never go down; I will stay up as long as God stays up. I put my hand in the hand of God, and commit it all to Him to-night. Won't you do it? Let me tell you, God will hear a man pray from any point and

answer him. A child will put its hand on the place where it hurts, and cry. If you want to get to heaven, put your hand on that desire and pray. If you want to be saved from sin, put your hand on that desire and pray God, and He will save you. If you are ready to say, "O God, I want to be a good man!" lay your hand on that desire, and God will hear you. Yes; have hope in God, and all the trials, temptations, dark days, heavy hearts, and all that sort of thing will disappear. I have not a word to say in palliation. This journey we are on ends well. I never think much about the road, but much about where I am going. Those people whose friends moved out West went to the post-office daily looking for letters. They wanted to hear about Texas. The letters said that Texas had the most fertile soil, and the most magnificent climate you ever saw. They spoke in such glowing terms of that great Western country. Every letter had a postscript: "There are grave-yards, and coffins, and sick-beds, and death out here." And then I said: "The Bible tells me of a country where there is no more sickness, sorrow, pain, or death for ever and ever." I want to get to that country where I shall never see my wife's cheek pale any more; I want to see eternal health on the face of my wife and children. I have made a start on that journey, and am going on. God help you men to-night! God help me to-night! Whatever other men may do, I start to-night. The train is here; the bell is ringing to start; I step aboard, and move out for the good world to-night. Will you go? There are five hundred persons here to-night whom I want to see on these front seats. Some of you are already on them. It is a quarter past eight o'clock. We have plenty of time here to-night. I want to speak to every man who has no religion to-night; I want to take your hand, and help you to start to heaven.

SAYINGS.

MANY a man imagines that he has got religion when it's only liver-complaint.

IT is awful for a Jew to be tangled up with a hog, either before or after death. Awful!

I WANT no fences in farming and politics, but in religion I want the devil's goats fenced out. I will not let the fences down for you, but I will help you over them.

YOU, my brethren, may take care of theology, and I will take care of these sinners. Don't you let theology get hurt! If you do, we are all gone! Lord, Lord, help me to save these sinners!

GOD bores through the top of a man's head to his heart, and then on down to his pocket. He has never got down to your pocket yet!

IT tickles me to see an old sinner come in and pull out an old lame and dwarfed member of the Church, lay him down and measure by him, and say: "Look here, boys, I am as long, as broad, and as good as this member of the Church!" Why don't you go and pick out one of those grand old Christians? Because you would look like a rat-terrier lying by an elephant.

X.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LIFE—SIN AND DEATH.

"As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death."—PROV. xi. 19.

I ASK my brethren in the ministry to pray for me as they would have me pray for them. O, what a responsibility! How my soul shudders! I ask every Christian man and woman here to pray for God's power to rest upon me. Almighty God of heaven and earth, make bare Thy mighty arm here to-night, that every soul may be touched and every conscience aroused! Let every breath be a prayer, and God will come down into our midst and own and bless his word.

We have selected for the text to-night the nineteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of the book of Proverbs: "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." When a good man dies, he not only goes to heaven by the approval of God and angels—he is not only drawn thither by the natural force of spiritual gravity—but when a good man dies he goes to heaven by the common consent of every other man in the world. When a bad man dies, he not only gravitates hellward by the natural force of spiritual gravity, not only does he go there by the approval of God and angels, but he goes to hell by the common consent of every intelligent man in the world. Did you ever attend the funeral of a good man? and have you heard the minister of God say this: "The spirit of our brother has gone home to live with God?" Have you heard the comments of saints and sinners alike?

They will all say the preacher told the truth—that the good man has gone to God. Have you listened to the comments on the street corners, to the comments even of the doubtful characters on the sidewalk: "This man's body is here, but his spirit has gone home to God." Have you heard the words of the Church member as you left the church: "That man is now in heaven." We all feel it—we all know it! We say that when a bad man dies he goes to hell by the common consent of every man in the universe; when a good man dies he goes to heaven as naturally as this book would drop to the floor if I should turn it loose. When a bad man dies he goes to hell just as certainly as the book would drop if I should turn it loose. Hell is the centre of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the centre of gravity for righteousness. This is the lineage of salvation, and the lineage of damnation. Who are these that go to heaven? "These are they that have come up through much tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "The wicked shall be driven away into everlasting punishment." "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." "The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." The pathway of the just is like the pathway of the sun, higher and brighter as it rises until it shall reach the zenith on the shoulders of God. The wicked and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. Sin kills body and soul for both worlds. When I look at the pale wreck of a man, I say: "My Lord, sin has ruined that man!" When I see a poor degraded woman, I know that sin has ruined that woman. Whether the Bible is true or not, we know that sin will ruin men. I was once summoned two miles

from my home. The wife and six children met me at the door with tears running from their eyes. I asked, "What is doing this?" The wife took me by the hand and led me into the house, and there was a poor drunken, besotted husband lying on the bed. I said: "My God, sin is ruining this family!" Sin will ruin men. I just point you to those men who debauch themselves day and night in your own community to prove that sin ruins individuals, cities, States, and worlds. O sin, thou has ruined our lives! "As righteousness tendeth to life." As "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," so also is unrighteousness the way to misery and sorrow.

"He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." Sin is a common disease, afflicting humanity. I am no theologian—never studied theology. I am not boasting of the fact, but I state it as a fact: I despise theology and botany, but I do love religion and flowers. There is many a fellow that has studied theology until he knows theology, but nothing else. He is fit for heaven, but not fit for earth. I am no theologian; I cannot be tried by theological rules, but you may try me by this book. It is not necessary to swallow John Calvin's creed to be saved; it is faith in Christ, and not in the creed, that saves the soul.

I think I know something about what sin is. I know practically what sin is, and what it will do for a fellow, too. I have been there. Now, when we talk of evil there is a great deal said about depravity. It is a theological term. Some of us say we believe in total depravity, and some in partial depravity. You know you have downright damnation in you, and that ought to satisfy the most greedy on that subject. We do not pretend to say whether it is this, or that, or the other; if we followed the bent of our own nature, it is down-

ward and hellward every time. Sin is a disease as well as the transgression of the law of God. Senator Hill, of Georgia, had some trouble on the side of his tongue. It was caused by a fractured tooth, the papers said. The next I saw was that Senator Hill was under the knife of a surgeon in Philadelphia. They took out one-third of his tongue, and cut out all the glands of one side of his face. When the operation was over, young Ben Hill asked the surgeons, "Is there any chance for my father?" They replied: "If we have extracted the last particle of the virus of the cancer, he will get well; and if not, he will die." The next thing I heard he had gone to the springs somewhere in the West. A few days later I walked down to the depôt in my town; the passenger-train rolled up and stopped, and I saw what looked like the outlines of Senator Hill's face. He pushed his bony hand out of the window of the car, and I said: "Is that all that is left of Senator Hill, the grandest man that Georgia ever produced?" Shortly after that the Atlanta *Constitution* said: "The largest procession ever seen in Georgia carried Senator Hill to the cemetery yesterday." Now, I say to my congregation, just as certainly as cancer killed Senator Hill's body, just so certainly the virus of sin will kill your soul. It is not a question of outward forms of Church membership, or how you have been baptised—it is as deep as the virus of cancer. Eliminate it from your moral nature. Let Church members step into the background a little, and let us all look the facts in the face. My God, is there yet a moral cancer that will damn me at last? Thank God, eighteen hundred years ago this old world began to sing:

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.

Yes; wash all my sins away. Thank God there is hope for the race; there is hope in the universal redemption of the race! Have you been washed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb? If there is one fact in my own experience that stands out more prominently than any other fact, it is that I rushed up to the cross and realised how sweetly and grandly God can save the sinner. O, thank God for the hope of the race that is found at the fountain that was opened up for sin and uncleanliness? That cross erected on Calvary will save millions of the race.

We will be practical at the expense of everything except truth; and we say, first, "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to the death of his conscience. The poet was nearly right when he said:

> What conscience dictates to be done,
> Or warns me not to do,
> This teach me more than hell to shun,
> That more than heaven pursue.

I am ready to say here in my place to-night that the most fearful sin a man ever can commit is to sin deliberately against his own conscience. Every wilful sin of my life is a stab at my conscience, and we stab, and stab, and stab, until conscience expires and is dead for ever. Personal conscience is dead, municipal conscience is dead, national conscience is dead. One out of every hundred stops and asks, "Is that right? is that wrong?" Ninety-nine in the hundred ask, "Is there money in that? is there power in that? Can I find in that something that will lift me in the eyes of the world?" Conscience says, "Is that right? is that wrong?" Policy says, "Is that popular? will that pay?" Now, we won't go away from home to discuss the matter. When I am in this city I talk to this city, and let everybody else alone. I will never be as mean to you as

you have been to me. You waited till I left town and then shelled me out. I don't know what has become of all those correspondents that filled the daily papers. Why don't they sail in now? And if any correspondent sails in, let him sail in over his own name. If I can get him up here and shake him, you will see him hit the ground running. You can't shake a *nom de plume* much, though. I throw down the gauntlet and tell you to pitch in; and when you say I am a coward you lie from head to heel! "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death"—to the death of his conscience. The conscience of this town has been sinned to death. That is what is the matter. I will illustrate what I mean: I was running a revival meeting in a town, and every drunkard was converted. If there is a class of men on the earth that I sympathise with, it is the drunkards. My God, how near I came to being swept down to hell by liquor! Here stands a man that will die by you, and will pray with you until you die. God save the poor drunkard! If your wife weeps over you as my wife's heart bled for me, if your home is as desolate as my home was desolate, let me tell you there is hope and recovery at the cross of Christ. Do not be doubtful: do not hesitate. I say the conscience of this town is dead. When I held this meeting where those poor drunkards were converted, I said, "We are going to help these people all the way to God." One night after the meeting the council met in that town. At that meeting a bar-keeper walked in and said, "I will give you two hundred dollars if you will let me sell whiskey." That mayor and council received his money and went home, and went to bed, and slept like seven hogs, and got up next morning and ate breakfast like seven more hogs. Once I could sin with a vengeance, but, God bless you, I could not sleep at night. I will never sell whiskey; I will steal first. If I

ever want to sell it, I am going to that town and get license from those old members of the Church, and I will tell my wife to put my license in the coffin when I die. I will pull out my license and tell the Lord, "Here's my license, signed by Methodist stewards and Baptist deacons;" and God Almighty will put us all in hell together. "I signed that as mayor!" Yes, when you sink down into hell, tell them, "Here goes a mayor!" I reckon it will be a good deal of consolation to an old hypocrite to know that he is there as a mayor; to an old pretender that he is there as a member of the council. If you countenance these things and put your fist to these documents, you will be damned, for it as certain as God reigns in heaven, unless you repent. We Christians vote to license liquour-selling, and make the liquor-dealers pay us enough money to pay our taxes, and then stand around on the street and abuse them for selling it. I am tired of hearing liquor-dealers abused. You curse these bar-keepers. You had better curse these Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists in your city. If these men would quit drinking, they would close half the drinking-places in thirty days. They would put whiskey out of this city in twelve months from to-day.

If you will arouse the conscience of the people of this town, they will not debauch their boys nor their fellow-citizens for the pitiful sum paid for license. Quit talking against these bar-keepers. God holds the Christian voters of this place accountable for this curse. If a bar-keeper were to go to you and say, "I will give you five hundred dollars to make your boy a drunkard," you would spurn him from your presence; and yet for the sum of two hundred dollars you will give him the privilege of making your neighbour's boy a drunkard. You will not escape. Some of your own will go in that way. May God come down upon

your city and tear the grave-clothes off of this body of death! I don't believe in mixing politics and religion, but I believe in mixing religion with my politics. It helps it as much as sugar does coffee. Whenever your hear of a fellow who does not believe in mixing it, it is because he has none to mix. If you will put the executive authority and the police in a line with the pulpits, you will succeed. Louisville has crushed out every gambling-hell, and says no man shall gamble there; but we hope to hear that she has also banished that which makes gamblers—whiskey. We of Georgia, in less than three years from to-day, mean to put this accursed stuff out of our borders for ever. In a majority of the counties in our State there are no liquor-sellers, and we have given orders to those in the remaining counties to emigrate. We don't want your State to run liquor over the borders. Your representative men fail to take hold of this matter in earnest. I pray God Almighty that He and the good women of your State will put this curse out for ever. For every bar-room in your city you can put down a dozen broken-hearted wives and mothers. Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching sixty thousand strong a year into drunkards' graves, and into a drunkard's hell; and we Christians are standing around abusing bar-keepers. Wake up the conscience of this city, and you are going to see better times. Already God has answered the prayers of these good women. "God shield and protect my child!" is the prayer of every good woman. To a bar-keeper in Huntsville, Alabama, I said: "I will steal before I will sell whiskey." He got mad. "Now, sir," I said, "there is that woman living on the hill. You made her husband a drunkard, and he died a drunkard's death and went to a drunkard's hell. One of her boys is now in prison, and the other is gone she knows not where. To ruin that family as you have done, or

to break into their house, and steal their money, which is worse?" "I don't want to discuss the subject," he said. I have had a great deal to do with whiskey-sellers, and a bigger-hearted set of fellows never lived. There are whiskey men to whom I would go for a favour rather than to many members of the Church. A fellow can "Brother" me around till he thinks I belong to him. You noble men in a thousand respects, let me say to you that the business you are in will curse you when you are dead and gone. There is not a whiskey man in this town to whom I would not do good. Some of you have done me favours that I can never forget. Your only hope in time and eternity is to renounce your traffic and come to God and live. Lock up your doors, and say, "I am done for ever!" I will take you arm in arm, and we will march to the good world together. I have had many a bar-keeper say to me: "I knew it was wrong from the day I started till the day I quit. The only way I could keep at it was to keep drunk all the time, to keep my conscience quiet." You may keep statistics on it, and you will find that the Lord makes you open your mouth and pours down your own throat just what you feed other people on. "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." How sin kills and dries up the sensibilities of a man! A man who could once have been of some account becomes a seared, parched carcase. He says, "I have got no feeling." Sin naturally destroys the sensibilities of a man, and leaves him as hard as the nether millstone. The natural tendency of sin is to take every brake off a man's moral nature, and turn him loose down-grade.

The train pulled through the tunnel thirteen miles from the bridge below in the valley. The engineer started her down the grade. In a few rounds of the wheels she was running a mile a minute, and thus whirled on until within

one mile of the bridge. He turned the lever of his air-brakes; they would not work. He caught his whistle-lever and pulled it. There they were, thundering along at seventy miles an hour. The brakemen could not get out to those brakes to save their lives. The motion of the train would throw them to the ground in a minute. The whole train plunged into the bridge—the mail-car, the baggage-car, the smoking-car, the passenger-cars—but the sleeper swung too far out and struck the bridge, and fell with a fatal crash into the river below. They could not stop, that was all. I frequently ride on the engine when travelling in Georgia, and when I came to your city the other day I was sitting on a magnificent Rogers engine. I saw "Slow" on the bridge down there. The engineer turned on his air-brakes, and the train was under control. The next power to that throttle—the power to start—is that other power, the power to stop. That is the next grandest power. The natural tendency of sin is to take off the brakes and turn the sinner loose on the down-grade to hell. On he rolls, and on he rolls, faster and faster, like poor Bob Hickey, in Rome, until, mad with delirium tremens, it took four friends to hold him on his bed. He said, "O doctors, is there any chance to save my life?" They said: "No, Bob. If you drink, you will die; if you don't drink, you will die." With wife and children hanging round his neck, his soul plunged into hell.

How long may we go on sinning
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

There are men in this city to-night who are just as certain to die drunk as that I am preaching here to you. God pity the poor man who will die of licentiousness! You leave

Christ and the life beyond to which you can never return. God save me from the phantasm that turns me down the fearful grade without a brake on my moral nature! There are men in this city who have sinned against God until their minds will not take hold on His truth. Their minds will no more take hold of Gospel truth than they could make a world. O God, have mercy on men who have sinned until they cannot grasp the sacred truth! "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death," to the death of his soul. I can certainly understand you when you say that a man's conscience is dead—his sensibilities are gone for ever; that he has sinned away his power to grasp the sacred truth, and that every brake is gone from a man's moral nature; but when you bring me to face the death of the soul, you make me tremble from head to foot. The death of the soul! What does it mean? Eternal death. Just put these two words before you—eternal death. Death eternal! "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to the death of his soul." What a thought! I shudder. What is death to the body? I walk up to that dying friend's bed. I look down upon him. I see he is passing away in the agony of death. I look at the twitching and jerking of the muscles. I turn away in horror from the picture. There is the glare on the eyes, jerking of the muscles, heaving of the bosom. This is only temporal death. What is eternal death? It is to die for ever. Thank God, there is no death to a good man! "He that liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."

SAYINGS.

I DESPISE theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers.

MORE people will be damned on account of their money than anything else.

THE natural tendency of sin is to take all the brakes off a man's moral nature, and turn him loose on the down-grade to hell.

HELL is the centre of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the centre of gravity for righteousness. This is the lineage of damnation, and the lineage of salvation.

WE Christian people vote to license liquor-selling, and make the saloon-keepers pay us enough money to pay for the coffins, and hearses, and graves of our poor drunken sons. God help us to quit killing our children!

FOR every bar-keeper in your city you can put down a dozen broken-hearted wives and mothers. Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching sixty thousand strong, annually, down into drunkards' graves and into a drunkards' hell. God holds the Christian people of this city accountable for all of this blood, and crime, and death, and hell. May God come down upon this city, and tear the grave-clothes from the body of this death and hell!

XI.

WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

(A SERMON TO THE CONVICTS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY.)

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."—(MATT. xi. 28—30).

THESE are the words not only of a Divine Saviour, but of a Divine Philosopher. I don't suppose there ever was so much sympathy concentrated in any human heart as the Lord Jesus possessed. He proclaimed Himself as a Divine Saviour, and demonstrated the fact that He was a Divine Philosopher. He invited all men to come to Him personally. Now, the great difficulty with the most of men is, that each one thinks that his case is unlike that of anybody else; that nobody has just the kind of trouble he has. Now, the great trouble with doctors is to find out just what the sickness is, and then they can try to relieve it immediately. Your child may be sick, and you feel worried, and call in a physician. The physician examines the child, and makes what is called a diagnosis of the case. So soon as the diagnosis is made, he can determine what the trouble is, and apply the remedy immediately. After the diagnosis is made, after the disease is located, any physician can treat the case. And the physician may possibly make a mistake in his diagnosis of the case; but the Lord Jesus Christ has never missed the diagnosis in a single case. He knows not only every man's heart thoroughly, but He can put his finger right on the spot where the disease is. And you

only walk up into the presence of the Divine Saviour, and, without putting His eye or finger on you, He knows and can tell you where you are weak; He knows where you need propping, doctoring, and patching up; He knows just your condition from head to foot. It follows conclusively, if a physician knows what is the matter with the man, then he knows what to do for him. In the sickness of my own children at home I watch the physician's face very closely as he diagnoses the case, and as long as I see an expression of doubt or care upon his face I feel very uneasy; but when at last I see the physician's face light up with a consciousness that he has located the trouble, and knows where it is, I am satisfied that the doctor has the case fully in hand. The Lord Jesus Christ runs his eyes through this immense number, and he knows where your trouble is [pointing at convicts]. He knows where you have broken down; He knows which wheel has broken down, and which side of the waggon, and how many spokes are out, and whether the hub is bursted. He knows you from bottom to top, through and through. He knows exactly how came you here; He knows exactly how long your term is; He knows exactly the condition under which you acted; He knows your wife; He knows where she lives; He sympathises with her every day, and he helps her with her burden; and He knows your children. God's great heart goes out in sympathy and love to you and your children. To have the sympathy of a great heart like Christ's, and then have his voice say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is enough to win anyone to be a Christian. Christ knows not only your trouble, and how to locate it, but He has got a remedy in Divine grace that will brace and strengthen you right where you broke down. I am so glad

that my Saviour not only loves and sympathises with me, but that He has got the very thing I want Him to give when I approach in prayer and supplication. He doesn't refer to bishops, or to priests, or to churches, or to angels. He just says to all the race of men: "Here I stand, with my heart gushing out like a river with love and sympathy, with my head ready to diagnose every case, and so come to Me." There is a good deal in confidence. If a man has unbounded confidence in a doctor, the doctor can almost make his indisposition respond to treatment, and it makes very little difference what the treatment is. It is a good deal like coming to Christ. "Lord Jesus, I have come to you; all other physicians have made a failure of me; and here I am; now I will put my case in your hands." I want to tell you, if you will put your case in God's hands, He will bring you out of this institution an honoured citizen. There is many a man in this world who has done far worse than you have. This, however, is no extenuation of your crime. You have sinned greatly in the sight of God, but God hates the sin, and if you will only come to Christ, He will receive you as freely as if you had not sinned. God loves a sinner. God leaps over these walls like a deer over the fence. God is in here every day, and He is in here in love to-day. Much worse things can be done to a man than to put him in a place like this.

The great trouble with man, when he is brought face to face with the Father, is his consciousness that "I am a prisoner; I am a prisoner in the sight of humanity; I am wearing these clothes, and humanity looks down on me." There is something in that that may make you drop your head for a moment; but drop it just for a moment to hear the voice of God say to you that He loves the poor prisoner as much as he does the Governor of this State. You go

outside of that wall, and the sun shines outside just like it does inside. So the great heart of God loves a man on the inside of these walls just like He does on the outside of these walls. God knows the life and nature of the sin of everyone here. I feel great sympathy for you all. It is no good in me that ever kept me out of such a place as this; but it was a fortunate circumstance, and the grace of God coming through a good mother; that's about all that kept me out of a place like this. My heart goes out in sympathy for you.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." You know the person to whom you are invited is the Lord Jesus Christ. Humanity is divided into two classes. The first is the class that is labouring to keep the law. They won't tell lies; they won't swindle anybody; they won't curse; they won't break the Sabbath; they are labouring to keep the law. I see your mistake; you come to me. The other class are the heavy laden. Every man in this world is either labouring and living upright, and honest, and respectable, or he is heavy laden with difficulty. You don't know what to do. Now, the Christian man who has gone to Christ has solved all his problems and difficulties. Are you labouring to be a good man? Are you labouring to reform your life? If you are, take Christ into partnership with you. I have never known a failure where Christ was in the firm. I have never known a success where Christ was not in. You need His great heart to comfort you; you need His great love to help you. You will fail if you do not take Him in. Some of you have begun to reform your lives, and have made the sacred vow to Christ that if you ever get out of here again, you will never get this State into trouble. Some of you have made that resolution, and you are going to stick to it. If you want to make your word good, come to Christ. Take Him in as a partner, and in

every transaction of your life, you let the Lord Jesus Christ scrutinize that transaction; and, if He doesn't approve of it, you let it alone. Do you know that every man in this prison made the mistake of his life by not listening to this book? Do you know that this book never made a convict, or put a man in a cell? You follow this book, and if you ever get into trouble, I will go into the penitentiary for you. There are heaps of fellows who thought they knew more than this book; but they generally got fooled and got into trouble in the end. They say there is no trouble in whiskey; yet the Lord says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red"—much less drink it—"for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When the poor fellow is in delirium tremens he then realizes that God told the truth when He said, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Some of you feel called upon before God and man. You are a poor sinner. There are one hundred here to-day who would be willing to stand up and say, "I am a poor sinner before God." You are the especial ones. Christ invites and names you first. "I know," says He, "every trouble that presses on your heart; now come to Me. I know how to relieve you, and how to bless you; come unto Me, and I will give you rest." When I was a sinner a few years ago, and was doing all the harm and wrong I could, I woke up, and my whole being was a raging stream; and I was so restless, that I fell down on my knees, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and when God came to me, and the Lord Jesus told me, "I have given you rest," then I thought to myself, "Is this rest?" I never knew what I wanted, and God named it for me, and it is rest.

The word "tired." If I wanted to understand what that word meant, I would not go to a dictionary, but would go to the poor fellow who had been carrying mortar up those flights of stairs to the top of that building. All day long he walks up and down those stairs, and about night I see his knees are tremulous and weak; they will hardly hold him up. When that fellow quits at sundown, I will ask him what is being "tired." He knows all about it. If anybody knows what unrest is, it is a poor sinner. The devil has got no mercy on a sinner. The devil will put his chains around our limbs, and trot us without stopping. That is his style, and there is many a man in here to-day who has got tired of that sort of business. The difference between the devil and the penitentiary is, that the penitentiary works you hard and boards you; but the devil puts you to the meanest, dirtiest jobs in the world, and makes you board yourself. Isn't it strange that anybody in the world will serve the devil, or do anything for him? O, to serve the devil, I must demoralise my moral nature; I must break my wife's heart and ruin my children!

I want to tell you this: There may be some of you in here who are innocent. There could hardly be so many punished without some being innocent. I don't know how many there are of that sort. I don't know whether there is one; but I will say to you: All the trouble you ever got into was when you turned your back on Christ, and turned your face on the devil, and did something that the devil wanted you to do and that Christ did not want you to do. This world has got to come to this fact: that the best thing a man can do is to do right; and that wrong is the worst thing a man can do. If you do right, it is a personal benefit; if you do wrong, you can never get over it. We see this when a man comes to the Lord Jesus

Christ. The Lord Jesus tells him there are some things he must not do, and there are some things he must do. Now, for instance, I will illustrate that. You see that old ox? He goes where he pleases, drinks when he pleases, eats when he pleases, roams where he pleases. I will go up and put a yoke on him, and then he eats and drinks when his master allows him, and then he works at just what his master puts him. And the Lord Jesus Christ calls on us, and He says: "When I say eat, you eat; when I say drink, you drink; when I say you lie down and sleep, you lie down and sleep. "Take My yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." There is a good deal of difference between rest and resting. You see a fellow that has been resting all day, and you ask him: "What are you doing?" And he says, "I am resting." As soon as he gets rested, he wants to get up and be doing something. A state of restlessness is a state of activity. When a sinner comes to Christ he is tired. Christ sits him down and allows him to rest. Now, he is rested, and he wants to do something. Now, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Here is a little stream of water flowing along smoothly, and that little stream in its frolics and courses says: "I am tired; I want rest." Man throws up a dam, and he sees the placid waters of the little stream pile on the dam, and there they are resting like a little child on its mother's arm. And it rests and rests, and again it begins to get dissatisfied and unhealthy; then the little creek says: "Now that I have got rest, I want to be turned loose and get rest." We see it turned loose, and it runs down and turns a mill-wheel, and then runs down and turns a factory-wheel; farther down it runs a machine shop. And so that little stream is finding rest in its usefulness as it goes to its

destination. Let us pile up our lives around the cross of our blessed Saviour, and stay there until we are perfectly rested in Christ; and when the rest comes He says to us, "Come out and bless the nations." Go to work on that plan every one of you, and help your neighbour. The sweetest rest a man ever had is the rest he finds in activity. I believe serving God is the only thing a man never gets tired of doing. Lots of the merchants say, "I am going to quit the mercantile business: it is too hard." Lawyers say: "I am going to quit the legal profession; I am worked to death." And doctors say: "I am going to drop out of the business, because it is too hard." I want to tell you that no lawyer or merchant in the world is any busier than I am; but I am going on until God calls me up higher. I would not swap places with President Cleveland—not that I would have the choice of swapping, but, thank God, my job lasts through eternity, and his only four years.

"Take my yoke upon you." All the trouble I ever got into was when I slipped that yoke and said, "I will do as I please;" and all the trouble I ever had was when I did what I pleased and as I pleased. And that is the reason you are here to-day. If you had listened to Christ, you would have been in a better place.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." He has no great desire to make His subjects bow down in submission. But he says: "Come to Me, children of men; 'I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'" There is quite a difference between given and found rest. I go out on the hills of Colorado and see scattered over those hills quartz full of gold. Sometimes there is a piece of gold in a quartz-rock worth twenty-five dollars. That gold you have only to pick up. But if you will take a spade or shovel and sink a shaft, you will find a vein of rich

gold that is worth millions. Now, when I get my pick and go down and find a ton of gold, that is found gold. That on top is given; that at the bottom is found. If you will come to Him, He has enough to make you a happy man. God put enough on top, but He says, "Go down." And the way up is down; "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

There is one good thing about Christianity: Christ not only knows all about me and heals me, but he tells me how to stay healed. He tells me how to do as a father and husband. My wife has a heap better husband since I obeyed Christ. He tells me how to act as a neighbour. He tells me how to obey my State and county, and I am a heap better citizen than I would have been had it not been for my association with Christ. My wife loves me, my neighbours respect me, and my State is proud to claim me as one of her sons. When I turn my back on Christ, I get into trouble. I want to tell you one secret in my life: I have never yet undertaken a thing without Christ's help, and without asking His help, but that I failed in it. I never asked Him to help me in a single thing that He did not help me through. Now, don't forget that. Religion is a good thing for a fellow down here in Tennessee. I am not a citizen; but if I was, I would want to be a religious man. Religion is a good thing down in Georgia and this State. There is nothing better in heaven than religion. When you have got religion, you have got the best thing in heaven or earth. Religion in this world is inlaid with pearl and gold. We receive a beautiful gift. We may lay it on the table in the parlour as a gift of a friend, and there it stays on the table, and we show it to our friends. One day some one handles it, and a hidden spring is touched, and the lid flies open, and there is the richest jewel inside. Religion is a

beautiful casket, and we show it to our friends; but when a Christian man touches the secret spring of his religion, heaven and everlasting life open out to him. Let us give our hearts to God, and accept religion, and when we die this will be a spring-board on which we can leap right into the glories of the world above. Some of you people may die in this prison. If you should die in this prison some morning about four o'clock, and die a Christian, and die in the sight of heaven, and wake up in a new world, and throw your eyes around over the jasper walls, and pearly gates, and golden streets, don't you reckon you would be happy? I want to tell you this incident from the penitentiary in Indiana: Several years ago there was a man incarcerated in prison for eight years. His time was nearly out. He had never taken any interest in religion. He took very little interest in the preaching of the Gospel at the prison. Just before his time was out a man came in to preach, and took this text: "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succour thee." This poor fellow heard the sermon and was converted. After a few days his time was out, and he put on a suit of citizen's clothes, and walked out into the city; and when he walked out on the streets, he looked up and down and said: "What can I do? I have not a friend in the world; I have not a dollar in my pocket, nor any work to do. Here I am." "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and he will succour thee." And he lifted his eyes up to God: "O God, if you will help me for two days so I won't do anything wrong, then I will be a Christian man for ever." He had not more than got the prayer out of his mouth when, casting his eyes up the street, he saw a horse with a phaeton hitched to it coming down at full speed. Every one was getting out of the way, and no one stopped the horse. This man saw a piece of plank on the sidewalk,

and he took it, and as the horse came by, he hit him on the head, and the horse fell in his tracks. Inside the buggy was a three-year-old boy unhurt, unharmed. Directly the father of the boy came running down the street, and when he reached the carriage and saw his sweet little boy unhurt, he asked, "Who was it?" They pointed to the poor convict, and the man ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar gold piece and handed it to him. As he took the gold piece, the fellow thought, "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succour thee." Directly a man asked, "Where do you live?" and the poor fellow said, "I have no home in the world." "Won't you come to my house to dinner to-day?" and he gave him his name, with street and number. After dinner he told this good man his life—how he had come out of prison, and how the man had given him twenty dollars. When he got through, the man said: "Well, sir, I am a Christian man, and if you want to be a good man I will help you; you can have a position in my store, and work in my family." And, to-day, in the city of Indianapolis, that man is one of the leading Christian merchants of the city, and goes on his way to bless God and humanity. If you want to do right and get along in this world, call on God, and the first thing you know God will work out this problem for you.

I am just from my home in Cartersville, Georgia. O what a pleasure to go down and spend twenty-four hours with my wife and children! How glad they were to see me! O there are men here to-day who would give almost anything to go home and spend twenty-four hours! Let us give ourselves to God, and by-and-bye, when this old world is burned up, we shall be in heaven above, with wife and children, and love and honour. I want to see how many of you men and women feel in your hearts that you want

to be good, and want the prayers of Christians. And I am in a position to ask all the Christian people of this city to pray for you. I want every one who would call upon God in this time of trouble to stand up. I trust we may meet in heaven. I pray God to bless your wives and children.

SAYINGS.

In a town in Georgia a number of girls married men to reform them, and now the town is full of little whip-poor-will widows.

Whiskey is a good thing in its place; but its place is in hell. If I go there, I will drink all I can get; but I won't drink a drop of it here.

If you will come to Christ, He has enough to make you a happy man. God put enough on top, but says, "Go down;" and the way up is down. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The difference between the devil and the penitentiary is, the penitentiary works you hard and boards you; but the devil puts you to the meanest, dirtiest jobs in the world, and makes you board yourself.

Religion is a beautiful casket, which we show to our friends in our character; and when its secret spring is touched, heaven and eternal life open out to us. "A white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

XII.

CONDITIONS OF PARDON.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 JOHN i. 9.

THIS is an epitome of the Gospel. It is wonderful how the whole Gospel—that is, my side of the Gospel—can be compressed into three lines of this book; but thus we have it. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now, to-night, let us mix love and logic, the grandest compound ever put together in the universe. I want to get on your side to-night; the fact is, I want to live on humanity's side of the Gospel, especially when I am in the pulpit. I want to look in the face of every man and woman here to-night, and say this: God loves the meanest man as much as He loves the best man in this city. God loves the meanest man that ever cursed this earth as much as He loves the best man that lives on the face of the earth. I have listened to some sermons and have said: "Surely, God is mad with somebody. God has a grudge against some people, and is waiting to get them into a tight place to catch them. God is mad with these sinners, and will pour out the vials of His wrath on their devoted heads." But God's name and nature are love. It is just as natural for God to love everything in the range of His heart as it is for the sun to shine on everything in the range of its light. The sun shines because it is its nature to shine. It shines on that dead tree and on the blossoming rose alike, because

it is the nature of the sun to shine on all things that come within the radius of its rays. God loves every being that ever came under the burning rays of His heart. The most obdurate, hardened heart—the good, the bad—God loves all alike, because it is His nature to love. God can no more help loving every man than the sun can help shining. Why, some sinners who hear me to-night think that the prayers of a sinner are an abomination to the Lord. That is a mistake as long as eternity. Listen: "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination." You ask the Lord on the street to damn somebody. That prayer is an abomination, but the prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," is the sweetest music that ever charmed the ear of God. I don't know whether it is the fault of us preachers or not, but every old sinner thinks he has to take a week's journey through the wilderness to get to heaven. He has got to beat his way through briars, and gullies, and creeks, and swamps, before he can get to heaven. There is but one road. Heaven is at one end, hell at the other. Every man in this city is on the road to heaven. The road to hell is the road to heaven. Here is hell, and there is heaven. It is not so much which road you are on as which way you are going. The meanest sinner doesn't have to take a week's journey to get to heaven. Turn round, and you are in the road to heaven. As soon as he gets turned round he is going to heaven. Therefore my book says, "Repent," and that means turn round. Turn round, and you are travelling with the best man. I wish this world of thinking men could see that there is but one road in the moral universe of God. Hell is at one end and heaven at the other end. Turn your back on one, and you are moving toward the other.

Let us come to this text and think a moment. Here

we are in the road to-night, and it is the only road in the universe. If I am turned by this text, I am right. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." In other words, if I repent of my sins, He is faithful and just to forgive. Now, we say that repentance is to start a man on his way to God. This is just what the alphabet is to the man of letters. When I was a little boy at my mother's knee, learning the alphabet, I repeated the letters from A to Z, and then backward, and by sample lots, and my mother finally said: "You know your letters, my son; now you can begin to spell." I said: "I have had a tough time with these A B C's, but mother says I am ready to spell." I thought that would be harder, but just as my eye fell on that page, I found it was covered with A B C's. When I got over to "baker," I found I could not even spell "baker" without the alphabet. When I got over to "publication," I said, "Surely I am almost ready for my diploma;" but I could not spell "publication" without my A B C's. When my mother said, "Get your First Reader," I said, "Goodbye, A B C's—now I am done with you for ever;" but I found that from the first page to the very last they were all covered with A B C's. The eye could not read a line without them. The teacher said, "Tell your mother to get you a grammar." I found the grammar covered from the first page to the last with the alphabet. When my teacher said, "Tell your mother to get you an arithmetic," thinks I, "Arithmetic is the science of numbers;" but I could not state a mathematical problem without the alphabet. So from the beginning on, until a man graduates, he deals all the time with the alphabet; and even his very diploma is written in the alphabet. From the first step to the last he is working up through the alphabet. He never could move an inch without it. Now,

sinner, the first thing I did was to repent. I have been repenting every day since. Thank God for repentance! It it is the first thing to be done, and be sure to make it the last thing before you leave the world. I am so glad that God will forgive a man when he repents. My hope is based on the fact that God will forgive a man every time he repents.

"If we confess our sins." I like that expression. A man is never ready to confess his sins until he has quit his sins. You let an old drunkard get religion and join the Church, and you will hear him say he was the biggest old drunkard this country ever saw; but you tackle that red-nosed fellow before he repents, and he will say that he does not know how liquor tastes. He hasn't quit. Drink not only debauches a man for time and eternity, but there is not a drinking man in this city who does not lie about it every time he talks about it. If he takes twenty drinks a day, he will say he takes only ten; if ten, only one. It will make a truthful man lie. Have you ever got to where your wife didn't believe you? The gullibility of a good wife is astonishing. When I told my wife about it after I quit, she was astonished at the whiskey I had drank. When a man commences confessing, he has quit then. Get a gambler converted, for instance, and in every meeting when he gets up he will say, "I was the worst gambler in the city;" but you get up one of those black-legs, and he will say, "I don't know one card from another." He has not quit; that is all. I had two fellows up for drinking: one said, "I went to town and took one little drink, and it flew to my head, and I hope you will forgive me." He told two lies in one little confession. He said he took just one little drink, and that will make nobody but a fool drunk. He said he wanted forgiveness, and that was a lie; for if a man lies in one thing, he will lie in another. The other fellow got up and said: "Brethren, I

made a brute of myself and got beastly drunk, and disgraced myself and my family; but, brethren, if you can and will pardon me for that, and help me, I will not do so again." I said: "He is done: he is not a liar; he confesses to the bottom." A man's reformation never goes deeper than his confession, and "an honest confession is good for the soul." I will tell you that some of you Church members will never get straight with God until you make confession to your church. I would get up there and shell the corn down right lively.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us." Now, to confess means simply this: I have quit; I am done. Repentance—I am done; I have quit. If repentance does not mean reformation, it does not mean anything; and reformation is repentance. I recollect in one town where I was preaching, four young men came up to the altar, and they smelled like a Robertson county still-house. I encouraged them, and all four were back next night—two sober, but the other two still smelling of whiskey. The following night they were all back again—three sober this time and one drunk; and I said to the drunken one, "You git, sir; you git!" He didn't mean business, did he? I help that sort out every time. I will give a fellow forty-eight hours, and those forty-eight hours will put the test to him. The best man I ever knew in my life came to the altar so drunk that he didn't know who he was. If you are drunk to-night I don't care, so you are sober to-morrow. There are some men in this city who will have to get religion drunk if they get it at all, for they never draw a sober breath. I do believe God will save a man when he is drunk. It is not so much how the fellow stood then, but what is his attitude now? Old Uncle Jimmy Payne, the most saintly man we ever had, stopped at

the corner grocery while his wife went to meeting. One night meeting held a little longer than usual, and he went down to church. He was so drunk he did not know who he was. When the call was made for persons wishing to join the church, he walked right up the aisle and gave the preacher his hand, to the disgust of everybody. His wife was shamed almost to death, but she got him home and put him to bed. In the morning she told him what he had done. She said, "Don't you know you joined the Church last night?" "No." "Yes, you are a Church member." He said he was not. "Yes, you are." He said, "Did I join?" She told him he did. He lay perfectly still a minute, and then said, "If I did, I will stick up to it;" and he did stick until God called him higher. I like that—I mean that sticking part. I reckon he must have got Presbyterian religion, but he made a good Methodist. I declare to you he was one of the most saintly men I ever saw, and that was the way he started. It is not what you are when you set out, but will you stick up to it? If I was the biggest sinner in this city to-night I would listen to this text: "If we confess [quit], He is faithful and just to forgive us." Preaching in my own town last fall, I said: "You have seen me drunk many a time; but if you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will never see it again. Boys, you have heard me swear a thousand oaths; but if you live till your heads are as white as snow, you will never hear it again." The definition that an old lady once gave me of repentance is better than all the books can give. She said: "I'll tell you what repentance is. It is being so sorry for your meanness, that you won't do it any more." I like that doctrine. I will tell you what religion is. It is this: If God will just forgive me for it, I don't want to do it any more. Repentance means, I am done. Religion is, I am

so glad to be forgiven I will never want to do it any more. Now you have got it in a nut-shell, where you can get hold of it. As I look you in the face to-night, if you are ready to say, "I am done, I will quit," God will put His hand on you and save you. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

My little Bob, when he was five years old, had more sense than I had when I was twenty-five. I got home one Monday afternoon, walked into the house and met wife, but no children at home. "Where are the children?" She said: "Dr. George Smith has a children's meeting this afternoon, and they have gone to hear him" "I am glad they are interested." By-and-bye little Bob came in ahead of all the other children. He is the littlest fellow for his age you ever saw in your life. He is not like his father. I kissed him. "Bob," his mother asked, "what sort of a meeting did you have?" "We had a good meeting. Mr. Smith asked us all up to the altar." "Did you go, Bob?" "Yes. Mr. Smith said if I would come up and ask the Lord, He would forgive me." "Did He forgive you, Bob?" "Yes, sir; and made me feel good." "But suppose you get bad again, what then?" "I expect I will wait till Mr. Smith comes round again, and ask the Lord to forgive me again." If I go up and confess my sins, God will forgive me. If any man sin again, we have an Advocate with the Father. I wish I had known as much when I was twenty-five years old. I would just have got down and confessed, and then went on and confessed again. That same little fellow at Bush Arbour, came out on the porch about sundown, and said, "Papa, I am going to get a blessing to-night." "Who blesses folks, Bob?" "The good Lord blesses them." "How does He bless them?" "They go up and promise to do better, and the Lord blesses them."

At night, when the preacher said, "I am going to invite all you that want pardon to come up here and kneel down," Bob was sitting by his mother, and said: "Don't hold me, please ma'am; I want to go there and get a blessing." Soon he was kneeling at the altar, praying the Lord to give him that blessing. I lost sight of him in the crowd when the meeting closed, but he ran out and caught me by the hand. "Did you get a blessing?" "Yes, sir; I got it." One Sunday morning the pastor of the church read out seventy-six names. Bob was sitting back there with his mother, and directly he broke out crying as if his heart would break. "What is the matter, Bob?" "Mr. Robbin never read out my name at all." His mother gave his name to the preacher, and when he read out, "Robert W. Jones," the little fellow's face brightened up and he was satisfied.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." I will take this broad promise and invite a world upon it. Here is a promise broad enough for every sinner in this city to-night. I tell the sinner sometimes that this is illustrated by the way they arrange the drinking-pools on the stock-farms out West. They put a board wall around the pool, and when the cattle are driven up there is no water in sight—not a single drop in the trough; but an old thirsty ox goes up on the platform, and forces the water up into the trough by his own weight, and he drinks and slakes his thirst. Mr. Tyndall climbed up on some theological platform and looked in, and said, "There is not a drop of water in that trough." I tell my friends that it is getting up on that platform. If you do, you will force the water of salvation up to quench the thirst of your dying soul, and you will go home saved. If we can get you up—and we can if you will take God at His word—if you will confess your sins, God is faithful and just to forgive, but He has something

better than that. I thought pardon was grand and glorious, but He has said: "I will separate your sins from you as far as the east is from the west. I will blot them out, and remember them no more for ever." You say, "If I get to heaven I can never hold my head up, I have done so many mean things." I thought so too till I ran across that blessed old Psalm, "I will blot out your sins and remember them no more for ever." I never saw it illustrated better than when I was preaching at Fifth and Walnut, in Louisville. One of the best men I ever worked with was Rev. J. C. Morris. He said in meeting that he had been a mean sinner before conversion, and his aged mother afterward said to him: "Jimmy, what makes you say you have been mean? You have been good all your life." That was a little of the Spirit of God in that old mother's heart. We shall walk the golden streets just as if we had never done any wrong in the world. "Who will lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" It is His hand that justifies. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I will tell you how it is. If a sinner is condemned to be hanged the next Friday, and breaks out in a bad fever, he is in a sorry fix. If he doesn't die with the fever, he will be hanged. There is that impending sentence hanging over the sinner; and in addition to that, there is a moral corruption that would ruin him if there were no God, or devil, or hell. There is not much use looking after his fever until we get a pardon for him. If I can wring that from the Governor, then I want the best doctor in the country to go to work on him. I know we are corrupt by nature. The first thing we want is pardon. God says He will not only pardon us, but cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Thank God for that! Is there anything that a man has

done that the Gospel of the Son of God won't remedy? But that poor fellow says, "If I wash up I am afraid I won't hold out, humanity is so weak." Poor humanity! The Gospel is nothing more or less than a line of waggon-shops on the way to heaven to mend your vehicle and start you on the road again. I rolled my old broken-down humanity under the waggon-shop of the cross. In a few minutes it was fixed from tongue to coupling-pole. I was fixed up for time and eternity, and I started; but, sir, I didn't get a mile until down came a wheel. I said: "I will give it up; I am gone." I looked up the roadside, and the waggon-maker said: "Just bring that waggon here, and I will fix it up." "How much do I owe you?" I said, when the repairs were made. "Nothing; only promise to stop at the next shop if you break down." I didn't go two miles till smash came down one of the axles. I said: "I am breaking down every mile. I might as well quit." "Bring that axle up here; I am fixing axles. I charge you nothing; only be sure and stop at the next shop if you break again." "I have been too careless;" but soon I made a quick turn, and pop went the tongue; and I was about to give it up for ever, when another waggon-maker said, "Bring it up here; I am working in the interest of waggons going in the right direction." I don't believe I have got the linchpin of the old waggon I started with, it has broken down so many times; but if the shops hold out, I am going through. I was talking with an old soldier who had been travelling all his life. I said, "Brother, do the shops hold out?" He answered: "They do. It is not half a year since I was in a shop myself." Thank God, no man ever broke down out of sight of a shop!

Let us make a start. The question is not, "Have I got religion enough to take me to heaven?" but the question is, "Have I got enough to start?" Right is right, and I am

going to do it; wrong is wrong, and I am going to quit it. Once, while admiring the locomotive that was to draw our train from Atlanta to Chattanooga, I heard the engineer ask his fireman, "Have we steam enough to start with?" The reply was, "Yes, sir." On looking at the steam-gauge, I observed that the register was but sixty pounds, and that the capacity of the boiler was one hundred and forty. I wondered why so light a pressure was deemed sufficient; but the train had not run to the Chattanooga River—less than seven miles—before I saw the engine blowing off steam; it already had too much. And so it was at intervals all along the route. I found that the locomotive generated steam faster when running than when stationary. Mark you, that engineer did not ask, "Have we steam enough to run to the river, or to Chattanooga?" but, "Have we steam enough to *start* with?" Glory to God! we generate power while in motion faster than when standing still. Lord Jesus Christ, let men see that all they need is to step out in the right direction! O, how I want to see men make this start! Success for both worlds depends on a start. Where the road is rough, the shops are thick; and just as sure as you live, they hold out to the next world. Before we leave this place to-night, I wish I could see a thousand persons rise up and say: "As for me, I want to start to the good world to-night. I am tired of a life of sin; I give myself to God." While we stand and sing, I want every person who has more important business than looking after his soul's eternal welfare to leave at once. There is a chance for every one of us if we will start. I have tried to illustrate scriptural truth, so you might take it in in all its beauty and power before we leave this assembly to-night. To stand up means to start. Did you know that? I have seen thousands of souls stand up, and those souls are now rushing on to the good world. We are

going to ask every man here present to-night to stand up. I hope every person who wants to be a Christian will stand up. Thank God!

SAYINGS.

IT is just as natural for God to love everything within the range of His heart as it is for the sun to shine on everything within the range of his light. The sun shines on the dead tree and the blooming rose alike; and God loves the good and bad alike, because His nature is love.

THERE is but one road. Heaven is at one end and hell at the other end. The road to hell is the road to heaven. The only difference is in the way you are going. It is not so much what road you are on, but which way you are going. The meanest sinner only has to turn round and face the other way, and he is on the way to heaven.

THE Gospel is a line of waggon-shops on the way to heaven. I rolled my old broken-down humanity under the waggon-shop of the cross; and in a few minutes I was fixed up from tongue to coupling pole. And I rolled out; but I didn't get a mile before down went a wheel. I looked up the road-side and saw a shop, and the waggon-ma er said, "Bring your waggon here, and I will fix it up." I didn't go two miles before smash went an axle. Then I broke the tongue; and from the breaking and mending I don't think that by this time I have even a linchpin left of the waggon I started with.

XIII.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(A SERMON TO MEN).

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

THIS service, as announced before, is held, with special reference to commercial travellers, or drummers, as we commonly call them. I will give them their proportion of this service. There are here many drummers, and more who are not drummers. We will give to you drummers in proportion to your numbers—no more, no less. There is no life that has the wear and tear of the drummer's life. No nobler, bigger-hearted set of men ever lived, and walked, and travelled on the face of the earth than these men called drummers. I have been intimately associated with the drummers. I meet them at the hotels, on the streets, and on the trains, and a bigger-souled set of men I have never met; and harder cases than some of them I have never met. Now, that is about your proportion of the service; but we will go along as men. Now, I want to say to you as men, husbands, sons, fathers, no matter what your calling may be, I will reach your case either as a husband, as a father, or as a son; for we all occupy one of these three relations. Now, we take the text, "Be not deceived." We say in the first place that there are three absolute impossibilities in this life. There may be a thousand, but we know of three absolute impossibilities. In the first place, it is absolutely impossible for a man continuously

and successfully to practice a fraud upon his immortality. If you are a good man, you know it; if you are not a good man, you know it. I care not how much you may bring to bear the flattery of your friends and your self-pride, if you are not a good man God breaks the silence of eternity and brings you face to face with the fact of what you are, who you are, and whither you are going. God will not let a man lie down and sleep his way to hell. I know there are times when we are easy. There are times of great quietude of soul, when men do not think, or reason, or obey, but move along indifferently. If you are not all right in your relations to God and eternity, he wakes you up now and then, and shows you the fact—thank God that is true!—that no man can successfully and persistently practice a fraud on his own immortality.

We say, in the first place, that no man can successfully and continuously practise a fraud upon his neighbour. If you are not a good man, your neighbour knows it. Why, sir, if you should dress up in disguise tomorrow night, and go over and spend an hour with your neighbour, and get him to talk about you, you would hang your head after the first fifteen minutes; and you would walk off and say, "I had no idea anybody in the world thought thus of me." A good man is like a city set on a hill. You cannot hide him. You can see him for miles in the distance. There are men now before me, who, if they knew that I know as much as I do about them would not be here to-night. You would never look me in the face any more. Do you know that there are some men listening to my voice to-night who think they are all right, while there are thousands of men who know they are unfaithful to their wives? who know that it was your buggy that drove up there every time you went? You think nobody knew it. You built that house for somebody. You think it is all managed by your agent, and that nobody

knows that woman doesn't pay any rent. They know that you are the fellow paying the rent. Ah me, my fellow-citizens! if we could realise that we are not practising a fraud on our neighbours—that they know if our lives are not right! You think nobody knows you gamble. You walk out on the street in a magnificent suit of clothes, and nobody, you think, knows you gamble! You would be astonished to find that so many children know you are a gambler. You are not fooling anybody but yourself. You think that everybody in town is stupid and unobservant. You think that everybody believes you are a sheep, because you have a little patch of wool on your head about as big as a penny! People know who you are every time you cross the road in a bed of snow. You know there is a great difference between a wolf's track and a sheep's track. By their tracks you shall know them. If you are not a good man, you would be astonished to learn how many of your brothers know it. Some of these preachers know it, but they would not say anything about it for the world. They never talk about their neighbours. They are right, it may be. But let us meet this truth, as deep and broad as this world: You are a living epistle known and read of all men. As you live, your life goes out before the world.

Then, in the next place, we say it is absolutely impossible for a man to practice a fraud upon God Almighty. He knows you from head to foot. He knows you through and through—where you go; how much it costs. God's own eye rests upon you every moment of your life. Hear me, my fellow-countrymen, to-night! You are not practising a fraud on yourselves nor your neighbour; for your neighbour knows you as you are. I won't call your name, but you know your number. When a fellow's number is called, he will answer every time away down in his soul. If there is

anything I love it is a transparent man, who is pure from head to foot, with nothing to conceal. A man ought to live so as to maintain his own self-respect before the world. He ought to live so as to maintain the respect and confidence of the God who made him, and the God who will finally judge him. Help us, O God, to conform our lives to these eternal truths! "Be not deceived." You know your number, and God knows you; for God is not mocked. That is a wonderfully strong expression. The literal translation of that verse is about this: You need not be turning up your nose at God and playing pranks on Him; He knows you from head to foot. There is many a fellow playing pranks on his neighbour, his wife, and his mother; but God says: "You need not try to play pranks on Me. I have numbered every hair on your head."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Now, you face one of the most fearful passages in the Word of God. You know that this is a passage that all men are agreed upon. Jew and Gentile, atheist and believer, infidel and Christian, all centre here, and stand on this platform: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This text would be just as true if you had found it in Hume's "History of England." This is as true now as when God said it. It is true whether there is any God or not, or whether there is a hell or not. Whether anything else is true in the moral universe, it is true that what a man sows that he shall also reap. I have read about that worm that never dies—about the fires that are never quenched; but this most fearful of the pages puts me to forging out the chains that shall bind me for ever—puts me to incubating the egg that shall hatch the worm that shall gnaw me for ever and ever. This is true in the physical world around us. If I go into my

field and plant grain, from the day the grain drops from my hand until I gather it into my crib, I do not expect anything but grain. If I sow wheat, I do not expect anything but wheat; if I go into my garden and sow a row of lettuce, I expect lettuce. Whatever I sow I reap. Then I notice, in examining the physical world, not only that everything produces its like, but I want you to notice the multiplying nature of seed. A preacher of our Conference—a man whose word I would take as soon as I would my precious mother's—said he saw a seed of oats come up in his garden. He removed the weeds, worked around the seed, and let it mature. He at last pulled up the single stalk of oats and counted the seeds. Eight thousand seven hundred grains of oats had come from a single grain. If you should take these grains and sow them, you would get fifty bushels. Take these fifty bushels and sow them, and the next year you will have two thousand bushels. Sow them, and next year you will have multiplied you stock prodigiously. By-and-bye we could, by continuing this process, have this world a hundred feet deep in oats, and all from one little grain. Away back yonder, in the garden of Eden, Adam dropped one little sin in that garden; and the world is full of sin and full of woe, all from one little sin dropped in the Garden of Eden. O, the multiplying nature of seed! Now, we want to say that every man in this universe is a seed-sower. We are going along through this moral world with a basket of moral seed. At every step we scatter the seed to the right and to the left—not on these mountains and in these valleys, but in human hearts; and they will all come up and produce just like the seed we sow. When a seed falls from your hand, it is gone for ever. There is a story of a Catholic woman who went to a priest to confess, which well illustrates this power of reproduction in moral seed. In her

confession she said, among other things, "I have tattled about my neighbours." Said the priest: "Now, go and get a basket of thistle seeds, and scatter them along the pathway between this and your house." In an hour she returned, saying, "I have done my penance." "Now, before I absolve you," said the priest, "I want you to go and gather up all those seeds, and bring them back to me." Never, never can you undo the mischief you have done in that statement. Once the seed falls from your hand, it is gone for ever. You hear men talk and say, "I have no influence." Well, you are a dog if you have not. A man without influence is a moral monstrosity, and a blank in the universe of God. Find me a man in this town without influence. Yes, if I were to say to you to-morrow, "You have no influence in this town," you would feel like knocking me down; but you will lie about it yourself. "I have no influence: I am not influencing anybody." Every step of your life you are sowing seed on your way, and they come up and grow up just like the seed you sow. This is the world for sowing; yonder is the world for reaping. O, my God, what a harvest awaits some men who hear my voice to-night! Some of you men who hear my voice have sowed enough seed of evil to damn the world, if it just has time enough to propagate itself. A man sows on, and the harvest is produced and reproduced. I say to you all to-night, you have got men out in your cemetery whose sowing curses this city, and will curse it as long as it is a city. They are buried, the flesh has perished from their bones, but green fields are growing to a harvest of damnation all around us. They sowed the seed; we reap the harvest. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Do you dispute that? Do you deny that proposition? The premise is sound, and the logic is as clear as the mind of God. Sow

whiskey, reap drunkards! How many men in your city have crossed the line for ever? They will die drunk as certain as God reigns in heaven. They will never stop. Have you ever taken the statistics and counted the men who have crossed the line over which not one in five thousand ever comes back? They are the harvest of the bar-rooms as much as the green oats are the harvest of that field you sowed months ago. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Then I will say one crop of drunkards is but the seed of another crop. The saddest spectacle of earth is to see a drunken father who has debauched his body with drink. Every child born to such a man is a half drunkard from the first breath he draws. If your wife was not a sober woman, what would become of your progeny? If she was a drunkard, your children would be full-fledged drunkards the day they are born.

There was a young man at Dr. Haygood's school who became very dissipated in his habits. His father was wealthy, and after many efforts to reform the boy, he wrote Dr. Haygood, saying: "I am out of patience with that boy; he may go the dogs." Said Dr. Haygood: "Come here; I want to talk to you about this boy." Dr. Haygood asked him: "Were you not a moderate whiskey-drinker at the time of this boy's birth?" He had to acknowledge he was. "Was not your father also a hard drinker, and did not your wife's father die a drunkard?" "Yes, it is true." Just count up the pedigree, and see that he was the result of many generations of drunkards. Here are facts; you can't dodge them. You drunkards will bring on a crop of drunkards that will curse your city by-and-bye. Fill a town with bar-rooms to propagate a lot of drunkards who become fathers of drunkards, and thus the world goes on to death and hell! To the father who drinks let me say, Eternal issues are in

every cup you turn up to your lips. How a man can give his consent to drink, and see at home a poor little innocent child brought into the world half a drunkard, is a profound mystery to me. Poor wretch, poor man! Sow whiskey, reap drunkards! Now, my brethren, on this whiskey line I am not fighting men; I am fighting whiskey. There is where my fight is. Some of the biggest men in this city are selling thousands of gallons of whiskey every week. My fight is with that stuff you are dealing in. It damns everything it touches. It is cursing my race. There is enough whiskey in this town to debauch your children for years and years. Hear, you fathers, a moment—you drinking fathers: A brother said to me that he was down town the other day and walked into one of these groceries. They are a peculiar kind of grocery: they have the provision in front and a bar-room in the rear—Methodist groceries, Presbyterian groceries. You can go in to get a pound of soda, and get a drink without suspicion. Said the proprietor, "Come in and take a glass of lager-beer." He walked back, and when the lager-beer was drawn, he turned it up to his lips. He then noticed, for the first time, his little Willie, five years old, pulling his finger and saying, "Papa, what is that you are drinking?" As he walked out of the grocery, he said: "My little boy pulled my finger again and said, 'Tell me, Papa, what was that you were drinking?' On the street he asked me again, 'What was that you drank down there?'" He said: "I would give almost anything in the world if I could call that back. I am afraid that one thing will make a drunkard of my poor little boy."

Where I was preaching once, a young man, about twenty years old, who was a hard drinker, came to the services, and continued to come. The third night he turned over and went to sleep. His father got him home and put him to

bed, and watched him next morning, and when he got up said to him: "Oh, my son, do not go back to town! Give your heart to God, like your father did." "Get out of my way; don't stop me here," said the son. "Your mother's heart is bleeding at every pore. Stop drinking, and give your heart to God," said the father. Do you know, father, who gave me the first drink? You were the first being that ever pressed drink to my lips." The father, who is now a steward in the Methodist Church, said: "I just turned my poor boy loose. He is drunker to-day than he was yesterday." O me! what must that father feel? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow whiskey, and reap drunkards! I am not astonished that you have men in this city who are ruined by whiskey; but I am astonished that you have not ten drunkards where you have one. It is nothing but the prayers of these precious wives and mothers clinging to God that keeps these boys all from going to dissipation and to ruin.

There are men in this town who boast that they haven't any boys. Their boys are all girls. You are not afraid of your children drinking. You keep on fooling around, and run that schedule a little longer. I will tell you how the devil will get even with you: The first thing you know he will pack off half-a-dozen drunken sons-in-law on you. You have got him then, havn't you? If you will give the devil a thousand years, and let him keep busy at it all along, he can't beat that. There he sits out there. My, my! if you just knew how the father, mother, sisters, and brothers of your wife feel, could you just know how they look upon you, if you could realise how all your poor wife's people look on you, you would think sure enough the devil had played a joke on the whole concern. There is my daughter, as sweet and pure a girl as ever lived, and she lives with a

drunkard, and their children are half drunkards the day they are born. I would rather bury my little girls to-night than for them to have to live with drunkards! A drunkard for a son-in-law! Lord God, help us to stop this sowing! As long as you pass it down the line, it will produce and reproduce a harvest sufficient to make the devil tremble!

Sow profanity, reap profanity. Some of you are going around telling that I said the other night that a man who swore would steal; but I said he wouldn't steal, and I told you why he wouldn't. I am not slandering you, you cursing fellows, but defending you—I only told you why you wouldn't steal. "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not swear." There is money in one and none in the other. I start around stealing; and here are sheriffs, and chain-gangs, and court-houses. I say they won't steal—they won't. I will die by you. You take a cursing man and let him have a chance, and he will go two miles and steal a bee-gum, go a mile farther and steal a sheep, and stay with the lowest-down people on the road all night. In the war we tried you. If there is a fellow here who didn't steal anything in the war let him stand up. If a man will steal in the war, why not steal at home? Why, he runs up on a sheriff and chain-gang at home. The fellow who will break one commandment will break them all if you turn him loose. Sow profanity, reap profanity. What a harvest of profanity curses this city day by day! The saddest sight in the world is to see little bits of boys going on the streets cursing.

Some time ago a woman came up on a train accompanied by her little grandson, and there were two men on the train uttering oaths. She heard the swearing, and saw the little fellow's attention was drawn to it. She put her fingers in her little grandson's ears. "Hold on, grandma; I can't

stand that any longer!" She was forced to appeal to them: "Gentlemen, do stop that swearing. In God's name, do not swear any more so that my little grandson can hear it!" Sow profanity, reap profanity. In a certain town in Georgia there was a father, the most profane man the world ever saw—I am touching on you swearers right along here—nearly every other word was an oath. He was a merchant, and was standing on the sidewalk with a gentleman when his little boy was tripped by a passer-by, and came near falling. The boy turned round to the man who tripped him and swore with the volubility of a sailor. The father and the other gentleman listened to it. "Hear me," said the father: "I will never swear another oath while I live." Before that boy was four years old there was the harvest of hell. God pity the brute—the human brute—that will swear before his child! I don't believe there is a hog—a regular old piney-woods razor-back hog down in Georgia—low enough to degrade its young in such a despicable way as that. You ought to have been in hell, sir, before you had a child born to you! Sow profanity, reap profanity. Now, we are going on logic. You can't dodge it to save your life.

Sow cards, reap gamblers. Do you know that nine gamblers in every ten were reared in Christian families? There is not a more polite, well-bred set of men in this city than the gamblers. Now, listen to me, brother: You sow cards in your family, and you will reap gamblers. Some of you old Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have had cards in your families, and you think your boy is the best fellow in town. The police raided him last night, and he was around asking the reporters to keep his name out of the papers. God help us to stop rearing gamblers in Christian families! You go and get that pack of cards that

is in your house and burn it up. No harm in cards! You train that boy if you play. By-and-bye he will have to put up a little to make it interesting, and then because he wants to win something; and on and on he goes, taught by Christian father and mother to play. He plays on and on, till finally he loses his last dollar. He watches which room the winner goes to, slips into the room, draws a dagger from his belt, walks forward in the pale glare of the moon, and drives it into the bosom of his victim! That boy was reared in a Christian home. His father taught him how to draw that dagger to take that man's life.

Progressive eucher! That is the spider-leg game. There is not a spider-leg in this town who doesn't play progressive eucher; and he thinks it is a charming game! If there were no harm in playing cards in this universe, I have a contempt for a man who has got time to do it. You old silly-headed goose, you never read five hundred pages of a solid book in your life, and here you are playing cards, and your old mother has to give you money to get shaved! A barber in this town said: "I am so glad Mr. Jones hit the spider-legs. I want them to come up and pay me what they owe me." I can't describe the spider-legs, but every day or two I meet one, and could show him to you. He looks as if he had been melted and poured into his clothes. He thinks progressive eucher is a magnificent game. And the german, sir; O he is a sight on a german! I would as soon see a shaggy Scotch terrier with his paws around my daughter as to see a spider-leg with her. I have some choice as to who shall dance with my daughter, and you, sir, shall not have that privilege. Now, boys, don't get mad, or somebody will call you a spider-leg. If I were you I would rather a preacher would skin me than to call me a spider-leg. If you sow cards, you reap gamblers. This

is just as legitimate a result. It is just as natural as that Irish potatoes will produce Irish potatoes. If I sow whiskey, I will reap drunkards; if I sow cards, I will reap gamblers; if I sow profanity, I will reap profanity; if I sow germans, I will reap spider-legs. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow you cards, you will reap gamblers, Never have it said, my brethren, after this hour, that any Christian family turned out a gambler from his home. The twenty-two-year-old son of a mother in Chattanooga came in after supper, and said: "Mamma, get the cards, you and sister, and let us have a game." "Son," said she, "I heard a sermon to-day that settled me on this subject. Mr. Jones asked us mothers to pray for you poor boys who waste your time on cards." "Sister, won't you have a game with me?" "No, brother; I heard that sermon too, and I am done for ever." That mother sent her boy to the meeting, and God sent him back to virtue. I like that. All you that sow billiards will reap pools. Show me a man that is a frequenter of billiard-rooms, and I hold him up between me and that gas-light, and read one word written all over him—*Failure.* I never in my life saw a first-class billiard-player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him. Now, what do you say? You are not half a mile from a gambling-hell when you stop at a billiard-saloon. I never was mean and low down enough, morally, to play billiards. Some of these so-called Christian households have got billiard-tables in them. Whenever I can't run my home without cards and billiard-tables, I want to see all my family buried. You men come out of there, or in less than ten years from to-day, you will be ruined. Where are those boys who stood around those tables ten years ago? Look at statistics, names, and dates, and quit for ever. Will you?

There is another thing Tennessee is a sight on, and that is horse-racing. There is many a fellow in this country riding a blooded horse to hell. May be you think that beats walking. Now, my fellow-citizens, let me say right at this point that I believe I love a noble horse better than I do anything else, unless it is a noble woman. There is nothing grander than a grand horse. I don't care if he can run a mile in a minute, I don't want to go to horse-races. It is because you fellows have taken the noblest animal and disgraced him by pool-selling. Give us fast horses, and let us drive them, but keep away those fellows who want to pull out their pocket-books and bet something. You are wrong side up; you need inverting. To bet on a thing is the best idea you have. If you will get out of that spring, I would like to take a drink; but I don't like it with such a hog as you wallowing in it. He that sows betting on horse-races reaps ruin. What we see around us to-night is the legitimate fruit of the sowing of the last forty years in this city.

I have already talked about an hour, or a little more. I want you to hear me through. Now, I want you, my fellow-citizens, to-night, to go away from here with something to think over, and something that will be as a spring-board to you to leap up into a higher and better life. You fathers, give me your ear a moment. What a grand sight it is to see a husband take the wife by the hand, and the wife take the oldest child, and the oldest the next, and so on, and march on to the good world; but O how sad to see the same procession approach the river of death, and all leap in and float off to death and hell! There are men here to-night who, every step they take, are leading their wives and children down to hell with them. Here is a picture: A father going down through the snow to feed his hogs, his little Willie

called to him, "May I go with you, Papa?" Directly the father turned round and saw the little fellow coming. Finally, "Papa," he said, "I am putting my tracks in your tracks;" and the little boy's voice rang out reverberatingly, "My tracks in your tracks;" and the father said, "Yes, that is true in more senses than one." The boy put his tracks in the father's tracks, whether they are going to heaven or hell. Which way are you leading your children? What shall the harvest be?

SAYINGS.

You dance and drink with this world, and you will go to hell with this world.

That mother sent her boy to the meeting, and God sent him back to virtue and honour.

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide. As one comes in, the other goes out.

If such a crowd as this were to attend prayer-meeting, you would scare your pastor out of his wits.

If any man doesn't like what I say, let him come to me after the meeting and say so, and I will—forgive him.

Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Fill a town with bar-rooms, make a generation of drunkards who become fathers of drunkards, whose children are born drunkards, and thus the world is swept on and down to hell.

It takes grace, grit, and greenbacks to run a meeting. God will furnish the grace, but it is our business to furnish the grit and the greenbacks. I can furnish the grit, you the greenbacks. I like a division of labour.

It is absolutely impossible for a man to practice successfully a fraud upon his immortality. If you are a good man, you know it; if you are a bad man, you know it. God breaks the silence of eternity to bring you face to face with what you are, who you are, and whither you are going.

XIV.

TURN YE.

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

BRETHREN, there is a good deal at stake to-night. If ever I craved the prayers of Christian people and the help of the Divine Spirit, it is now and here. Help me by your prayers to-night. Let every man take heed how he hears. It is the time now for concentration. We must focalise on something. We must decide something; and in order that we do that, I am going to take a very short text; and I shall discuss it as tersely as I possibly can. I will take one word, and that word is *turn*. We get that word from this text: "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" We find that word again in the connection, "If he turn not, he will whet his sword." This expression, "God will whet his sword"—there is a world in this figurative expression of David, "God will whet his sword." A sword is a weapon that we use in a hand-to-hand combat. If there is much distance between the combatants, the sword is useless. It is when men rush right up, and fight hand to hand and face to face, that a sword is used. "If he turn not, he will whet his sword." The thought underlying that expression is about this: Every moment of your life, every sin of your life, every day of your life, every utter- of your life, every act of rebellion, every moment and every second, God is right where He can put His hand on you. He will whet His sword. No enemy in the distance, no

ocean between me and this uplifted sword, but right at me, all over me, all about me.

"If he turn not, he will whet his sword." I know it is an unpopular theory in this nineteenth century that God will punish sin. The predominating strain of the pulpit fifty years ago, one hundred years ago, was one of terror. Men preached the Book—they did not defend the Book; they preached Christ—they did not defend Christ; they preached hell and heaven—one as topless, the other as bottomless. The effeminate Christianity of the present day is largely due to the thought that God will not reward righteousness, and that He will not punish sin. This is to fly in the face of every page in the Book. I know that God is love; I know that God is merciful and long-suffering; I know that God is gentle; I know that God is good, that His great heart goes out as the benefactor of the race; but I also know that God is terribly and inflexibly just, and the sinner shall not go unpunished. Every downward step is testimony to the fact that sin carries with it its own punishment, and punishment will last as long as sin will last. The man who sinned twenty years ago—are you delivered from it to-night? Are you relieved of the guilt caused by an act done twenty years ago? In one short hour we will commit a deed that shall haunt us to our graves, and go into eternity with us. Repent, turn away from sin. We wish to follow this line. Things will clear up as we go along. We will sacrifice everything to clearness except truth. I want to turn this word over and over, and bathe it in a sea of light. A man must turn away from sin in a business-like way, as you turned away from your front gate to-night to come here. You must turn away from your sin. It is no sham repentance—no mock turning away from your sin—it must be an actual, business-like turning away from sin. Here is a merchant who has lost in business year after

year. Finally, when he takes stock, he says, "One more year will bankrupt me." He sells out his stock, buys a farm, and goes to work on it. Just as naturally and really, and just in that business sense, the sinner takes stock, and says: "Look here, sin is ruining me. I have been following this thing ten, twenty, thirty years, and I am getting bankrupt. One more year may bankrupt me. I will close out this business, lock, stock, and barrel." And now, as a profane swearer, you must quit swearing as truly and really as any man ever quit merchandising and went to farming. You have got to quit gambling as much as you left your home to come to this place. You have got to quit your licentiousness, and get away from it as completely as my hand is away when I take it off of this post. You must say, in a business-like way, "I turn away from these things." "If there is anything, Mr. Jones, that is cursing humanity in the world, it is the gambling-hells," said a man to me the other day. He said: "I know what I am talking about. I have come to talk to you on this subject. I know with all the fearful realisations that any man ever had what gambling will do for a man. My own brother led a gambler's life, and he went on and on in this life until he ended his career by jumping into the Mississippi River. He is in eternity—a gambler and a suicide. I have gambled night after night and week after week. I have seen my wife in tears, and my children crying for bread. I know what I am talking about. I have been on the very edge of eternal despair. I have come to God. I have turned my back for ever on this sin, and God owns me as His child, and has forgiven my sin, and promises to help me to a better life." How did he turn? He gave it up for ever. "Well," says a man, "I gamble, I drink, I swear, I do this, that, and the other; I can't give it up." I know how hard it is

to quit drinking. I know what I am talking about. I know that it costs something to give up the many great sins that a man is guilty of. With all the earnestness of my soul I tell you anything is better than being damned. A fellow says: "There is no use in my trying to do right; I have such a violent temper." I would rather have a bad temper in heaven than a bad temper in hell. I tell you, brethren of the ministry, what is cursing many a man who hears my voice to-night. He is compromising with the devil. He will let you be a right good fellow if you will give him halter enough. Says one: "There is one thing I am settled on —I will never curse any more." You black-mouthed blasphemer, you ought never to have sworn an oath! You go up to the bar of God and say: "In the year 1885 I quit cursing; now let me in." You deserve no credit for that. "I am settled on it that I will never sell another drink of whiskey." There are people in this city and in hell who will never get over it. There are men in this town who say, "If I knew what to do with my whiskey, I would give it up and give myself to God." Let me tell you my sentiments to the bottom of my heart: I would rather be in heaven with the consciousness that I poured five thousand dollars' worth of whiskey in the Cumberland River than to be in hell with the whiskey-barrels around me. There are men in this town with five thousand dollars' worth of whiskey, and who do not know what to do with it. You can go and empty it into the Cumberland River, and then be worth more than I will ever be worth in this world. Turn the liquid fire of damnation loose in the river! That is a good idea. Another fellow will say, "I am going to quit drinking." Yes; you ought to have a thousand lashes for the way you have treated your wife and children! Now you are going to sober up and walk into heaven, just

because you made your wife miserable for ten years. You are a sight, ain't you? "I am all right; I have done—stopped drinking." Thank God, you are going to quit for ever! You cannot claim anything from God simply on the score that you have quit drinking. Some of the meanest old sinners in this town never touched a drop in their lives. "I am never going to dance any more; I have given up dancing." Now, if you had not been light in the upper story, you never would have danced at all. Now, because you have acted silly and quit, you think you ought to get into heaven. "I have played my last game of cards." God pity you that you ever got low down enough to play at all! You can't claim anything because you have quit one or two little things. Sin is a disease just as truly as small-pox is a disease. When a fellow curses, it has broken out on his tongue. Take some salve and cure it on his tongue, and it will break out somewhere else. It will break out on his hand, and he will steal something. When a fellow says, "I have quit drinking," the first thing you know he is gambling. Sin is a disease. It is but the outward eruption from a terrible inward disease. We don't want any salve to spread on a fellow, but we want a blood remedy to spread on him, to make a new man of him through and through—not salves and ointments, but a grand old God-given constitution. Some of you have run down your constitutions, and have been living on the bye-laws about twenty-five years. Many an old sinner has got no constitution. The devil undermined the whole thing. He has a few bye-laws, he and the devil passed at a meeting once, and he is running on them. Repenting of my sins means I turn my back actually and really on these things because they are wrong, and I seek a better and higher life. A man must not only turn from the thing that is wrong, but it must be a hearty turning away

from that sin. I am hardly metaphysician enough to go into definitions along here; but I can say this: The heart is the seat of the affections. When we say a hearty turning away from sin, we mean we turn from the wrong toward the right with all the heart. It is the blowing out of the candles of sin in the soul, and leaving it dark till God comes. "My heart is sick about this matter. I feel bad over it. I hate the wrong. I would love the right." I love to see a man put his soul into the desire to be saved, put himself into the desire to be saved—a hearty turning away from sin. It is my head, my heart, and soul. I turn all these away from sin and toward the right. Let the wicked man forsake his sin and come to God, and He will abundantly pardon. It must not only be an actual, business-like turning away from sin, but it must be an immediate turning away from sin. Every fellow here has settled it that he is not going to die without religion. If there is a man here who has deliberately made up his mind to brave the terrors of damnation, I want him to stand up. Is there one candidate for hell here to-night? Now, my fellow-citizens, there is a point right here. No man is satisfied with himself who is not a Christian. Every fellow has made up his mind that he is going to be religious. Men are religious just as they are honest. "I know I owe you that fifty-dollar note, but I ain't going to pay it now. I say I owe it, and will pay you; therefore I am honest. I am going to be religious; therefore I am religious because I am going to be." It is strange how the devil can blindfold and bamboozle a man right along. I believe in this thing Brother Witherspoon spoke of—the last chance. The saddest time in the history of the soul is when the Lord Jesus Christ has passed that way for the last time. I want to get you, my fellow-citizens, to say this to-night: that as you have lived to the present

time, and are meeting these present opportunities and privileges, you will not let the time slip by. If you say, "to-morrow"—Pharaoh said it, and the last we heard of him, he was at the bottom of the Red Sea. When I stood at my father's bedside twelve years ago and more, and with his bony hand in mine, and looking him in the face, said, "I will turn away from sin," I believe that if I had not turned away I should have slighted my last chance, and been in hell this moment. I am just as fully persuaded in my own mind that some men who hear my voice to-night have their last chance. I said in Knoxville: "I am profoundly impressed that there is a man in this congregation who will soon render an account to God for the way in which he hears this sermon." That night a man went to the altar, and was converted and made a happy man living or dying. Last Thursday evening, about three weeks after I left the city, this man clapped his hands together, and said, "It is the truth, but thank God I am off for a better world than this!"

I frequently get letters after I am gone, saying: "Do you recollect Mr. So-and-So in whom we were so much interested? He died yesterday." God prepare the man who is to die first, and may he be the man who will first give himself to God to-night! Only two or three more steps and you are in the grave, and you may take one of them before I am through preaching to-night. Every one of us can turn to-night, but I would not go any man's security that he can turn to-morrow. I know what you think: "I am not ready yet." The devil goes on perfectly satisfied with a man who says: "I think by Sunday I will come in." In fact, there is but one kind that engages his majesty's attention, and that is the fellow who cries out, "Now, now I give myself to God!" "I am not ready

yet!" For what? There is many a fellow trying to wash himself up so that he can come in respectably. That is something like the porter in the sleeping-car dusting a fellow off ten miles before he is at his journey's end. When he gets there he will be dustier than ever. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give himself to God just as he is. I cannot do myself any good. There is many a fellow out with a whitewash brush at work trying to get himself cleaned up respectably so he can come in. He said all the time he was about as good as anybody in the Church. When you get him up he says, "I am not fit." The devil makes him jump on the other side of the fence. O, how many just such cases there are in my presence to-night! The reason you have not come in is because you thought you were not all right. You are the very fellow the Lord is looking for. You are the one. Many a fellow in this country is sitting at the table, and his wife says, "Help yourself, husband." "No," he says, "I am waiting till my appetite is appeased." He is sitting there waiting for his appetite to get appeased before he eats! If his wife should summon a jury to try him, they would say his mind is giving way. He comes to the table and won't eat. He is waiting for his hunger to depart. Just so you say, "I want to get all right, so I can go to God all right." You will be waiting a million years. God alone can make the sinner right. No sinner ever made himself right. I wish I could have every man say this: "Live or die, survive or perish, I start to night!" Come up and take these seats and say: "Other men may make promises, but I close this bargain to-night; and live or die, I will serve my God alone." You haven't any time to lose. There are men who hear my voice this moment who, if they live righteous lives till they die, will just barely enter heaven. How many more days do you want to spend in rebellion

against God? I have been thinking of that little boy who ran to the train. Just as he reached the platform, the train moved off and left him. He stood there panting and watching the train, now in the distance. A man said to him, "You didn't run fast enough." "No," said the boy, "I ran with all my might, but I didn't catch it because I didn't start soon enough." Many a man will rush up and find the gates closed, and say, like the boy, "I didn't start soon enough."

I often think of the girl who heard the preacher say, "This may be your last chance." As she took her young man's arm—not he took her arm. That arm-clutch! I wish I had about five minutes on that arm-clutch. It doesn't argue that a girl is not virtuous if you see her with a boy's arm clutched in hers; but I tell you one thing, *he* ain't. One or the other lacks virtue—may be both. "He that thinketh on these things hath already become unclean in his heart." I would lock my daughter up in the cellar, and keep her there six months, if I ever could see a spider-leg a-hold of her arm. The girl is perhaps virtuous, but she has a mighty low-down, grovelling sense of propriety; and the boy—I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw this house. Remember that, young lady, the next time he grabs you. I was told the other day by a friend, that he saw two men walking on the street, and meeting a girl, one of them grabbed her arm and walked off with her. He said the other fellow, who was some distance behind, looked like me. Seeing me, as he thought, the arm-clutcher released the girl and disappeared around a corner. Young lady, listen! I love your character, and your virtue, and your high reputation; but, in the name of God, make these boys keep their hands to themselves! Say to them, "You must never lay your hand on my person." This is business, young ladies. Well, she took his arm, and

they walked off. She asked him, "What made the preacher say, the last time—the last time?" The young man said, "I don't know." "Well, it darted through my soul like a dart from the eternal world." When she walked up on the steps at her home, she said: "That rings through my soul—*the last time!* I would give the world if the preacher had not said it." She was taken sick. Her father called a physician; but at one o'clock the next day she breathed her last, saying, "The last time!" God pity the young man who throws away his last chance for heaven! Your only safety is in an immediate turning away from sin. Thank God, there is a minute in every man's life—and with hundreds of men that minute is right now—when a man can surrender to God and quit his sin! It must be not only an immediate but a thorough turning away from sin. It is giving up all sin. I scattered mine along for about a week, until at last I said I would end the whole matter; and I walked to the back of the waggon and threw out corn, sack, and all, and drove off for heaven and eternal life. One sin in a man's life, like a leak in a ship, will sink him before he reaches the other shore. It is the giving up of every sin, and for ever. I am so glad the Lord said, "Down with all your sins!" I don't know a sin of my past life that would not have ruined me if God had let me keep it; but He said, "Throw them all overboard."

In the last place, it is an eternal giving up of sin. An old man of sixty years said: "I wouldn't mind being religious for ten years, if that will take me to heaven." I said to him: "You may be in hell before Christmas, and here you are quibbling with God!" I am willing to live religious not only ten years, if that will take me to heaven; but I am in for the war. I will go through, God helping me, for

this life. It is coming away from, and giving up all that is wrong. It is walking right up and sticking to the good, and the true, and the noble. It is an eternal *stickability*, if I may use that word. I tell you, I could have had a hundred fights after joining the Church if I had not got religion. "Sam, I am so glad that you have joined the Church. I hope you will stick. I hope you will stick." They ran that thing on me until I would not meet a fellow. I will stick—stick to it to the end. I don't reckon there ever was a man who started to heaven with as little "stickability" as I had. I am a living demonstration that any man who wants to stick can stick. The Bible says, "Cleave to that which is good." We get that idea at the cabinet-maker's shop. Two blocks of wood are glued together. You cannot split them where they are glued. You may break off pieces, but they stick at the point where the glue is. The devil may come in with his chisel and mallet, and chip off everything; but I will stick well at the point where I am glued. If there is an inch or half-an-inch of me left, it will stick there until the world burns up. I hope you will stick! I hope every man of you will take his position in this meeting for God, and will stick until God says: "It is enough; come up higher." I will tell you the way to stick, if you want to know: You just take hold with a grip that means, "I am here to stay." Do not take your hands off to receive what the devil offers you. The devil is on both sides of you, with all sorts of things to tempt you. It is always in turning aside to receive something that the devil wants to give you, that you lose your grip. We have it in a word: Quit it in an actual, business-like way. Walk off from it.

In the next place, it is a hearty giving up—an immediate giving up, and now and for ever. It is a thorough giving

up. There is not a sin in life that I have not turned loose. I will turn them loose for ever, and sit here till God comes. Now, a word as to the necessity, and I will finish. A man has got to give up or do worse—one or the other. A man said to me once: "Why, sir, if I give up now, I will lose everything I have." I will tell you: this thing was illustrated once by a man who came to service and was powerfully convicted. His wife tried to get him up to the altar, but she could not. When they got home she asked, "Why did you not go up?" "I wanted to go there, wife, but I can't get religion in the business I am in." He was a barkeeper. "It is giving up too much; I can't afford it." "Husband," said she, "how much money do you clear a year with your bar?" "Two thousand dollars." "How long do you think you will live to run that bar?" "I ought to live about twenty years." "How much is two thousand dollars a year for twenty years?" "Forty thousand dollars," said he. "Now, if a man were to walk in the door right now and say, 'I will give you forty thousand dollars for your hope of going to heaven,' what would you say to him?" "*No!* By tde grace of God, I will close in the morning. I will give myself to God right now." I know what it is to be converted below the level, in the mud. The devil had bankrupted me until I was ruined for all worlds. I not only had no money to give up, but I had no money with which to pay my debts. I started out on that line. I went immediately to preaching. I went down to the North Georgia Conference, and my great thought was, "Will the Bishop take me in?" I was glad when they read out my name. The Bishop said to me: "Jones, do you know how much that circuit paid last year? It paid only sixty-five dollars." I never thought about the pay. I just thought in my heart of God, and I only wanted a place

to go to work. I worked around there awhile. I rented a house, and gave my note for one hundred and twenty dollars. I preached a few sermons, and an old steward said: "I like you, Jones. You are a clever young man; but you will starve here." I said, "If I can't do any better, I will board with the scholars this year." I worked the best I could until the first of April, when things got very squally and very shaky, and everything gave out all at once. Wife said that she had put the last bite on the table. I said: "Wife, I have done my level best. Let us stand it out; and if we starve to death, let us make out that we died of typhoid fever." That evening I was out cutting stove-wood. I don't know why, for we had nothing to cook. In a little while up drove a waggon, and when it left I had more rations in my house than I ever had before or have had since. When a poor fellow gave himself to God and was thrown out of a job, a Christian man came forward, and said, "I will pay his rent for a year." God will help you in every way, if you will give yourself to Him. No man has a darker past or a brighter twelve years to look back upon than I have. I am only sorry for the meanness I did before that. I am sorry that there are so many of you clever men holding back. Hundreds of these clever men have not been converted; but when you go to them they say, "To-morrow; next week." Let every man that is not a Christian start to-night for glory and for God. Won't you?

A word about the means of this turning. The only means you need are already supplied to you. Given the Spirit to move you, grace to sustain you, and you can start out with the consciousness that you can go through with this tide. A Georgia preacher related this incident to me: "I was brought up near the beach of the ocean. We lived up on the hill-side, in sight of the beach. One morning I saw a grand old

ship that had been swept up on the beach by the storm in the night. After breakfast I went and looked all through and over that old ship. I have been on that ship often. I have sat and watched the high tide—the spring tide—go in and surround the ship, and rise higher and higher. 'O do, poor old ship, go out to sea!' I have said; and I would look out again, and see that the tide had gone out and left the old ship high and dry. I have seen the tide flow out and come in and in, until the old ship would quiver and tremble as if about to float away. 'Do go to sea,' said I to the old ship, 'or you will crumble to pieces;' but the tide would go out and leave the ship still aground. Finally, one morning, sure enough that old ship had crumbled into ten thousand pieces, and was swept off for ever." Your wife has stood by and seen the high tide come in often, and the preacher said, "Old ship, go out to sea!" To-night it is up and around you, and you quiver and tremble under the pressure of the tide of love that sweeps around you. If you do not go out, you will be stranded for ever on the beach of eternal despair. God help us to turn loose, and go out with this tide and enter the haven of eternal rest! Will you consent to-night to give your heart to God and start? Now, I want every man here assembled who has made up his mind to repent—I want you to start to-night. Let us gather by these benches and say: "I want to repent; I do repent. I want to give myself to God to-night." You that say "I never intend to repent" are not asked to stay to this after-service. Let us make friends with God and heaven. Thank God, you may, you can, you will!

SAYINGS.

It is not asking much of you to ask you to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. I believed on Him for twenty-five years; but I did not believe on Him as much as the devil did. He believed and trembled; I believed and went on drinking.

Conscience! Thank God for every cultivated, enlightened conscience on the face of the earth! But the saddest sight in this world is an outraged conscience that has been debauched by sin until it is dead, and seared as with a hot iron.

There is many a fellow out with a whitewash-brush hard at work trying to clean himself up so that he can come in respectably. He said all the time that he was about as good as anybody in the Church; but when he got waked up, he began to apply the whitewash.

Fifty years ago men preached the Book—they did not defend the Book; they preached Christ—they did not defend Christ; they preached heaven and hell—the one topless, the other bottomless. Not the effeminate Christianity of the present day—that God will not take the righteous to heaven nor send the wicked to hell.

When your little cup is full, you can just back out.

That arm-clutch! I wish I had about five minutes on that arm-clutch. It doesn't argue that a girl is not virtuous if you see her with a boy's arm clutched in hers; but what of the boy? One or the other lacks virtue—may be both. The girl may be virtuous, but she has a very low-down, grovelling sense of propriety. "He that thinketh on these things hath already become unclean in his heart." Young lady, listen! I love your character and your virtue, and want you to be as pure as the driven snow; but you must make these boys keep their hands to themselves. Hands off, gentlemen!

XV.

I THOUGHT ON MY WAYS.

"I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."—PSALM cxix. 59, 60.

WE invite your attention to the fifty-ninth and sixtieth verses of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments." The most interesting study in the world is the process by which the soul reaches God. Christianity may have its conditions, its terms of discipleship, but, brethren, sometimes we bring the means of grace just on the outside of the bar. The grand old gospel ship—you must bring her right into the harbour, and throw out your gang-plank, and let men walk aboard. That is it. The process by which the soul reaches God is the most interesting, and withal the most difficult to explain, because we go out of the temporal and into the spiritual. There are only about three steps nobody can go with you. It is only about three steps. It is only about a moment that the soul seems to be alone. Neither wife, nor man, nor angel can go with you; and yet about three steps bring you into company with angels and God, a happy man. David was one of the wisest teachers in spiritual things who ever lived, except Christ. David had studied himself until he knew himself; he had studied this world until he understood it; he had studied God. The preacher who knows most of God and humanity is the preacher who stands most successfully between God and man, and will

most successfully bring the two together. David had a deep, thorough insight into human nature. Now he stands between God and man, and tells us how he reaches God. He says: "I thought on my ways." There is no such thing as improvement in life, without it is based on intelligent, honest thought. A man who does not think is a man whom you never know how to locate. He is with the current, and changes with it. A thoughtless man is in a sense a very innocent man. A man who thinks is a religious man of the highest type, if he thinks rightly. A man who thinks wrongly is a very dangerous character in any community.

"I thought on my ways." There is something practical about this. I thought about how I live. You know a man is nothing but a bundle of ways. You often hear it said, "I like So-and-So, but I don't like his ways." This is the most nonsensical expression you can use. That fellow is nothing but a bundle of ways.

"I thought on my ways." I don't say I thought on the world's ways, or on the ways of the Church, or on my children's, but on my ways. If you ever think practically, and to your benefit, you will think about your own ways. It is very easy to pick a flaw in Brother A. and Brother B. in the Church and in the town. It is mighty easy to see the flaws and foibles of others: but you have an interesting study when you begin to look at yourself. You hear that! "I thought on my ways." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." There never was a man who practised one sin and let all the others alone. Sin goes in schools like fish, and it is astonishing how they multiply on your hands. A man commences by drinking, then he swears, and finally consorts with company that disgraces him. He breaks out in a little pimple at first, and now he is broken out all over with the

disease. About eighteen hundred years ago there was a voice heard, which said, "I am the way." I will say another thing: There is a high way and a holy way, and the man who misses that way is in the way of death. I go there to that railroad track; I look at the steel rails and at the ties. I never saw a railroad before in my life. I don't know what it is. I wonder what this thing is for; I am going to try it. I go and get my wheelbarrow and roll it along about ten steps, and it convinces me that this track was not made for a wheelbarrow. That won't do; I will try something else. I am going to find out what it is laid down here for. I get a waggon, and I don't drive five steps till I see this was not made for a waggon. I wonder what it was made for. I poke around till I strike the round-house where the locomotive-engines are. I look at these iron monsters, and I say, "I never saw anything like these;" and I measure the flange on the wheel, its proportion and distances. I say, "I believe I will take this out on that track; I believe it will fit it." I roll that engine out, and I say, "That engine was made for that track, and that track was made for the engine." The steam-gauge dances at one hundred and sixty pounds to the square inch. The engineer pulls the throttle, and now we are going with the velocity of the wind. I find adaptability here. This thing was made for the track, and this track was made for it. Christ says, "I am the way." I will try a calf on the way. I don't lead my calf five steps until I see that the calf was not made for that track. I try a horse, and I don't lead him ten steps until I lead him aside. I take a view of this moral way, this high way, this better way, this grand way. I measure the soul in all of its distances and proportions. I say, "I believe that way was made for my soul;" and I take my soul and bring it up on that way, and when my

soul is once on that way, how grandly it runs into glory! You see that engine as it pulsates with power, and the long train of cars drawn along to their destination. Did you ever see an engine off the track? It can't turn a wheel, much less pull a car. It is the most helpless thing you ever looked at in your life. Did you ever try an engine on a dirt-road? It doesn't run five revolutions till it is stuck fast; and you can't get it out without jack-screws under it. But put it on the track, and it is one of the most powerful things your eyes ever looked at. Here is a high way and a holy way made for me, and I am made for it. I will try the dirt-road of profanity. I don't go a mile until I am muddy all over, and mired down, and make mighty poor headway. I will try the dirt-road of licentiousness. I run my soul out on that road a few feet, and I am covered with guilt, and shame, and ignominy. I will try the dirt-road of infidelity. I don't run five feet until I am mired down. I would rather have been born a 'possum than an infidel. The dirt-road of infidelity is soft, rotten, and dark under me, and every foot brings me into deeper darkness, and I soon head up against a wall that no man ever climbed over. That won't do, brethren. I will run out on the dirt-road of a german, for instance, and get hugged, and go home. That is as far as you can get on that road. I will switch off on the side-track of a bucket-shop, and run that awhile. A brother tells his experience on that track. You get one foot mired, and as you try to get it out, the other gets deeper in the mire. Let us take the dirt-road of clubs. I have had rope and tackle round your body for two weeks to get you out of this road, but you stick so I am afraid to pull much harder, or I will pull you in two. My! how a fellow mires and mires! O, my brethren, let us face the fact once for all and for ever! There is but one road on

which a human soul can run safely and for ever, and that is the road Jesus meant when He said, "I am the way." Am I up on this high way, this holy way, that leads to God? If I am not, ye angels and men put your tackle to me, and put me up on the way. A man doesn't have to study long before he comes to the conclusion that if he is selling whiskey, or if he is gambling, he ought to quit; if he is a licentious man, he ought to be a pure man. I care not how your sin may be hugged, it is sin still, and it has the elements of damnation in it. There is a heap of gilded sin in the world. This gilded sin in high stations is a worm gnawing at the vitals of society. You know better; you have been trained better. God has bestowed upon you ten thousand blessings, and you take these blessings and turn them into engines of the devil. Gilded sin! How many of us have run out just about as far as we can go on this way? We stand to-night pleading guilty before God, and wanting to be better. There we are now. Let me tell you, David has something practical for us fellows here to-night. "I thought on my ways," he said. That is the first thing. Alex. Stephens, our grand old ex-Governor and ex-Congressman, a man we loved and honoured in Georgia, once said: "I have made it a rule of my life, that just as soon as I found out that I was in the wrong road, I turned round and got into the right road." If all men would act that way toward God, themselves, and their families, everybody would soon be on their road to heaven. Just as soon as he saw he was in the wrong road, he would take the back track; for the way to the right road is to turn round and go the other way. Every step you go in the wrong direction just multiplies the steps that would take you back in the right direction.

"I thought on my ways" as a profane swearer. I am

disgusted with it, and I will quit it. "I thought on my ways" as a Sabbath-breaker, and I will quit; I will go back. "I thought on my ways" as a gambler. Now, I am not mad at gamblers. There is not one in this town with whom I would not divide my last crust, if he would come to-night and give me his hand, and say he would quit. There is not a nobler set of men living than the gamblers. Some people look on gamblers as below their notice, and these same people will be found bucking at a bucket-shop. That gambler is a gentleman by the side of you, sir. I think the most decent way in the world to gamble is with the old greasy deck. Now that we have come back to that, let me say a heap of your own people are going to hell by betting on horse-racing. The highest idea many of you have of a horse is that he is something to bet on. That shows that the horse is of a higher breed of animals than you are. If one fellow owned you both, I would give a heap more for the horse than for you. I will say this much: I have the profoundest contempt for a fellow who can't see a horse but that he wants to run his hand in his pocket and bet something on it. It would take two or three hundred bottles of disinfectants to deodorize a horse-race so that decent people could enjoy it. The devil has taken about the best things we have in this world and ruined them. A fiddle is the grandest thing I have ever listened to in my life; but the devil has a mortgage on it. I am willing to go into a war of conquest until we get that back. I never hear one that it does not make me feel like *sifting sand.* Let us get these things out of the hands of the devil.

"I thought on my ways." Whatever there was wrong in my life, I studied it out, saw that it was wrong. "I thought on my ways," and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."

How long ought a man to think on the subject? As soon as you see that swearing, drinking, gambling, and betting are wrong, you have thought enough. It is time to emigrate, to get away from there. As soon as you see that you have drifted off into an unhealthful latitude, all you need is to go up to a higher plane. I turned my feet unto the testimonies of God; I came on the higher way, the right way, and walked there, and rejoice in the fact that there was a way that led to a better and a higher life. That is it. O, me! I have mired down ten thousand times, and my friends have pulled me out. How many roads have I mired down in since I got back on the way that God made for my soul, and made my soul for it! There is no such thing as mired down without a check up and a switch off of this way. Whenever you mire down, you are off the track. "I thought on my ways" enough to see that they were not right; then I turned my feet to the testimonies of God. Let me tell you about this Book. A man never got into trouble by following this Book. As I said out here in the penitentiary of your State, while talking to the convicts, "Every one of you convicts made the mistake of not following this Book." Every man who rejoices in freedom to-night rejoices in the doctrines and teachings of this blessed Book. I care not what State or government it is, no legislature has ever passed a good law that is contrary to the teachings of the Word of God. Against the teachings of the Word of God there is no law. There is nothing in the Bible to put a fellow in jail, if he will follow it. This is the high way and the holy way. It will lead me successfuly through life, and lead me to God in the end. David said: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments." I love to see a fellow in a hurry sometimes. There is one thing I have against the

Church in this century, and that is, the devil can run a mile while we are pulling on our boots. We are too slow: we go into our churches and start up, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!" and by the time we get started the devil is at the next station. We want more "git up and git." I have known preachers who seemed only fit to marry the living and bury the dead. There are some preachers who never get right up on a sinner till he is dying. They catch him then, though. We want preachers who have got "git up and git" about them. If a sinner outruns me, it is because he got up first. If he will give me an even start, I will run him a good race. If there is any thing in that old proverb, "A lean dog for a long race," I will give him a long race! "I made haste." The trouble with us is, we are giving too much time to considering, and not enough to preaching. "We spend our years as a tale that is told. They are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth." All depends on my making that train. Fifteen minutes more and it will move out. Then I am left, and all is undone. Get out of my way! don't stop me to give me money, or to shake hands with me. Death won't wait for any of us. An eminent man in London was dying. All the time he had to prepare for eternity he had spent in accumulating money. He amassed hundreds of thousands of pounds, and at last he was taken suddenly ill. He sent for his physician. When he had examined him, he said: "You have meningitis; you will be dead in two hours." He looked into the doctor's face and said: "Doctor, if you will keep me alive till twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will allow you one hundred thousand pounds." The doctor replied: "I have assistance to give, but I have no time to sell. Time belongs to God." Sure enough, in two hours the poor fellow went into eternity un-

prepared. The experience is just ahead when you would give all in the world for one hour more under this Gospel light. God wants you to be on the high way. He says your time is short. Nine-tenths of the days of some of you are behind you. Ninety-nine hundredths of the days of some of you are behind you now, and He says to-night, "'Make haste;'" but you sit here under this roof and wait, and say, "To-morrow night." No; to-night! to-night! "I am going to be religious after awhile." But now, as the opportunity offers, when the grand old ship throws out her gang-plank, let us rush in upon her. She will only stand there a minute or two. She moves out of the harbour presently, and will leave you stranded for ever! Will you permit that?

My forty minutes are out, I see, and I will say only a word or two more by way of exhortation. "I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments." What do the commandments of God teach you and me? Listen: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord." "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." What is repentance? It is quitting any devilment. The best repentance you can do is to quit your meanness. If my boy does any devilment, the best repentance he can do is to quit. My boy has gone away and got drunk. What sort of repentance do I want? I want *quitting* repentance. You need not blubber around me, and get drunk again to-morrow. You need not say a word, son. Just say you will quit. That is my sort of repentance. That is what we call evangelical repentance. You will have to explain legal repentance. This evangelical repentance—that is the sort these sinners want. They don't want legal repentance. They are like the Irishman who said about justice: "Faith,

that is just what I don't want." Evangelical repentance is quitting. I am done. I won't do it any more. That is the best proof in the world that a fellow is sorry for his meanness—that he quits. "God commandeth all men." The first commandment of God to man is this: "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Repent, therefore, sinner, to-night. Be converted. I am going to throw all my sins down in one bundle, and walk off from them. It is faith; it is that condition of receptivity which admits the Lord; it is opening the door and letting God in. Faith is not an act; it is a condition as it touches your case; it is taking what God promises to give you. I think that is the best thing you can do. Brother Holcombe, in Louisville, gets all those little boot-blacks and wharf-rats—gathers them all into his Sunday-school. He got them all up one Sunday, and wanted to explain faith to them. He made Will and Henry, and Tom and John—little fellows about ten or eleven years old—stand up. "Now," said he, "I will explain faith to you." He took a piece of money out of his pocket, and said, "John, you may have that." John just stood there and grinned. "Henry, you may have this piece of money." Henry stood there and never moved a muscle, but grinned. "Willie, you may have that." Willie grinned like the others, and made no attempt to take it. "Tom, you may have that." Tom grabbed it, and thrust it down in his pocket. The other three boys cried because they didn't get it. Will you do that to-night? You will go away rejoicing in the possession of it. "I stretched out My hands," God says, "loaded with blessings." Yes, Lord, I will take it. What does He offer? Pardon and everlasting life. I will take it to-night.

Now a word illustrative of what God's grace can do, not only for one soul, but for a whole family. If some

men who are here will get religion, their whole families will come in. We need that sort. I never think of heaven except in connection with the precious fact that wife, and mother, and all the children will be there. A presiding elder in our State told me that he was holding a quarterly-meeting and had love-feast Sunday morning. One preacher got up and told how he was nursed in the lap of religion, cradled in piety, and reared in the love of God. By-and bye, a young man who had just been licensed to preach got up and said: "I am sorry I have not the experiences of those who have spoken. I will tell you what Christianity did for me. My father was an infidel, my mother an atheist, and nine brothers and sisters were infidels and atheists. Two years ago I went down to a camp-meeting; I happened to go by myself, merely to have fun. I was standing up against a post, when all at once the preacher's words began to burn their way into my heart, and I found myself transfixed to that post. When the man of God quit preaching, he invited penitents to come forward, and the first thing I knew I was on my knees begging for mercy. They encouraged me and helped me. When they dismissed the services, and all were going to the tent, they said, 'We will sing and pray with you out there.' When I looked up I said, 'I didn't know till an hour ago that there was a God in heaven and a fearful ruin for sinners in the world to come. I will never leave this spot until I make my peace with God, and make Him promise me forgiveness, and walk out a child of God and an heir of eternal life. The sunlight was pouring into my face when I waked up. I turned my eyes inward, and the fact flashed on me. 'Your father will despise you, your mother will laugh at you, and your brothers and sisters will drive you from home.' 'I am going to stick to God and religion,' I said, 'If all the

earth forsakes me, I am going to stand firm.' Just before I got home, I went into the woods at the road-side, and knelt down and prayed God to help me. 'I know I am going into a den of wolves. Lord help me to be faithful. I got on my horse, rode to the house, put up my horse, went in to supper, and nobody spoke a word to me. I was happy, but spoke not a word. About a week after that, my oldest brother and myself were sitting out on a log talking—we had been splitting rails; we were tired, and we sat down to rest. I said to him: 'Brother Tom, do you know I got religion down at that camp-meeting?' I looked at him, and the great big tears were running down his face. He said: 'We have all noticed a change in you. Mother says you look and talk just like an angel. You don't swear, and you don't drink, nor do anything wrong. Do you reckon that preacher will do the same for me?' 'I will go with you to the meeting, and God will bless you.' My brother Tom got gloriously converted. I said to Tom: 'Brother, we are going to put the candles on the candlestick now, and light up that old infidel home of ours. Let us be faithful.' After supper we were sitting talking, and just about bed-time I said: 'Mother, do you care if brother Tom and I read a chapter and pray here to-night?' I watched my mother's lip quiver as she said: 'No, Henry; you look like an angel, and your brother comes here and looks just like an angel too. You can do just what you want to do here.' My mother was sobbing, and there was sister crying over there, and before Tom got off of his knees God had converted my brother, sister, and mother. We just prayed on until every member of our family was converted; and there is my old father, the last one to come in, now a child of God—all children of God, and on their way to heaven." God give us religion that catches all over the

house, and starts us on our way to God! Brethren, let us go to God to-night, and not stop until all our families are saved.

SAYINGS.

I USED to dance; but when I wanted a wife, I went to the prayer-meeting; and I beat your sort, too.

WHILE we are singing "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!" the devil is at the next station. We ought to "git up and git."

ONE thing I have against the Church in this day: We are too slow. The devil can run a mile while we are pulling on our boots.

As I look you in the face to-night, I tell you that if you will say "I am done, I will quit," and mean it with all your heart, God will put His hand on you and save you.

I AM requested to "Please say something about people pretending to be Christians and are not." Well, that is out of my line. (That one thing had been the burden of his preaching for twenty days).

SOME preachers never run up on a sinner until he is on his death-bed. About all they are fit for is to marry the living and bury the dead. They sometimes catch up with the poor sinner just before the last breath leaves him. Poor fellows!

I SOMETIMES go to a place and find the preacher in the shafts pulling the whole load, with his tongue lolling out, and the whole church up in the waggon, some dancing, some

drinking, some gambling, some swearing, some going to the theatre, some fussing, some praying, some weeping, some shouting, some tattling, some scolding, and all at times taking a whack at the poor little half-dead preacher, pulling for dear life. Sometimes they take him out and feed him on rye-straw and corn-shucks. That is a sorry sight! I never want to leave that place until the whole thing is reversed—the church in the shafts, and the preacher on the box holding the ribbons and cracking his whip. Now you are getting down to business. I like that.

XVI.

THE DOCTRINE DEMONSTRATED.

"If any man will do His will, He shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—JOHN vii. 17.

I RECEIVED a telegram from Fort Worth, Texas, signed by all the pastors of that city, announcing a great work of grace. More than five hundred souls have been born to God. They rejoice with you, and ask an interest in your prayers, and they are praying for you. This is certainly a year of great grace. I believe that more people will be born to God in 1885 than in any other year of this world's history. This is the year of grace and the year of jubilee.

We invite your attention to-night, prayerfully, to the seventeenth verse of the seventh chapter of the Gospel by St. John: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." At the time Jesus uttered these words—for they are His words—He was surrounded by the sharp, calculating Pharisee, the keen, shrewd Sadducee, and the cunning, wide-awake lawyers, who were probing, dissecting, and weighing every utterance of His lips. They not only weighed His words, but they looked at His person. Two men may see very different things when they are looking in the same direction. There are twenty men standing all around Christ. He turns to nineteen of them and says to them: "Whom say ye that I am?" The nineteen men speak up and say: "Thou art the son of a harlot, and an impostor." He turns to Simon Peter: "Whom say you

that I am?" I wish I could have seen Simon Peter when his eye flashed with light, as he said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He had gotten into the secret. We say Christ threw the gauntlet down here at every man's feet, and defied the logic of earth and hell to the test. And this is the last test and the only test: "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine" for himself. Now, look here, I am glad that Christianity is a science that may be tested just as any other science is tested. I thank God that it will stand the test just as any other science. The only difference there is between the science of Christianity and any other science is, that I learn all the others with my head, and this science of Christ crucified I learn with my heart. We take the science of mathematics; and, brethren, right here let me suggest that while we all may differ as to the rules by which we reach the answer, yet the answer is one and the same. The rules are various by which we work out any problem in mathematics, but about all I want a man to admit is that twice two are four. Let me chain him there and he will do, if he will only stick to the fact that twice two are four. Then everything in mathematics must be worked out by that rule; but if he says twice two are four and a-half, I won't waste my time with him. If a man will admit that Jesus died to save sinners, I will chain him there and let him graze all around that peg. I don't care what he believes; I don't care whether he believes in sprinkling or immersion; I don't care whether he believes in final perseverance or not—whether in total or partial depravity. Let us chain this old world to that stake, that Jesus died to save sinners, and I don't care what you do. Every evangelical Church in this world is chained to that stake. I used to think a man could not get religion unless he believed everything in the Bible. I made a mistake

there. There is a great deal in this world written and said on heterodoxy and orthodoxy. I thank God it is not written in God's Book that everybody who believes every word in the Bible shall be saved. A fellow once went to a preacher down in Georgia, and said: "I don't believe the Old Testament is inspired, but I believe that the New Testament is inspired. Can I get religion without the Old Testament?" "Yes." "Show me the place." "Any man who builds on this foundation," &c., "he shall be saved." "Turn me a leaf down there." He took the Bible, went home, got on his knees, prayed and repented, and God forgave him. Then he said: "I believe the Old Testament too, now. I just believe it all." I like that. A fellow says I don't believe so-and-so. I don't care if you don't. God doesn't care any more what you have in your head than He cares what kind of boots you have on your feet. No wonder you don't believe some things. If you will just walk right up and surrender your heart to God, and give yourself to God, He will comb the kinks out of your head mighty fast. I am filled with contempt to hear one of these little muddle-headed infidels say, "I never can be saved, because I can't believe so-and-so." I am sorry for him. He has shut himself out of the pale of God's mercy because his stupid little head has got something in it that is not right. God says, "Give me thine heart." If you will give your heart to God, He will look after the rest. Down at Huntsville, Ala., one of the leading citizens took me out to one side, and said: "I want to be a Christian, I want to love God and do right, but I can't believe in the Divinity of Christ to save my life." "Shut your mouth!" I said; "don't come to me with talk like that. Do just as Christ told you to do, and if you don't make the landing, I will swim out to you and drown with you. You come to

meeting to-night, and be the first one up there when I call for sinners to come forward." "If I join the Church, Mr. Jones, I can't believe." "Shut your mouth! I am prescribing for you, and if you take my remedy, I will warrant the cure." He walked up and joined the Church that night. I said: "Well, you have joined the Church; you must take up family prayer, and if I call on you to pray in church, you get down and do your level best. I will get you out if you keep your mouth shut." I led him out sure enough. That night he took up family prayer, and started right. When I went to Huntsville again, I asked: "How is Brother Ford getting on?" "He is the best we have." "How is he on the Divinity of Christ?" "O he has quit all that long ago." If you will give God your heart, He will take care of you head. I don't know whether I am orthodox or not, but you all can attend to the orthodoxy after I am gone. It will do you good to see these preachers with mud on their horns in their pulpits next Sunday. They will show you what orthodoxy is, and will clean you up, too. I say, my brethren, if you want religion, go heart foremost toward God. That is it. "I want to be a good man; I want to serve God; I want to shun hell." That is your heart talking now. Just let your heart move out toward God, and the more your head gets right, the more you will get straight all over; and you will not only believe the New but the Old Testament too. The science of Christ crucified is pre-eminently a heart science. It has to do with my heart and my life. Any man who will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine. If you will work the problems out under the Divine Spirit, the results will be right. Two and two are four. That is a five-year-old school-boy business. Here is a test of mathematics: I go to the Alps, those grand old mountains dividing France and Switzerland. They want

to tunnel those mountains for a railroad to connect these countries. How shall we meet, working from both sides? Mathematics speaks up, and says: "I will show how you can meet each other in the heart of that mountain." There are millions at stake. Millions will be lost if any mistake is made. The engineers bring their instruments to bear on that mountain, and tell the workmen where to go to work on this side and then on the other side. I do wonder if the science of mathematics is correct? Men of earth, gaze on this scene! On the side of France, the workmen one day heard the click of the picks of the other workmen. They worked with a will, and at last the wall of partition fell down, and mathematics had struck it to the fraction of an inch. That is a living demonstration that mathematics is true. You can test religion as you test mathematics. It never misses in a single case. Get the knottiest case you can find. Here is a man who was born blind. He never saw a wink. I lead him into the presence of Christ. He says: "Master, that I may receive my sight." Never had a man been restored to sight that was born blind. Jesus spat on the ground and made a remedy, rubbed it on his eyes, and told him to go and wash in the pool near by. The scientist would say: "There is some curative power in the dry dirt, but he has taken all the curative properties out of it by moistening it." The blind fellow says, "I will try him." He went to the pool, and stooped down and bathed his eyes in the water; and he looked up and saw rocks, and rivers, and mountains that his eyes never looked on before. The priests said: "Give God the glory, for this man has a devil." The man said: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I can see." That was a true test. I would like to see it tried in one more instance. The lepers pleaded with Christ: "Master, that we may be made whole." Jesus said: "Go

and show yourselves to the priests. The leper had to lift up hands and say, "Unclean!" if anybody approached him. The lepers said, "We are going to put it to the test;" and off they went. The scales dropped from their bodies, and all of them rejoiced that their flesh was as sound as an infant's. Only one, however, returned to praise the Lord for the healing of all those lepers.

If a man says to me, "I don't believe in Christianity," I have just one question to ask him: "Did you ever put it to the test?" "No." "You are a fool, then; and I won't bother with you." As much as there is at stake in this question, he tells me, "I don't believe in it;" and yet he says, "I never tested it!" He is a hard case, sure enough. This passenger-train runs to Chattanooga in five hours and forty-five minutes. "I don't believe it." "The way to test it is to come with me, and I will show you." "I haven't any money." "I will pay your way." "No; I can't go with you." "Well, you will take my word that it goes there in that time?" "No." "Then, you had better rack off to the asylum or the jail." He is either a rascal or a fool, or both. I would much rather be a rascal than a fool. You can reform a rascal; but what are you going to do with a fool? I tell him there is a bright light over the hill. "Come on, and I will show it to you." I catch him and pull him up to the top of the hill. He turns his head away. I pull his head round, and he puts his hands on his eyes. I remove his hands, and he shuts his eyes. The main reason some men don't want to see is because they think that a sight of Christ will change their lives so they will have to quit certain things. Many a fellow would like religion if he didn't know that religion would mighty near ruin him for this world. There are men right here under my eyes who say: "How can I keep on going and yet keep from being saved? I don't want to be saved."

I will tell you, if some of you men should get a good case of religion, you would last for about a month. You wouldn't know what to do or where to go. There is no use talking about saving in heaven such men as you are. If you were to get to heaven, you would wake up at four o'clock, and the first thing you would think of would be a drink. You would prance all around heaven, and if you could find a low place in the fence, you would jump out and be back here before breakfast. You all think this is tomfoolery, but it is as true as I am talking to you. You have got to do something for the man to make him at home in heaven. It is the will of God that I repent; that I quit the wrong, and that I turn toward the right. That is it. Let me tell you how to get religion. This case illustrates it. A man who lived down in Middle Georgia a number of years ago—a very intelligent man, young and married—went to church one day. His wife didn't go with him. When he came home his wife said, "What sort of meeting had you to-day?" "A pretty good meeting. I joined the Church to-day." "Have you got religion?" "No." "What did you do that for, if you haven't got religion?" "The preacher said if I would do before I got religion like I would do after I got religion, I would get religion." "Well," said she, "if that doesn't beat me! You joined the Church, and haven't got religion!" That night, just before they retired, he said to his wife: "Wife, get down that old Bible; I am going to pray at home." "Are you going to pray when you haven't got religion?" "Yes; the preacher said, 'If you will do before you get religion what you would do after you get religion, you will get religion.'" In the morning he said, "Get that Bible, wife; I am going to pray again." "What do you pray for without religion?" "The preacher said if I would do before I got religion what I would do after I got religion, I would get religion." On

Wednesday night he went to prayer-meeting in the country, and they called on him to pray. He got down and did his best; and his wife said, when he told her he had prayed at the meeting: "You pray in public, sir, and got no religion! What did you do that for?" "The preacher said if I would do before I got religion like I would do after I got religion, I would get religion." Now, he moved along on that line about three weeks, and the first thing one knew of him was that he had become a thoroughly changed man. Just as certain as that passenger-train will carry a man to Chattanooga, just so certainly will the means of grace take a man to God.

I was pastor of a circuit in Georgia. I had a fifth-wheel to my circuit—a nice little country building built by the sinners who wanted preaching over in that settlement. When I went there I found just four members. When I saw I had only four members, I inquired who lived about there. I thought somebody hadn't done his duty. On the fifth Sunday in March I went home with one of the best farmers in Central Georgia. I asked him if he was a member of the Church. He said he was not. "I want you to join to-morrow; I am scarce of members over in this settlement." "I can't join the Church," he said; "I have said I would never join the Church till I got religion." "Would you know religion if you should see it in the road?" "Well, Mr. Jones, I swear and drink sometimes." "That is the reason I want you to join. You have sense and honour, and if you join you will quit all that." His wife came out regularly to meeting, read her Bible, was a charitable, good woman, but she said, "I will never join the Church till I get religion." I had a hard time with this man, his wife, and children; but they joined. I went back there on the fifth Sunday in July. On Saturday night my wife and

children were at his house. He and I walked through the field to church. "How is old Watts?" "Old Watts is doing his whole duty. He couldn't be religious if he didn't." He said: "I have been in the Church three months, and I havn't got any more religion than that old horse that is pulling the women to church. I am tired of it." "I am going to call on you to pray to-night," I said; "you are getting along very well." "If you want me to pray, and call on me, I will do my best. I am going to teach a class in the Sunday-school too." He then suddenly exclaimed: "Glory to God, I've got it now! I've got it now!" Now, there it is, my brethren; and whenever a man walks up before God, and says, "I have quit drinking and cursing, I have settled that account, I am ready to do anything and everything"—if you will say that, you will get it. Any man who will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine.

Said a good citizen of this town: "I want to do better and be better, but I ain't ready to commit myself." I don't care how bad you want to go to Chattanooga, the thing that keeps you from going is not getting on the train, and that one thing will keep you from Chattanooga for ever. And the very thing that keeps a man from committing himself to God is the thing that will keep him out of heaven at last. Brethren, let me tell you this: A man who stands here at this door to-night and says: "This is the darkest night the world ever saw; but I want to go to the Maxwell House, and I can see only one light or gas-jet burning. That light doesn't go all the way. I will get in the dark and fall, and hurt myself. I can't go; I am afraid to go." I say: "Go along, brother; the light lasts all the way. Just about the time the light from this gas-jet gives out, the other one sets in; but you can't see more than one jet at a time."

It is daylight all the way to heaven. It is ten thousand times harder to get a man to take the first step than to get him to take all succeeding steps. Any man who will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine. Quit doing wrong; go to doing right. Trust in Him who died to save and redeem sinners. Just run on till you get out of breath, and fall down exhausted. O, my brethren, if we could just realise to-night that God is our Father! If one of my boys, at twenty-five years of age, were to wander off into every sin in the world, what do you think I would want my boy to do? Just come home. You have been away off yonder, and have done a thousand things wrong—just come back, and take my advice and obey me. I wish we could banish all mystery from religion to-night, and realize that God is the father and mother of every one of us, and welcomes us back, and each sinner would say, "I come back to-night." I wish we could say this.

I want to say, in conclusion: If you will come to God and do right, you will die happy and go home to heaven. There are many men here to-night who lack one step of coming into the kingdom. "I consecrate my life to Christ. I make Him my Saviour, and will do His will from this time on and for ever." Will you believe to-night? Will you confess to-night? Lord Jesus, take us to-night into Thine own arms, and show us how graciously Thou canst forgive! I want every man in this tent to-night who feels like he wants to take every necessary step that will bring him to God—who wants to take just the steps that will bring him to God—to rise up, and we will pray for him. All over and all around they stand! Don't be afraid or ashamed. You are away from God, and want to take the right steps that will bring you to Him. The thing that keeps you from standing up is the thing that will keep you from heaven at last.

SAYINGS.

YOU may not like my grammar. I am trying to get my style and grammar down to your level.

GOD pity the doctor who will prescribe liquor for a man! I might prescribe it for a poor, dying woman, but I wouldn't give it to man until he was dead.

IF you will do before you get religion what you know you would do after you got religion, you will be sure to get it. It will break out all over you, from head to foot, like the measles.

I DON'T know whether I am orthodox or not; but you preachers can attend to the orthodoxy after I am gone. You will see these preachers in their pulpits next Sunday with mud on their horns. They will show you what orthodoxy is, and clean you up too.

I AM filled with contempt when I hear one of these little empty-headed infidels say, "I can't be saved, because I can't believe in Christ." I am sorry for him. He has shut himself out of the pale of God's mercy because his little empty head has some kinks in it. God says, "Give me thine heart." If you will surrender your heart to God, He will soon comb the kinks out of your head.

XVII.

GOD'S CALLS AND MAN'S CALAMITIES.

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."—PROV. i. 24—26.

THERE are many requests here for prayer for loved ones. God knows their names, and who they are. Let us pray God to bless those loved ones. I received a protest to the programme I suggested concerning the whiskey in this city. I said I wished it all could be emptied into the Cumberland. This friend protests. She wants it emptied into the lake of fire and brimstone. She doesn't want the Cumberland contaminated with it. I always said I believe whiskey is a good thing in its place. I believe its place is in hell. If I was there, I might drink it every day; but I will never do it on top of ground.

Brethren, let us be prayerful to-night, and expect great results. We generally get all we believe for. "According to your faith, so be it unto you." Let us have present faith, expecting present conviction, present conversion. Let us have faith that God will open the windows of heaven now.

We have selected as the text: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." I have read three verses of the first chapter of Proverbs. There are a thousand ex-

pressions in this book that convince me beyond all question that the Lord God loves men, and is anxious and desirous that all men should be saved. The calls of God to man are as numerous as the stars of heaven. A man who will sit down and read this book carefully and prayerfully must come to one conclusion—that God not only wills the salvation of all men, but that He has provided salvation for all men. He is spreading a knowledge of this fact among all the children of men. It is enough to bring me to my feet when I know who the author is, because it is the great God who made this world, who numbers the hairs of every head, who watches every step of our life, and analyses every motive of our being —He who shall for ever judge us. He speaks out this way: "I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." "You shall seek Me, and shall not find Me." "You shall die in your sins." Shall we not be moved? That is the most awful utterance of the lips of Christ. And now for a few minutes to-night we have to do with this text. I declare that a man who can sit unmoved under such influence as God has brought to bear on this congregation for the last few weeks may consider himself invulnerable for ever and ever. It is about time some of you were deciding some questions. I want to look you in the face to-night and say, "God Himself stands powerless in your presence until he can get you to decide some questions." Until you conclude to be good, He is as powerless to save you as I am. I speak it reverently. If you want to make a farmer out of your boy, and you can't get him to decide that he will be a farmer, you might buy all the land and mules in this State for him and not make him a farmer.

Until you get his consent to go to farming, all you do for him will result in failure. You cannot make a lawyer out of your boy if he is lying about these groceries, and giving his time to young ladies. It is useless to buy books for him, and get an office for him, if he won't go into the office nor read the books. You can never make a lawyer out of him on that line. God cannot help a man to be a good man until he decides to be good. The omnipotent God stands powerless in your presence until you decide some things. He says: "Choose whom you will serve. If God, serve Him; if Baal, serve him." I will tell you what an effectual call is. It is that which gets you up on your feet, and gets you to moving. That is the only effectual call I know anything about. I like a plain, old-fashioned Gospel that says, "You are a sinner, and if you don't repent you will be damned." You can't bring on the millenium with any other kind of Gospel except that. Every call that God ever made is effectual. It is God's business to call, and it is yours to make it effectual. My fellow-citizens, I bring the truth home to your consciences to-night. If you are ever good, you have good in you to help you to decide to be so, and with your present light too. God will never put any more pressure on the means of grace; He will never bring any more to bear from heaven. You have to decide with present influence and grace, or leave it undecided, which is to die for ever. I heard of an old fellow who was unconverted. I met him during the meeting. I said to him: "You are grey-headed; you will be dead shortly." Said he: "I have been listening for that still, small voice for sixty years." "Have you heard it?" "No." "You will never hear it. Come up to our meeting, sinner as you are, or you will be damned before you know it." He came that night, fell down on his knees and prayed, and got religion. Metho-

dism had done more for him in one hour than Hardshellism had done in sixty years.

You may announce an excursion train to New York City at fifty cents for the round trip, and that fellow who decides to go with a half-dollar in his pocket is the one who is effectually called. Every fellow who gets aboard is effectually called sure enough, and you fellows who do not get aboard are not; that is all, and that settles it. There are many ways by which men are called to a better life. Put that Bible in every man's house, and if there were no other means of grace in the universe but that book, every man who dies impenitent dies with light and knowledge forced upon him, and dies without excuse. Do you know how many times God calls a man to repentance and a better life in that book? If you were to read and ponder only one call a day, it would take you one year to get through that book. These calls mean, "Come up higher." That is the plain English of every call in this book. A call from the wrong, and a call to the right. This blessed book is full of calls to the children of men. If that were the only call we had, we all ought to be good. But God sends His Divine Spirit into this world, and this Divine Spirit poises himself over the pages of this book, and bathes every utterance of the book in a sea of light, and shows you that these are God's words. His power, and grace, and great loving heart, are in every one of these words, and He calls to us by His Spirit. Every desire to go higher, every impulse to rise to a better life, every influence that leads from the wrong and toward the right, is put in motion by the Third Person of the Trinity, and is under His direct influence. By His Spirit He calls us to a better life. He calls, and calls, and calls. His Divine Spirit broods over the sinner day and night—every day in the week: all the time

God's Spirit is calling for all men to come to a higher and better life. You have heard those calls. God not only calls us by that Book, and by His Divine Spirit, but He calls us by His ministry. These consecrated men, who are up speaking, and crying aloud, and sparing not, are calling men to a better life. There have been enough of good sermons preached in this town to save every man, woman, and child in this town a thousand times over. Every Gospel sermon is a call to a better life. You never heard a sermon preached by a white man or a black man, that didn't have enough truth in it to save your soul.

We have some very hypercritical persons in this country—born critics. One of these fellows said of me: "Listen! he uses two negatives in the same sentence." God deliver me from these spelling-book critics: these little fellows!* I won't mind being swallowed by a whale; but ain't it painful to be nibbled to death by minnows? Brethren, I want to say in behalf of every preacher in this goodly city, that there is not a sermon uttered by them, there is not a service held in their churches, in which there is not truth enough to save the city. They are consecrated to God. They have called, and you have heard these calls. The greatest blessing a people ever had in the universe is a faithful preacher. You have them in this city by the score. The greatest blessing is a brave preacher, who ain't afraid of man or devil. You have that sort here. The other sort, who are a laughing-stock for the devil—I don't reckon you have any of that sort in this city. I will tell you what we want: every pulpit in this city to be a grand old battery, with every gun full of grape and canister. Whenever a ball,

* This is a fitting place for the statement that Mr. Jones's disregard of grammatical rules in his pulpit deliverances is always obviously studied; and, besides having the merit of popularity, it is one of his most effective means of rightly impressing the multitude.

or a card-room, or a charity-ball is started, we want every cannon in the city turned loose on them. The ministers have done their duty. No preacher can be an effective preacher whose hands are not held up by the better influences of the Church. I tell you what you brethren of the pulpit don't need. You don't need the criticisms of your Church. You need their prayers around the throne of God. That is what you want. I remember in my boyhood days—and some of you can call up a like memory of your boyhood days—when I listened to those old worthy preachers in Georgia who have crossed over and wear their crowns in heaven. I remember how I was sent away conscience-stricken. Let us remember the ten thousand calls of the pulpit in our past lives. The pulpit has been faithful.

God not only calls us by His Word and Spirit and Gospel, but He calls us by His providences in ten thousand ways—calls us to a better life, a higher life. Just see what a chain of providences has hedged me in all my life! Sometimes a man won't admit that there is a providence all around him. Sometimes it shields and overshadows us, and we don't know anything about it. A man will run out to catch the train to Chattanooga. When he goes to the office to buy his ticket, just as the train is starting, he says: "I have come down here, and it is essential that I go; but I have left my pocket-book at home." He goes back home, and says to his wife: "I haven't got sense enough to be a business man at all." He walks down to his store, and learns that, at ten minutes after ten o'clock, that train came into collision with another, and killed forty passengers; and he says: "Thank God, I left my pocket-book!" God's providence shields us that way very often, when we know nothing about it. No poor drunkard ever died in this city, who was not a call to every other man in this city. No poor gambler was

ever ruined, whose corpse did not look back on all other gamblers as a warning and a call to a better life. No fashionable women ever died in this fashionable city, enamoured of fashion and the world, whose pale face, as she lay in her coffin, did not say, "Don't do as I did." No old sinner ever died, that the very atmosphere of the tomb did not speak out to every other sinner, "Don't die as I have died."

Brethren, we have on scriptural authority that even the spirits down in the lost world are anxious that no one of us shall go there. When Dives asks for a drop of water, shut up in infinite despair, he says: "If there is no help for me, send Lazarus back, that my brothers may not come here also." The very lost spirits are beckoning back, and saying, "Do not come here!" When God came into your house, and took that babe of yours and carried it to heaven, He said, while looking down on the grave, "It can't come back to you, but you can go to it." "Yes, go to this lovely child." "What does God take our children for?" asked a lady of me to-day. God can manage you better with your children in heaven, than he could manage you if they were on earth with you. Sometimes the cords that bind us are cut, or nearly snapped, then God binds you with another ligament that you can't break. Every case of sickness and affliction is another means to bring you to a better life. When God came to my home, it was the darkest hour through which my home ever passed. My wife was on a visit to my sister in Alabama. I received a telegram which said, "Come; little Paul is very ill." I was looking for wife home that very day. I had just gotten toys for the sweet children. I answered the summons, and as I slept a little on the train, I would wake up now and then, feeling that, in a few hours, I should see the sweet child better. When I walked up the way to the house of my sister, wife

fell into my arms helpless in her great grief. I went into the house, and there was little Paul's waxen figure smooth and white, as if chiselled out of marble. As I looked on that face, O how sad it was to me! but I am a better father and a better husband because I have a babe in heaven. Bickersteth says a babe in heaven is a babe for ever. God took my father, and that broke my heart. I had a broken and contrite heart.

Look at the providence of this tent. You will tell me God didn't put up this tent. If He ever had a hand in anything in the universe, He put up this tent. I believe He put it up through you. God's arms are spread out toward us to-night. God means that heaven and everlasting life will be yours if you want it. Do you believe it? Why, sir, God is in this movement. God has saved thousands through this movement I thoroughly believe it. Now, will you be saved? or will you walk out from under this consecrated place and go down to hell at last? This tent is a providence calling men to a better life. Many are hearing and heeding this call, thank God, and they are going to be saved by this call. Help us, O God, to rush into Thy arms and be saved!

Now we want to say: These calls! How God calls you to a better life! Are you a merchant? Do you sell goods by the yard? Every time you measure a piece of cloth for a customer, God measures off with His measuring-stick against you, or for you, in the eternal world. Are you a book-keeper? Whenever you write a line on that book God says, "I am keeping books against you." Are you a lawyer? Have you an advocate up there, even Jesus Christ the righteous? Are you a school teacher? Jesus says: "Come and learn of me. I will teach you things that Socrates never dreamed of, and Plato never thought of." Are you a grocery-man? Every time you throw anything into the scales, God

says: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." God says of every tree that gladdens your eye with its verdant beauty, "I have been sowing the seed of love in your heart." Are you a blacksmith? God says: "I have been pounding on your heart for forty years, and your heart has been as unyielding to the power of truth as your anvil to the blows of your hammer. Every season God says to you: "This is spring; then summer, and then autumn. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved." In ten thousand ways God talks to men. The old sun rises over the eastern hills, and his pathway grows brighter and brighter. He has reached the zenith for you. "You are going down to the grave. Will you set clear and beautiful and bright as I am setting this evening? or will you go down in darkness and despair?" Every burning and crackling fire that sparkles in the air is a voice to you. Will you lie down in the lake of fire? May God open our eyes to see these calls! God does not intend that any of us shall be lost until He has done His level best to save us. You have heard these calls. If a man was called ever so much, and could say, "I never heard them," he might die with the sympathy of God upon him. You have not only heard them in your ears, but you hear them ringing down through the chambers of your soul. You have not only heard these calls a thousand times, but you have understood every one of them. I have heard them; I have understood them. They have been multiplied like the stars of the heavens. Then if a man dies, he dies without excuse, and sinks down to hell for ever. I have often thought that if I were to perish, and must perish, I should want to go from some lonely island in the sea, where no Bible, or preacher, or church, or means of grace had ever touched its soil. I should want to go with the consciousness that I had never spurned an overture from God; but he that goes from this

city will go there with a vengeance! O these calls, these calls, these calls! Over in an Eastern country, one morning, two visitors walked out in the valley in the suburbs of a village. The convent-bell commenced ringing. They met some one and asked, "What is that?" "That is a convent-bell. It rings two hours every Sabbath morning—from eight to ten." They turned over the hill; the clear notes of the bell were pealing out on the atmosphere. They heard the notes distinctly. They walked slowly, and by-and-bye one said: "Do you hear the tones of that bell dying out?" And by-and-bye he said: "I can't hear the tones, though it is still ringing, for it is not ten o'clock." The saddest experience in human life is that when you have gone up the hill of life, ascended and reached the summit, you can hear these calls distinctly in your soul; but when you turn down on the other side, away from God and His ministers, your hearing becomes dulled, and these calls become fainter to you. The Gospel is being preached all over this land, but its notes have ceased to reach your ear for ever! Is there a man here to-night who does not hear now the calls that he came to hear? and will he not come back to God? See that little child running off from mamma, and mamma calls, and the little fellow runs on, and mamma follows, and the little fellow looks back and says some childish words to mamma, but he does not obey. His mamma overtakes him and catches him up in her arms. O friends, if one won't hear the voice of God, can he not see the arms of God stretched out to save him to-night? Let us rush up and be saved by Him. In one hand is the bread of life, and the other is laden with the water of life. Come, let us eat and drink, and thirst no more for ever. "I have called, ye refused." Let me tell you: you need not do another thing wrong all your life; only refuse, and you will be as effectually

and fully damned as if you had done everything else in the world. "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." That is the most awful expression in the Word of God. I have thought of that many a time. While God was calling, I mocked, and now, when I would call on God and be saved, God is doing just what I did to him. What measure you give shall be measured to you again.

This in conclusion: A preacher told me once, that out three miles from the town where he was pastor, there lived a very wealthy father, who had an only son, and that father had lavished upon his boy every luxury that money could buy. He had graduated him at the finest college. He had for him all that an affectionate heart and full purse could provide. The son came home from college, but was dissipated, and went from bad to worse; and the father, kind, indulgent, good, did all he could to win and save his boy. He used every means that a mortal man could use to rescue and save his boy; but he went from bad to worse, until one day the father rode into the town and saw his imbruted boy staggering along the side-walk. The father procured such articles as he came for, and went back home. Just a few minutes after the father came home the son came in at the gate staggering. The father didn't see him. In much perturbation he walked to a grove, and was seen standing there with his hat off. An infinite wail of horror escaped the father's lips, and was heard for miles off; and another wail escaped his lips; and the third wail came, and the father walked back to his house. The boy was standing on the porch. The father walked him down the steps, and pushed him off, saying "Leave here for ever; you are no longer my son!" That father let that boy die; he threw him off for ever. "O,

Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." Lord, save us from such a fearful curse as that! Now, do as you please. I am exhausted. I have done my best. I am going to ask every man here to-night who doesn't want to die in his sins, but wants to be saved, to stand up and say: "I want to be saved; God knows it, God knows it." Will you stand up and say, "Pray for me?" Stand up, any of you. Let us all stand up. Now, friends back there, if you want to be saved, hold up your hands.

SAYINGS.

THE test of the fisherman is the length of his string.

CUSTOM is the law of fools, and is ruining this country.

IT is no use for a man to get religion if he doesn't quit lying.

FIND a man who is first-class at some one thing, and he is pretty good at everything.

If any of you don't like the way these services are going, there are three doors; you can just rack out.

I HAVE known women too poor to own a pair of shoes, but I never knew one too poor to own a looking-glass.

XVIII.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

(A SERMON TO THE LEGISLATURE).

"Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.—2 PETER i. 5—7.

SIX thousand years ago God said, "Let there be light;" and although men felt its rays for hundreds of years, they knew not what it was. Finally, philosophy stepped to the front, and told us this white light was the symmetrical blending of primary colors. Jesus Christ said to the Church, "Ye are the light." St. Peter analyses the sentence, and tells us that it is the symmetrical blending of the Christian graces—faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity. The pure, white light is the seven Christian virtues blended, as mentioned in the text; and when these graces are planted in a pure heart and life, that man will be a light of the world.

Character is the immortal part of a man. It is that which will live on when this world is delivered to ashes. Character is not like reputation. Character is the man himself; it is not like a glove I can put off and on. My reputation is what the world says about me: it is what men say I am. Character is what God knows me to be; what I really am. And what this world says of me amounts to very little; what God says of me and thinks of me is of never-ending interest to me. Character is perfectly-educated will. I don't want to be for ever what I am to-day. You build character

for eternity. We ought to build from Divine patterns, use Divinely-fashioned material, and work under Divine guidance. Our Saviour told us to look well to the foundation. "He that heareth these words, and doeth them, is like a man that built his house upon a rock," etc. That man's house stood; and it stood just when he needed one—when he was obliged to have one. He would have been houseless if it had not stood. "He that heareth these words and doeth them not," etc. The winds blew, and that house fell just when the man needed one. It fell just at the time when he most wanted it. How important a thing is this foundation! The bed-rock upon which I build is faith.

The cause of Christ crucified is the science of true manhood—the science of Christianity; and if we build upon this pattern, our life here and hereafter will be a success. God does for a man just in proportion as he can get space to work in for the good of that man. Take heed how ye build! The man who has faith in the triumph of right is omnipotent. The man who doubts is like a locomotive engine without steam or wheels; the man who believes is like an engine with both—and he is a power on wheels.

The next rock is courage. If a man believes he is right, the next thing he wants is courage to do the right. I was never so ashamed of the Legislature of my own State as when they trampled under foot that half-mile long petition of the women of Georgia for a general local option bill. They kept thinking of the whiskey jugs the whiskey men had sent up to their rooms, you see. Every Legislature in this country ought to be like Mahone, of Virginia, who weighs ninety-five pounds; and he says ninety pounds of this is backbone. We want legislators with courage enough to stand by the right until they die. He who is controlled by public opinion alone is a sycophant. I only want you to

enquire if a matter is right, and whether it is for the good of the State. There is a power in Tennessee that would walk up and throttle you if it had a chance. You know this; and all you need is about ninety per cent. of backbone to keep off that power. You know what it is. It is those whiskey-jugs. I want to find one politician who died by the right. If I could preach his funeral I would make things bounce. We want courage that stands by the right. We want the courage of the Roman soldiers, of whom Pyrrhus said: "If I had an army like that, I could bring the whole world to my feet." These Roman soldiers went to the battle to conquer or die. We only need a true and courageous man to lead us, and we could carry this State for the right. This thing we call moral courage is the grandest thing in the universe, and Peter knew what this meant. There was time in his life when he acted the moral coward. I believe, if he had stood by Jesus in that last hour, God would have rushed every angel in heaven down to his rescue.

Add to your faith courage. See how that rock fits! The thing you want is the courage that dares to be true; and I dare say that if one thing is lacking in the Church or the State, it is downright, honest courage. A courage that will walk in the face of public opinion—that is what we want. Courage! If ever there was a time when the lines needed to be drawn, now is the hour. We walk backward and forward over the line till it is entirely effaced. Politicians never cross the fence, you know! We don't want the courage which enables a man to walk to the mouth of a blazing cannon. Some of us have that. We want the courage that will draw the line like Joshua did. He said, "All of you who are on God's side come over here." Have a courage like Luther's. When he proposed to attend the Diet at Worms, he was told he would end at the stake. He said that would not hinder him from

entering the Diet. They showed him the picture of a man who was being burned at the stake; but he replied, "I would go into Worms if I knew every tile upon the houses was a devil." Joshua was fighting the Amalekites, and he saw the sun going down the western hill, and he said, "O God, if I had time I would rout this army and drive them from the field;" and God said to the sun, "Don't move an inch till I have routed this army." And the old sun rested himself till the army of the Israelites had won the victory.

Now, what rock will fit right down here without so much as the sound of a hammer? It is knowledge. There are many things not worth knowing; but my heart and will are in a receptive mood all the time, to catch all that affects God and my fellow-men. Know the right and study it. The best legislator is the man who knows most about this blessed Book. Thank God for this Book! And I tell you the more you know of this Book, the more you know of right. I bless God for this Divine revelation, given to teach man the way to heaven. God did not teach man the way to heaven; but He directs us to search the Book for it, to study to know the Master's will, and do it every day. The lawyer who should attempt to practice, and not know any more about Coke and Lyttleton and Blackstone's Commentaries than the average Christian does about the Bible, wouldn't he be a lawyer! Suppose a doctor did not read medical books any more than the average Christian studies his Bible;—he would only have about two patients; and the undertaker would take them. Many infidels, who have studied the Bible just to argue regarding it, know more about it than many Christians do.

To knowledge add temperance. It is the regulating force of life. It is temperance that makes me the same all the time. A religion that makes me as good in one place as in

another is the religion that endures. What we want is a Christianity that will keep us religious everywhere. Religion is uncompromising, unbending loyalty to God. Have you got that kind of religion? Faith to believe, courage of your convictions, knowledge of the Word of God—have you the temperance that will endure? You want a religion that is as good in adversity as in prosperity, as good in sickness as in health. May God give us that temperance that will regulate us in all the affairs of life! I am called a fanatic on this question. I have got this thing down just to this point: that the man who drinks whiskey is a fool, and the man who sells it is a rascal. My life has taught me that if I drink it I am a fool; and you are made out of the same dirt I am. I don't say idiot; but in that one thing you are fearfully like a fool, and nobody but a rascal will sell it. A man in Georgia took me up on that, and said it was not profitable. I just told him to come and walk about with me awhile and let's look into the matter, and he wouldn't go. Hence the retail dealers are the gentlemen, and the legislators who sit here and legalise it, are the blackguards and vagabonds. But God will put the bar-keeper and the legislator in hell together. Whiskey is whiskey, and if a thousand gallons are wrong, a drop is wrong; and it won't be ten years hence when the State of Georgia will be a prohibition State. I may not be preaching about the things that interest you all, but you chose the preacher, and I have the right to choose the subject. No, my friends, this is a question of the damnation of too many of our children; and we can never put this accursed thing out of the country as long as the legislators wink and smile at it. "We put ourselves squarely on this issue." Say that to your people. I am afraid you made a mistake in passing a law for a constitutional amendment instead of a general local option law.

Now, what shall we add to temperance? In building, the next stone we lay is patience. What a noble virtue patience is! Nothing astonishes me so much as God's infinite patience toward man. If we had a little more patience in this world, what a bright world it would be! The Lord have mercy upon the man who is a bear toward his wife! Just think of a good, gentle, kind, painstaking woman, who has a snarling, snappish husband; and some patient, good, kind man who—O my! One brother who had that kind of a wife said, if he ever does get to heaven he'll be among the mortals who got there through much tribulation. God pity fathers or mothers who are brutal toward their children! They know not the enormity of their crime. There are those here in this congregation who sit in their seats and look as if they were so kind, and gentle, and patient—as if they only needed a pair of wings to go up, up, up. I can tell a feigned look from a natural look as easily as I can distinguish a painted cheek from one of natural colour. Don't assume an air of innocence. The man who is cross to his wife and children goes to church, and has fits because some one laughs in church. He'd better go home and begin snarling again.

What rock will fit next? Godliness. The likeness of God in character. O how much we are unlike God! Can we ever bear the likeness of God? Not until we are made over again from head to foot. We have to be new creatures in Christ Jesus. Think of the average Tennessee legislator being like God! Some of you are more like demijohns. You come here to make laws for the people, and you drink whiskey and stagger along these streets until you would disgrace the chain-gang. You go home and tell the good people you misrepresent that you are the biggest fraud and humbug that ever disgraced a respectable Legislature.

Godliness! Let the good men who are here be more and more like God.

Add to godliness brotherly kindness. That would bring your minds to bear upon the problems that would work out the best interests of your State. I hope to see the day when Tennessee will have a house of refuge for young boys, and stop putting them into the State-prison. Do the right thing to all men in brotherly kindness and love. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is the golden rule which applies to legislators as much as to other people. What a grand opportunity you have to do good to your fellow-men, and to advance the benevolent work of your great State as well as her great agricultural, commercial, mining, and manufacturing interests? But you will not do this unless brotherly kindness is an element of your own character. It must be built into your heart, your disposition, and life. The highest Christian manhood is as necessary for the law-maker as it is for the preacher, the statesman, the Governor. What a blessing to a State when every officer, from the Governor down, is a man of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity!

The key-stone of the arch is charity. This is the best rock of all. God gives us plenty of this sort of material to build with. We must have it all along. It is said to be the bond of perfectness. You think that only Christian people need charity; but no men need it more than politicians; for, as a general thing, they have neither brotherly kindness nor charity for those who differ with them upon questions of State policy. You build your character according to this book, and you will be true and grand men everywhere; and you follow the teachings of this book, and you will never get into trouble about anything. When I preached in the

penitentiary I told the poor fellows that if they had followed the teachings of this book they would never have been there; and now I tell you legislators if you will follow this blessed book, you will never go to the penitentiary or to the final prison-house of the damned. Some of you may now be heading for both places; but God's mercy can reach you, and God's grace can furnish you both the basis and material for building the grandest Christian character.

SAYINGS.

TELL the people and the papers to pitch in; I am able to "tote my own skillet."

THE man who doubts is like an engine without steam or wheels; the man who believes is like an engine with both.

THE devil is just about satisfied with a Christian who will do things in New York that he would not do at home.

WHILE in Nashville I let down my bucket so deep that it stirred the mud. It was my bucket, but Nashville's mud.

I HAVE known preachers who looked as sad and solemn as if their Father in heaven was dead, and hadn't left them a cent.

A TRAIN that makes no noise, raises no dust, kills no stock, and disturbs nobody, will never draw any freight, or carry any passengers, or go anywhere.

THE matter of Church doctrine is an accident. If my mother and Brother Witherspoon's had swapped babies, he would have been a Methodist preacher.

XIX.

FOR HIM OR AGAINST HIM—THE BEST WINE AT THE LAST.

"But Thou hast kept the good wine until now."—JOHN ii. 10.

"He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."—MATT. xii. 30.

IF you will look in the second chapter and tenth verse of the Gospel by St. John, you will find these words: "But thou hast kept the good wine until now." I would have a better text if I were to select this one: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." But I take the first because it is illustrative of something I would show you to-night. I feel to-night, my brethren, that I must preach to you just as if I had sat down on a log out in the woods to talk to one man. Let us reason together about the momentous question that brings this great congregation together night after night and day after day. There are two questions which inevitably come up between the employer and the employé, between the servant and his master, between the hireling and the man who employs him. There can be no such thing as a contract for labour without the asking and the answering of these two questions. If you seek to employ a man for a day, for an hour, for a year, the first question will be, "What kind of work do you want me to do?" and the next question inevitably, and just as legitimately, will be, "What will you pay me for it?" Now, we say these questions lie at the very basis of all contracts for labour—"What kind of work?" and "What will you pay me for it?" We boast of the

fact that we live in the freest government the world ever saw—a government which guarantees to every man his life, his liberty, and his property. But there is a very important sense in which we are all labourers, and have our masters—an important sense in which pay-day is coming. The first thing necessary is to ask, "Whose servant am I?" The Lord Jesus Christ said: "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." He said again on this point: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other." It would be a good thing for you club members of the Church to listen along here. I never could understand how a man could be a loyal Union soldier, fighting in the ranks of the Union Army, when he has a powder-factory down here in the Confederacy, manufacturing powder for the rebels. You will get me into mysteries, maybe. I don't like that. "Are you never going to let up on that club?" No, God bless you; I am like the old preacher who preached on repentance once; next time he preached on repentance, and again on repentance. One of the old stewards took him out and asked him: "Is that the only sermon you have? you have preached that the third time." The preacher asked him, "Have all the people repented?" "No; but they want something besides pie to eat." "I cannot find any better text as long as they are not all converted." Thank God, one member of the club is moving! He said: "I will give one thousand dollars toward paying for that building for the Young Men's Christian Association, and dissolve the club. He is getting better. I know some more of them who are packing up to emigrate. God bless you, "git!" If I should do nothing else here

in two weeks' preaching but bring my brethren out of the clubs, I will have done a great work in your city. Show me a member of that club who has been at work with sinners in this meeting. Where is he? "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other." Now, I speak it once for all: I have no objection to any man joining the club if he is not a member of any Christian Church, but it is my brethren in Jesus Christ that I am after. That is my doctrine. I have not said, and will not say a thing against any man in that club who is not a member of the Church. You who are not a member of the Church are at home there. I am just sorry for your wife; that is all. Poor woman! she has been half clubbed to death, and I reckon you will finish her before you get through. One of the members said to me, "Go on shelling them, and I think I can get out." I am just saying this for his benefit, and he is getting it. And if we can pull one out of every service, we are getting along swimmingly.

Hear, hear: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other." That is it. He drew the line a little closer than that when he said: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Let me tell you, there is no middle ground here. Every man, woman, and child is either squarely out on God's side, or he is on the other side. I wish we could get Christian people to see that. St. Paul said, "I have fought a good fight." He had come over on the right side. I want a fellow clear over from the dead-line, so that when he falls he will fall right. Every day God whispers in my ears: "If you fight, I will help you; and if you conquer, I will crown you." You have lots of men in this city who

are neither good nor bad. You ask them if they are bad. "No, sir." Good? "No, sir." They are goody-goody fellows; they are not worth ten cents a dozen in any market in heaven, earth, or hell—neither on the Lord's side nor the devil's side. They are like those prohibitionists we have down in Georgia. I have been among them up to my chin. I have struck fellows square out in favour of prohibion, and others square out against it; but these fellows have friends on both sides. They are the fellows I told you about when I was here before. They have a little cotton string, with a rib or two tied to it, and call that a backbone. No, sir; when I was on the devil's side, I was on his side all over; and now when I tell my God that I am on His side, and on the side of His Church, with my name put down, then I say to you every passion of my soul, every faculty of my mind, every muscle of my body, has been on God's side from that time to this. None of your little tweedledum tweedledee business about me. Give God soldiers who are always ready for the fight, and always on the good side. There is no neutral ground here. "Mr. So-and-So is not a Church-member, and he is a good man." Show me one good man who doesn't belong to the Church. I have been hunting for him for twelve years. I asked a gentleman on the train, "How are you getting on religiously?" He said he didn't belong to any Church; that a man can be as good out of the Church as he can in it. I said to him, "Just name me one good man out of the Church." He thought awhile, and then said, "*Me! me!*" Said I: "Have you got so low down an opinion of the Church as to think that such a fellow as you are is as good as any member in the Church?" I tell you, brethren, the very essence of moral heroism, and the very essence of loyalty, is to take sides. Joshua drew the lime, and said: "All of you who

are on God's side, come over here." Which side are you on? You are on neither side. "I am not a Christian, and I am not a sinner." You are a moral monstrosity; that is what you are. If this town is cursed by any class it is cursed by these men who are neither good nor bad. Old Goody-goody! You ought to hear his wife talk about him: "I just tell you, Brother Jones, he is the best man you ever saw." It seems like she has gone into partnership with the devil, to get her husband to hell systematically. You need not come around me bragging about the old carcass; you won't make anything off of me. I say, my brethren, let every man of us to-night define our position. We are with the Lord or against Him. There is no such thing as neutral ground. I wish every clever man in this city could see it. There are hundreds of men in this town just as kind-hearted as they can be who won't take a stand. There are men who hear my voice this moment whom I would want for my executors if I were to die in this city. I believe you are honest, upright, and noble. I wish these men would take a stand for God. Why don't you? You seem to be selling out to the devil for nothing and boarding yourselves. That is cheap. You noble men of this city, whose honour is as sacred as the character of your wives, bless you, don't dilly-dally with your conscience. Let us be true, and say: "I will come out and serve my God. I will take a stand, and do it in the presence of God, and men, and angels." Let us be men; and if we take a stand, let us die there. To me the saddest picture in life is that man sitting out there, who was once a member of the Church, who joined the hosts of God twenty years ago, deserted the ranks, went over to the devil, and is now working tooth and toe-nail for hell. What would you think of a Confederate soldier during the late war who, after having fought one month, two years,

three years, took off the gray and went over to the enemy and donned the blue? There is a man who once stood in the ranks of God, and now he has deserted, and serves in the devil's army, scattering death into the ranks of God. Come back, brother, and God will take you like a fresh recruit, and make you into a true soldier of the cross. Five hundred persons who hear my voice are out now. You are on the side of the Lord God of hosts, or against Him. Those who are on the Lord's side keep His commandments. That is the test. If you don't, you are not a servant of the Lord. If a man is not a servant of the Lord, he is a servant of the devil. Will you go to your spiritual master, the devil, and ask him what kind of work he wants you to do? The kind of work he wants you to do is to swear, drink, gamble, debauch your body in wickedness, and make your wife, your mother and children and neighbours, think less of you. He wants you to do that which will degrade you in your own eyes, and damn you for ever. That is the kind of work the devil wants fellows to do, and you have been hard at work for him until you have neither friends, money, nor character. What are the wages? Misery, anguish, and damnation in the end. That is what a man gets in the service of the devil. I was preaching to my own charge once when I said to an old sinner that had repented: "Get up here and tell these people what you have received for sixty-five years in the service of the devil." He would not do so, and afterward said: "Brother Jones, if I had got up and told those people what I had done, I would have frightened them. I have a hard, stiff neck, and a godless family, and no hope at all that I ever will be saved." It was the living experience of a man talking right before my face. What does that mother mean when she sings, "Where

is my wandering boy to-night?" Where is he who sold out soul and body to the devil, is ruined on earth, has broken his mother's heart, and wrung tears from the eyes of loved ones—all to reap damnation in the end? Is that so? You ought to know; you have tried it. What does the man get who serves the Lord? What kind of work does the Lord want done? He wants you to love mercy, do justly, work righteouness, and speak the truth in your heart. He wants you to bear the fruit of the Spirit, to do those things that will make your wife, and children, and neighbours love you more. What is the pay? Enough cash to live on every day; and, when you get so old you can't work any more, God takes you up and gives you a home in heaven. How is it that the devil has a servant in this city to-night?

I take this text because it is illustrative of God's economy and the devil's economy in dealing with souls. It is the devil's economy to give the best wine first. God's plan is to give the worst first, and it gets better and better through all eternity. The devil gets a poor sinner just on the principle that the poor old drunkard, with his digestive organs burned out, takes one more drink to brace him up. The devil gives the best first, and entraps us that way. Let me illustrate: When I crossed the line of accountability in my youth, the devil took me by the hand and led me up into a large, capacious palace, adorned with all the pictures of earth; and I looked at the elegant furniture and beautiful carpets, and I said, "What do you say?" "If you will be my servant, I will give you all this." I looked again, and I thought: "Sure enough, there is something here I like—a chair of ease, an offer of contentment; here is everything I want." And I took possession. I walked out and came back, when my chair of ease was gone for ever. I returned another day, and my sofa of contentment was gone, and I

never felt so well content afterward. Another day, as before, I came back, and my table of pleasure was gone, and I never had half as much pleasure as I had before. The beautiful pictures were gone, another piece of furniture was gone, one piece of furniture after another was gone, and one day the carpets had been taken up and removed. What a poor, bare floor it was! I came back one day, and two of the windows were removed. It was not as light as it was before. One of the doors was taken down. I had not as many ways of ingress and egress as before. Another window was gone on the next visit, and the last day I was in that palace the last window was removed, the last door was removed; but when I came out to see my father die, I never went back again. The last window was gone, and the last door was removed, and a visitor told me that the walls of the capacious palace were coming together; and one night after midnight the walls, he said, came together with a crash, and he admitted that the wages of sin is death. What a picture! I know it is true. O what a picture of my own life in its wasteful, prodigal days! My friends, look at this picture. Listen how the pleasures of sin beguile us. Burns had the right to speak, and I know he was right when he said:

> Pleasures are like poppies spread—
> We seize the flower, the bloom is shed:
> Or like the snow-flake on the river,
> A moment white, then melts for ever;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm.

O these earthly pleasures, how soon they fade and die! Like the apples of Sodom, they turn to ashes in your grasp. Do not follow this *ignis fatuus* that leads you to beguile, and beguiles you but to damn.

I recollect the first time I ever swore. I said: "Now I am a man, almost—I have sworn." I cursed until I despised myself for it. I thought, the first dram I ever took, "O how exhilarating this cup is! how grand it makes me feel!" I drank until I became the most loathsome creature that ever cursed a good wife. I am ready to say the devil deceived me at every turn, and I realised in twenty-five years in his service that he was a liar and the father of lies. He got me by beguiling me and telling me, "All this is yours." Our Saviour was right when He said, as the devil tempted Him to turn the stone into bread: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

God took my mother when I was a little boy. I last saw my precious mother when they said to me, "Your mother is dead." I came, I remember, and peeped over in the glass of the coffin, and looked down on her pale, waxen face. My mother has been in heaven twenty-eight years, and more; but she is just as much my precious mother now as when she laid her hand on my little head and taught me to say:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

Those are the last words I ever heard my mother say. O if I had not been deceived by sin and ruined by my enemy! I will go to heaven, I verily believe, but will go there scarred from head to foot by ten thousand sins. The devil entices you with that beautiful bar-room; and a man never looked on more beautiful rooms than this city contains. He is enticed by drinks as delicious as nectar and as sparkling as the dew of morning, but at last he pours down his throat the meanest whiskey that was ever made, and the bar-keeper will then

kick the poor victim out at twelve o'clock at night, refusing him even the shelter of the lowest rum-hole. In the language of that club in New York City: "Here are whiskey and cards and billiards, but if you get drunk we will take you out." God pity the man who is enticed by sin in any form! It means to beguile and overcome you, and damn you at last. This is the legitimate end of a sinful life. Now, we turn the picture for a moment. Thank God, there are always two sides to every question! Now, we say: "What does the Lord want me to do? What is the Lord's plan in dealing with immortal man?" The first cup the Lord ever gives a sinner is the cup of *conviction*. When David took it in both hands and drank it down, his knees smote together, and he found trouble and sorrow. It is the wormwood and the gall, but it is a kind of bitter that makes everything taste sweet ever after. By-and-bye God gives the cup of *justification* after the bitter cup. When I received this cup I thought, "O how good it is!" I thought it was the best heaven had. But I went on, and ever and anon the blessings have come upon me. I have had blessings that were just blessings to soul and body all over, through and through. I recollect at Corinth, Miss., one night, going along to the meeting I said: "Wife, I am so tired I am satisfied I cannot stand up and preach. I believe I will ask them if they will allow me to sit down and preach." I took my text, and the baptism from heaven came upon me, and when I finished I said, "I am the best rested man that ever stood on the ground." I went home, lay down to go to sleep, and the first thing I knew the breezes of heaven began to play over my soul. "This is glorious!" I sung in silence; and in ten minutes I slept under the breezes of heaven. These breezes are still floating over me. I never got tired any more in three

months. That is the truth, sir. Better and better, and still there are more to follow. The first cup God gave St. Paul it threw him down in the road, and he was stricken stone blind, and he was blind for three days. A few years after that, Paul was caught up into the third heaven. When at last the angels looked down from the jasper walls and pearly gates, and saw him in that dungeon at Rome writing his last letter to Timothy, saying, "I have fought a good fight," then he looked up and said: "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." If we had St. Paul down here to-night to conclude for us, and tell us just what he has had since he put that crown on, we would all go home shouting. I am busy most of my time, but sometimes I sit down and think about what is ahead. What will it be ahead? Better, and better, and better!

These have been precious days to me here in your city. I have not been surprised. Before I kissed my wife good-bye, I believed it would be this way as much as if I had seen it. I saw the Lord was holding back the devil, and letting him kick himself to death, and I am mighty happy over it. If the devil has made a track in this town since, I have not seen it. I love to contemplate the great future before the Christian. I love to contemplate what is ahead. No wonder the apostle said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things that God hath in store for them that love Him." Lord Jesus Christ, entice us heavenward to-night! I want to get there. Brethren, if at last I fail, and God says, "Depart, ye cursed," I will turn and walk off the worst disappointed man that ever turned his back on heaven. My money is all in this bank, and, blessed be God, it can never break. If

there is a muscle of my body, or a passion of my soul, that does not belong to God, I am willing to dispose of it this moment. O Lord, help me to be thine for ever, and thine wholly! I am a sane man, brethren, and have before declared my position; here and now I settle it once and for ever: I will be the Lord's. Will you say it? How many members of the Church here to-night will stand up and say, "Whatever may have been the mistakes of the past, I stand and say, Now, Lord, I give myself wholly to thee?" How many of God's Church will stand up and say this? Now, my brethren and friends, I hope every man who expects this side of the judgment-bar of God to make his peace, will stand up here to night.

SAYINGS.

IT takes less sense to criticise than for anything else. There are a great many critics in the lunatic asylum.

WHAT we need in this city, and everywhere else, is a living, walking, consistent, earnest Christianity that can be known and read of all men.

I CAN somehow stand it to be swallowed by a whale, but to be nibbled to death by minnows is awful; and now that the terrapins begin to bite, it is time to wind up the line and quit.

I WOULD not go back twelve years and take my chances,

Were this world a golden ball,
And gems were all the stars of night.

THE devil gives the best wine at the first; God gives the best wine at the last.

IF I throw a stone into a crowd of dogs, and one runs yelping, you know that is the one that is hit. When you hear one of these fellows on the street yelping at me, you may know he is the dog that is hit.

I SAW that the Lord was holding back the devil, and letting him kick himself to death, and I believed it would be just this way in this city before I kissed my wife good-bye, and I am happy over it.

THESE little fellows that I was going to ship off with a two-cent postage stamp: It would take two hundred tons of soothing syrup to run them. They are all babies, and they outcry creation if you don't give them something to soothe them.

YOU have lots of men in this city who are neither good nor bad. Ask them if they are good. "No, sir." "Bad?" "No, sir." They are these goody-goody fellows. They are not worth ten cents a dozen in any market in heaven, earth, or hell.

LIKE some so-called prohibitionists I have met with down in Georgia, who have friends on both sides of the question, there are wishy-washy fellows in the Church, who have a cotton string run up their backs, with a few ribs tied to it, and they call it backbone. I have been among them up to my chin.

XX.

WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—PROV. iii. 17.

THIS is the last service we hold together as evangelist and people. I want it to be a service of power. There are mingled feelings of joy and sadness that I can't express in words. There are things I love to contemplate. I love to contemplate the congregations of heaven that ne'er break up and the Sabbaths that have no end. I am grateful to God that I was ever permitted to come to this city. I never felt so small in all my life. Some talk about the dizzy heights. I am lying flat on my back on the ground. I never want to get off the ground. The way up is down. I am on this grand old ship. I will never jump overboard. I am going to walk out on the banks of eternal deliverance. I have counted the cost; I have surveyed the field. I purposely, deliberately, intelligently, put all my capital in this bank. I will never check it out until I get into heaven. It will be given to me for ever and ever. I want every man who is undecided to decide to-night. I want you to act to-night. A decision to go to Louisville is not worth a cent unless it takes you down to the train and puts you on board. You might decide to go to Louisville every hour in the day, but that decision is not worth anything unless you put yourself on the train. A man told me last night he had decided to join the Church. "Well, walk up and join it then," I said. "I ain't ready," he answered. You have

not decided. That is it. The best evidence that a man has decided to go to Louisville is that you see him on the train about five minutes before it starts. Some of you are waiting for feeling. You have waited through the best meeting you ever saw, and here you are to-night waiting, getting on grandly! coming along swimmingly! I am not inquiring whether I feel like I am going home, but I am inquiring if the train leaves at a certain time. I don't look at my feelings when I am on the train, but I listen to trainmen calling out the stations. When I hear them call out "Murfreesboro," I know that, feeling or no feeling, I am on my way home. When they call out "Tullahoma," I know that is another station on my journey, feeling or no feeling. When they call out "Chattanooga," I know, feeling or no feeling, that I am ninety miles from home. Only when a fellow starts to the good world he leaves off his sin and starts with the means of grace, and all you need to inquire about is, "What are the stations on the way?" The first station is "Repentance." That is a station on the way to heaven, feeling or no feeling. The next station is the "Church of God," feeling or no feeling. The brakeman cries out, "Brotherly Love!" I like that. That is one of the grandest stations on the way to God. Do you know that? Next I find myself at the station of "Complete Consecration." That is a magnificent station. I wouldn't mind stopping a day or two there; but I run on to the next station, that of "Family Prayer." I would like to abide there a day or two. I have been looking up the stations all along the way. They are all good. The devil goes about preaching feeling; God preaches faith. The Bible doesn't say "Whosoever feels," but "Whosoever will." Do you see that? When a fellow has got feeling, and nothing but feeling, I always think may be it is some-

thing he has eaten. Feeling is the lowest element in religion. True religion is not feeling; but religion is a principle. It is a grand principle underlying every stratum of human life, and keeps a man straight. That is it.

If we are farmers, let us plough and plant, and let God rain and shine. Let us do our part, and let the Lord attend to His own business. Now, will you start to heaven? God says, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Well, if God tells me to choose whom I will serve, I will make a choice. I will not serve the devil any longer, but I will from this day forth serve God. How can a man be damned when he is doing just what God told him to do? If I had a bad boy, and he had been off cursing, and lying, and living in rebellion against me, I want that boy to come up to me and say, "I have been doing wrong." "Are you sorry enough to quit?" If he says he is, "That is enough, my son. Give me your hand. I love you. Come to my arms." That is all I ask. I will attend to the rest. God is my Father. I am His child. Let us strip the mystery from this question, and let us meet the issue like men. If there is anything the Lord has to do before you can go to heaven, I will go His security. I say it reverently. The Lord will attend to His part if you attend to yours. When I started to heaven I had no more religion than a calf. I was as mean, as completely rebellious, as any man ever was. If there was anything the devil wanted me to do that I didn't do, it was because I didn't know how. But I made the promise to my father on his death-bed that I would meet him in heaven, and every step since has been toward the good world. Many things have happened since then. My, my! there have been some big times. You start to-night, even if you are the meanest fellow in town, and some things will happen before next

week. That ain't-got-any-feelin' and fittin' business is a trick of the devil to catch sinners, and he is catching them. Thank God, we also are catching many of them! Christ told His disciples He would make them fishers of men. I recollect when I was a boy I used to go fishing. I have sat on the banks of a stream three, four, and five hours, and at last pulled out a big perch, then a big trout, and after a little while longer a big cat-fish. Finally the minnows would begin to bite. Then I would jerk and jerk, and they would get my bait. I have been troubled with them here. At last the minnows would quit biting, and my cork would turn over on the water; then I would pull out, and there would be an old terrapin. Then I would take in my tackle and go home. I see by the town papers that the terrapins are beginning to bite. I believe one of these terrapins is named "Skylark." I wish he would come up here, and let us take a look at him and see his little terrapin head. It is time to quit fishing when the terrapins begin to bite. Fishermen of men, if you will watch now in this town for the next three weeks you will see that the terrapins will be a-nibbling. Now, you watch them. Take my utterances since I have been in this town, and if I have not been square to God, to truth, and to right, it is because I didn't know it. If I have not given wrong in all of its aspects my attention, I don't know what I am talking about. I am down on wrong. I don't like the wrong. When you hear a fellow on the street express himself against me, ask him if he ever stole anything, or ever got drunk, or how many wives he has. You won't have to ask him more than five questions until you will tree him; for if a man's life is right, what quarrel has he got with me? You *nom-de-plume* gentlemen rack out over your own signatures. You are afraid to do that. I want you to give

your heart to God, and come up here and join the Church to-night, and let us go to heaven together. I say to you: "My brother, I love you, and would like to see you changed from a terrapin into a great big trout." Now, this change is a sort of preface to what we propose to say, and the prelude may be longer than what will follow.

We invite your attention to these words—listen: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The Christian life is often spoken of as a *way*, and we are spoken of as walking in that way. We have it before us to-night, as a plain declaration of the word of God, that the Christian life is a way of pleasantness, and all its paths are paths of peace. As difficult as the road may seem to you, as many obstacles as present themselves in your way, it is ten thousand times easier to be a Christian than to be a sinner and go down to hell. The sinner has a hard road. Sometimes he has to go over a broken-hearted wife, and against a poor, weeping, grey-headed mother's prayers, and trample on his own convictions of right, and overleap the highest mountains of grace, to make his way to hell, while the Christian can find a level path leading all the way to God. I want to talk a little out of my own experience, and out of this book; for if I can't bring this book down to my experience, and my experience up to this book, you may burn it up—it is not worth anything to me. Bring the book down to a level with me, or bring me up to the level of the book—then it is God's book to me. If I am starting on a journey, it is worth something to know that I shall have strength and ability for the whole trip. Many invalids start South in December, and die in Atlanta or Macon. They die before they reach the land of sun and flowers. How many of them on their return to their homes stop off and die! It would be sad to know that I may not have

strength to go through. It is a grand trip—the trip to heaven—it is a grand journey. Every Christian starts from the beginning with the consciousness that he will have strength to make the whole trip.

I believe in final perseverance, thank God! You know what final perseverance means. It is just catch hold, and hold on, and never turn loose. I am going to persevere to the end, God being my helper. God has promised that all things necessary shall be provided for me along the way. I don't know whether I shall have strength to get through preaching or not, but, thank God, I know I have strength enough to get to heaven! I don't know whether my physical frame will enable me to go to Georgia, but if next week doesn't find me at home, it will find me in heaven. I shall have strength to make every step of the road to the celestial city. Thank God for that sweet consciousness! It is worth all the world to me. It is worth a good deal when a traveller starts on a journey to have all needful accommodations along the way. A great many ways are unpleasant, for the want of good accommodations along the road. At every eating-house along this way, you will find heaven's bread and angel's food. David said: "He prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; he anointeth my head with oil; my cup runneth over." There never was a call for a physician that didn't mean something; and some of these days, and maybe before thirty days from to-day, a doctor will be called to you, and he will visit you about ten days, and then there will be black crape on the front door. God grant that he who sends for the doctor first may be prepared! David said, "He prepareth a table." Thank God, there is not one of them that fear the Lord that suffer along the way! I find every needful accommodation all along. "I have never seen the

righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." It is worth something to know that the eating-houses hold out all the way. It is worth a great deal to a man that is about to take a journey to have a good God on the way. Thank God, I have a good God with me, and the angels of God encamping round about me at night! Thank God, for a good God to go with me in every hour of peril, to protect me and to shield me, so that no danger shall come in reach of me!

Bunyan's old pilgrim looked ahead on the road, and beheld a lion. He was standing by the path, shaking his shaggy mane and flashing his cruel eyes with a vengeance. The pilgrim was told to go right in the middle of the path. The lion was chained, and could not get a paw on the path. Right in the middle of the path of duty there is no power in earth or hell that can harm you; but you had better mind how you take to the bushes along the way—there is danger there! It helps to make the journey pleasant also to have a good guide—one that knows the way. This Divine Power, that leads men the first step, and on and on, knows the way from earth to heaven. He knows every turn, and he says: "Take my hand, and I will lead you in paths of righteousness." Thank God, that while there are ten thousand bye-paths leading to hell, there is one road that leads to heaven! Will you take this Guide to be your guide? Will you lift your head up in the dark and say, "Father, take my hand and lead me in the paths of righteousness?" Yes, I have a good Guide to go with me. You have been trying to find the way by yourselves. There are too many cross-roads and turnings. Get a guide. Holy Spirit, heavenly Guide, take possession of us to-night, and lead us all the way! It is worth something to the traveller to know that he will have daylight all the way. I have travelled at night, when it has been so dark I was afraid my horse might run up against something

and break my trap. Thank God, in this trip from earth to heaven you have daylight all the way! You are a child of light; you shall not walk in the darkness. A road is easy to travel in the day-time. A preacher once came to my house. The mud was twelve or eighteen inches deep. When he arrived he said: "I thought I would never get out here; I had an awful time." Next morning he got on his horse, and in the daylight he could ride along on the high and dry places. Look here, sister, you get off in the dark and mud, and you have a time of it. You have to stop to pull one foot out of the mud, and then the other gets in deeper. I like this daylight business. Thank God, for the light shining on my pathway all the length of the celestial road! Sister, if you want light, get up on this way. Then, it helps to make a journey pleasant if you have got far to go to have good company on the way. I feel here now something like Simon Peter felt on the Mount of Transfiguration. I would like to complete the tabernacle, and live with you for ever. If I had let my head work out this problem, I would be here in a pleasant home. God bless you, I have had nothing but good company! That fellow that said he could ship all the Christians in Nashville to Atlanta with a two-cent postage stamp—I tell him he then told the biggest lie he ever told in his life. For fear some might read that in the paper and think I said it, I will say that I never said that or anything like it. I said I could send about five hundred of you little fellows, but not one of your first-class members, and you have got a heap more of them now than you had then. Every Christian man on his way to heaven has a great deal of good company to go with him. Your preachers have good company. The members of the Church have good company. Thank God for every good man on the face of this earth! I may never look in your face any more,

but every man and woman here will be company for me journeying on through life to heaven. Thank God for good company! To the unconverted let me say: "Join this company—this holy, happy band. They have said, 'Come and go with us.' Join them to-night, and go with us through to the celestial city. Won't you?" Then, it helps to make the journey pleasant to know that the way lies through green pastures and beside still waters. David says, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." At times we can recline on the ground, then we can walk on, and then run through the pastures on our way to God. Thank God for the pools on the way-side! The Baptists are in charge of these pools, but they are mighty liberal. You can get all the water you want. And there are other Christians that own stock in that pool too. I have never known them to be selfish about it. They are a liberal, noble people. There is not a pool on the way that I would cut a ditch through and dry up. Blessed be God, on we go rejoicing! It helps to make the journey pleasant to know that it ends well. O me! if a man goes on a bad errand, I don't care what advantages he may have on the way, he is not happy; but if he is on a good errand, nothing can make him unhappy. He is looking forward to that blessed hope of the glory of the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ. The greatest delight of my life is in sometimes looking ahead. In my past life I have taken my eyes off of the blessed hope. I got to thinking in this way: "You had better go back to law for a few years, and then come back and go to preaching again. You love your wife and your children, and you wish to see them comfortable and happy. What harm is there in going back to law and working to get a competency, and then resume preaching?" But, thank God, when I get my eyes back on that blessed hope, this world whittles down until it is about as

small as a rubber ball under my feet! Suppose you owned the whole state of Tennessee—what is that compared to the United States? Suppose you owned the whole United States —what is that compared to the world? Suppose you owned the whole world—you could put two such worlds as this in your vest-pocket, go up and spend a night at the Dog Star, and you wouldn't have enough to pay your hotel bill in the morning. A poor fool, running after the world and taking hold of the world! You turn this old world loose and make heaven your inheritance.

If your father owned the world, and all the stars, and everything else, would you consider yourself poor? Sir, I am a joint heir of His only-begotten Son. My Father is rich in houses and lands, and promises me "an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." There is room enough in paradise to give us all a home in glory. Thank God, when I get there I am done being poor white folks for ever! When I get there I am done with tears for ever. I have cried many a time. I have been sometimes where if I could not have cried I would almost have died. I have said if these tears will pass away I shall be in peace. By-and-bye they will be wiped away for ever. "He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes for ever." I was once sitting in the house with a mother, when in came the sweetest little daughter. She was crying as if her heart would break. "O mamma, I can't help it!" The tears would fill her eyes again, and she said, "O mamma, I can't help it!" Directly the precious mother pulled the sobbing child up to her lap, and put her daughter's arm on her shoulder, and taking her hand, she wiped the tears out of her eyes. Some of these days, when our feet shall strike the golden city, and Christ shall run His hands over these eyes, there shall be no more tears for

ever. O, my brother, this journey ends well! There is a world where poor beings will never be tempted any more. O, my temptations, how they crowd around me! I never felt my grip loosened but once. I could feel my grip slipping once. It was the darkest hour my soul ever saw. I tightened that grip again, and I am clinging to the cross in which my hope rests for ever. It ends well, blessed be God! St. Paul said: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." It ends well. It ends over yonder at the resurrection morn.

I love to go into that cotton factory at Atlanta. When walking about through that factory I have felt every muscle in my body quiver with the magnificent force displayed in the thousands of swiftly-flying spindles and shuttles; but when I go down into that little engine-room on the side and see that little engine that is doing all the work, and see the machinery obedient to the pressure of that little engine, it is all explained. It will be a grand sight to me to see my mother, and my father, and all my loved ones rise up from the grave, and my wife with the glow of beauty and hue of health upon her cheek for ever, but it will be a grander sight still to see the arm of Christ behind and sustaining us all. It ends well, blessed be God!

I sat there at Atlanta under that car-shed. I am a great lover of engines. I love to ride on them. I love to see them moving. Good Lord, let me be in Thy hands like these engines are in the hands of the engineer! I sat there and saw the Western train roll in, all greasy and dirty from the trip, trembling under the air-brakes. A few minutes later I saw the old State Road engine roll in on time, and her passengers alight on the platform, dusty and tired from the long journey. Then the Central would roll in and

deposit her cargo of humanity. Thus shall I stand at the pearly gates and watch the blood-washed souls sweep in for ever. I want to stand at the gate of heaven and watch five million blood-washed souls sweep through from this city. We will have time there. Nobody tired there, thank God! It ends well. O brethren, there are many things I want to see. Sometimes I wish I could live on earth until I see certain consummations. I would like to live to see the day when every sinner on the earth shall be converted to God. I want to see Thomas Jefferson's face when the last government is a republic; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian is in possession of the inheritance of his race; I want to look on the face of Jesus when the last sinner has been washed in the blood and come home to God; but I will never reach the consummation of all my desires until, soul and body, I am housed in heaven. The old ship of Zion has been making her hourly trips backward and forward for six thousand years, but when that old ship makes her last trip to this world, and we all go on board and strike up the good old song, and when her keel shall strike the banks of eternal deliverance, I shall land to live with God for ever. Worthy is the Lord Almighty to receive all honour, and power, and dominion for ever! Blessed Christ, Thou art all the world to me, and Thy glory I shall see. Brethren, let me say to you that I am moved as I have never been moved before. If I ever get to heaven, and my mother and friends begin to congratulate me, I will be like a friend who gets a telegram to meet another, but the train has gone. He steps on board a grand Rogers engine, and he rolls in on time and meets his friend. "I congratulate you," says his friend, "that you made your trip in so short a time." "I had very little to do with this trip. I will show you the engine that brought me into town

ahead of time." If I ever get to heaven, and mother throws her arms around my neck and congratulates me, I shall say: "Hush, hush, mother, and show me the Lord Jesus, and I will show you the grand soldier that led me and carried me on his shoulders, and brought me all the way to heaven." O Lord, bring these men out and save us in the kingdom of heaven at last! Before we dismiss this congregation, you men of thought and intelligence under this tent, who will say in your conscience, "God being my helper, I will stand up and say, I will meet you in that bright world above," stand up. Will this congregation rise in mass and say that, and stick to it till God receives you in heaven? Bless the Lord! Please be seated. Thank God! I want to see all you coloured people in heaven, and all you white people in heaven, too.

If any of you have got any objection to a woman shouting on her way to God, you are meaner than I am. If there ever was a time when a universal shout should go to heaven from this city, it is now. Hallelujah to God! Thank God for the victory! That is what shouting means. It means victory. You take a soldier and let him go out and fight all day, and is driven back by the enemy. That soldier goes into his tent and hangs his head. He sallies out to-morrow to fight again, and the first thing you know the enemy's ranks break, and he will shout through blood and thunder to-day. When a fellow puts the world, the flesh, and the devil to flight, he will shout out, or, like an Indian, he will shout a silent shout deep down in his soul. Now, brethren, I never felt so grateful in my life as just now. God knows I want every one of you who sit in this vast audience, who say you have never been received into the Church, to enlist in God's army to-night. I would not mislead a human soul to save my life. The last thing God ever said to man

is this, "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." Will you come out on God's side? This very moment decide it if you have never decided it before. How many in this vast audience will stand up and say, "I shall and do decide to come out on God's side from this night?" Not less than a thousand, I hope, will stand up and say that.

I thank you for your generous kindness to me and mine. I shall ever carry you in my heart. I want to be just as good and efficient in God's service as it is possible to be. I want every one of you to pray for me along through life, and we will pray for each other. Now, you can understand something about the power. You have been analysing this thing for three weeks. If you take this power away from me, I am about the weakest, sorriest case you ever saw. Now, after the congregation is dismissed, if any want to talk on the subject of religion, you take these front seats.

SAYINGS.

If there is anything the Lord has to do before you can go to heaven, I will go His security.

Right in the middle of the path of duty there is no power in earth or hell that can harm you; but you had better mind how you take to the bushes along the way—there is danger there!

The devil goes about preaching feeling; God preaches faith. True religion is not feeling—that is its lowest element; but religion is a grand principle underlying every stratum of human life.

If I can't bring the Bible down to my experience and my experience up to the Bible, you may burn it up—it is not worth anything to me. Bring the Book down to a level with me, or bring me up to the level of the Book—then it is God's Book to me.

Suppose you owned all of this world—what would it be worth to you? You could put two such worlds in your vest-pocket, and go up and spend the night on the Dog Star, and you would not have enough to pay your hotel bill in the morning. You are a poor fool to be holding on to this old world and sinking down to hell! You turn this world loose and go with us to heaven.

PROHIBITION.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE GEORGIA STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

MR. JONES delivered this address before the State Temperance Convention of Georgia at its session in Atlanta, June 10th, 1885. We give the report—with some minor omissions—as it appeared in *The Constitution* of that city:

I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and I believe its place is in hell. If I were in hell I might drink it; but, so help me God, I will never drink it again on this earth. The main trouble is with these little politicians. They say it won't do to bring this question of prohibition into politics; they say it will hurt their party. If your party has to ride into power on a whiskey-barrel, then I say it ought to be hurt. I am a Democrat. I was born a Democrat; but if you make Democracy mean opposition to sumptuary laws, and friendship to liquor, then I am anything but a Democrat. After all, this thing of politics is just a question of the "ins" and "outs." If the Radicals get in four years from now, they will adopt the good old Democratic cry, "Turn the rascals out!" Some fellows say, "Don't mix politics with religion." When you hear a fellow talk that way, you may know he hasn't any religion to mix. I would mix religion with politics, but not politics with religion. A little religion will help politics; it will make it clean and decent. We want truth, justice, and temperance mixed with politics in this State. I spoke to the Legislature of Tennessee on this sub-

the other day. They are talking about a constitutional amendment on the liquor question up there. We want this question cleared up beyond the reach of these little cross-roads judges, who hop up every now and then and say something is unconstitutional. We want to do away with such judges, and put decent men of brains and character in their places. You can't reform a State with a swill-tub for Governor, and a lot of old mash-tubs sitting on the bench. You can't reform a State until you send good men to the Legislature. Some men come to every Legislature that meets in Georgia who ain't fit to go to the chain-gang. An old skunk of a thing staggering around on both sides of the street at once is a beautiful Representative! There is not a purer, nobler man in Georgia than your Governor. There are no better men in Georgia than your Supreme Court Judges. I told them in Tennessee the other day that you had for a Chief-justice in Georgia a man who would sit up all night talking to penitents at the altar. Georgia is all right at the top and at the bottom. We want to get her all right in the middle; and if you refuse to help suppress the infamous wrong that is being done by whiskey, you are rotten yourselves. Some of you here don't know me. I speak plainly. I use words you can understand. Now, you can take the Latin word "decayed," and it won't phase a fellow. If you take the good old Anglo-Saxon word "rotten," you can cut his head off. You see, I choose my words. Of course there are always some little spelling-book critics sitting around who will go back on a fellow's grammar. I shouldn't mind being swallowed by a whale, but I should hate to be nibbled to death by minnows.

You have a hundred counties in Georgia where the liquor traffic is crippled. In eighty counties there is prohibition. I say, Look out for your drug-stores; look out

for your little muddle-headed doctors. Some of them fill their saddle-bags with liquor, and become travelling bar-rooms. God pity the doctor who will prescribe liquor for a man! I might prescribe it for a poor, dying woman, but I would not give it to a man until he was dead. Whiskey is not good for one thing in this world for which there is not something else that is better. If the time ever comes when they say to me, "You'll die if you don't drink whiskey," I will say, "Get my shroud ready!" I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but liquor will save him, I am ready to preach his funeral; and I have a text that I'll make him hop on.

I rejoice to-night that in more than two-thirds of the counties of this State whiskey can't be sold at all. I am glad the Legislature is going to give us a general local option law. If we don't turn whiskey out of every county in this State at the first election, we will try it again. I had a great trial not long ago. I have been a poor man all my life; and when friends in Nashville tendered me a house and offered to stand by me and back me up, it was a great temptation; but I looked down here and saw my old mother, Georgia. I never loved her so in all my life before. I said, "Brethren, no. I can't take it. Not that I love you less, but I love Georgia more." When I die I want to die in Georgia; and before I die I want to see every inch of her soil rid of the curse of whiskey. I am not mad with the men who sell whiskey; I am not mad with the men who make it. I am mad with whiskey. I am mad with demijohns. I am glad they haven't got legs. Those that have wickerwork around them haven't got legs, but there are plenty of old red-nosed demijohns walking around Atlanta. Ain't you sorry for a poor woman who has to put her tender arm into the handle of an old demijohn every

time she goes to church? I put it this way: The liquor traffic ought to be made so odious that nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. Separate these liquor-dealers from their liquor, and they will be all right. The church that will harbour a man who rents a house to sell liquor in is a hateful hypocrite. Some of these churches in Atlanta are doing just that thing. If there is in this vast audience one man or woman who never had a relative or loved one hurt or ruined by whiskey, I want him or her to stand up right now. You have all had a brother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whiskey. My goodness, these sons-in-law! I'd rather have a boa-constrictor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law. The devil can't do any worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites who are dilly-dallying with the whiskey question are going to get caught just that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law; and I'll bet he will make you a prohibitionist with a vengeance.

I look around your city and see the bar-rooms as thick as the stars in the heavens. Each one of the three hundred bars in Atlanta represents at least ten confirmed drunkards. Three thousand men in Atlanta across the line and gone to ruin! You can stop it if you want to. There are Church-members enough in this town to turn out any day and vote liquor out of it. You are afraid to do it. You will let some bar-keeper, with an old rusty pistol, curse and rear around the polls, and scare you home. You don't want to have a fuss. Well, I'll tell you, every good man dreads a fuss; but he doesn't fear anything that walks on the earth. The Church lies back on the idea that it must have peace. Old Joshua went out one day and fought all day long. He was crowding the enemy, when he looked up and saw the sun

going down. He said: "Lord, if you will just give me three or four more hours of sunshine, I'll clean these fellows up off the face of the earth." And the Lord just made that old sun go back on the dial; and Joshua won a victory, the fame of which has lasted until this day. God despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty, than to run away from it because I was afraid. God intrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game. One enthusiastic, brave man in each county in this state can carry prohibition in Georgia. If you haven't got one in your county, import one. Talk about high license for whiskey! I'd as soon have high license for small-pox. I don't want liquor at any price. If you fathers, who have sons who are your pride and your country's hope, will give your enthusiasm, your brains, and your money into this cause, the day will soon come, when a mother can kiss her boy when he leaves her side in the morning, and know that he is safe. I want to see the good people of Atlanta go to the polls and work as they did in Cartersville, and this blighting curse will be lifted from your fair city.

PROHIBITION IN ATLANTA.

JUST previous to the well-won victory for prohibition in the election at Atlanta, Ga., on the 25th of November, Mr. Jones delivered in that city a most telling speech, of which this a synopsis :

They talk about prohibition stopping building in Atlanta. One who would not give his name writes a card, and says he had great plans for building, but he stopped until he sees how this election is going. I have racked my brains to see how whiskey helps building. We show that in every town where prohibition has been tried, building has gone right ahead just the same as before, or better. They say it will do very well for small places, but not for Atlanta. Atlanta is nothing but a big family. You, Mr. Mayor, are the father, and the aldermen are the uncles and aunts. Newnan is a small family. Prohibition does wonderfully well there, but it won't do for this big family. It is good enough for a father with two sons. If he has been more fortunate, and has ten sons, it will never do. Some of the ten are obliged to get drunk. Talk of injuring Atlanta's trade ! The trade of Atlanta doesn't come from the red noses of Georgia. The good people outside of your city are interested in this contest. One-half of the men and women of Georgia are on their knees every night, praying that the great capital city of of the State may redeem herself from this curse. On the 25th of November, when Atlanta puts legs on her demijohns and whiskey barrels, and says " Git ! " she will start a grand movement that will sweep far and wide through this country. Macon will come into line ; Augusta will be with you ; and

if you don't look sharp Birmingham will get there before you do. The trouble with you prohibitionists in Atlanta is that you don't "crystalise." You don't walk up and say, here's my one hundred dollars, or my five hundred dollars. These whiskey men in and out of Atlanta have put up fifty thousand dollars to carry this contest, for they look on it as a great test question. You meet that with a pitiful little two thousand dollars. If you don't crystalise better than that you'll get left. There are men in Atlanta who can afford to pay twenty-five thousand dollars to see prohibition here. They will leave a big legacy to the bar-keepers when they die. They will give it to their boys, but the bar-keepers will get it.

If you whiskey men will let us try prohibition for two years, we will give you a chance to vote on it at the end of that time, and if we don't wallop you, then you can have whiskey here for ever. You have had old Atlanta, laying it on to her, ever since she was born. You greedy fellows, won't you ever get enough? There is not a man in this town who can get up and say whiskey never harmed him or some one that was dear to him.

They've got the doctors hold of the question, and the doctors have disagreed. The fellow may get well now. I don't blame some of the doctors. If he is a young doctor, and favours whiskey, he is laying the basis for a large practice. You have no such doctors in Atlanta, but if there is a contemptible creature on this earth it is one of these little muddle-headed doctors, prancing around with a flask of whiskey in each over-coat pocket, treating his patients—at a dollar a drink.

Prohibition is not going to hurt anything that ought to prosper. I dare them to put their finger on a place in this world where rents have gone down or business suffered because of prohibition. Sometimes they say I am too strong

in some of my expressions, and too extreme in some of my views. They say I am dragging the pulpit into the mire of politics; but, so help me God, I shall never stop so long as I know that I am fighting for broken-hearted women, and down-trodden men, and hungry children! I trust God will let me live long enough to stand up and say in other States that in my own loved State of Georgia not one drop of whiskey can be legally sold.

THE END.